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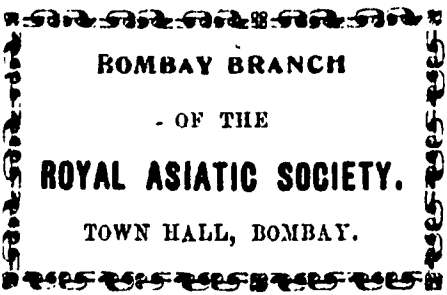

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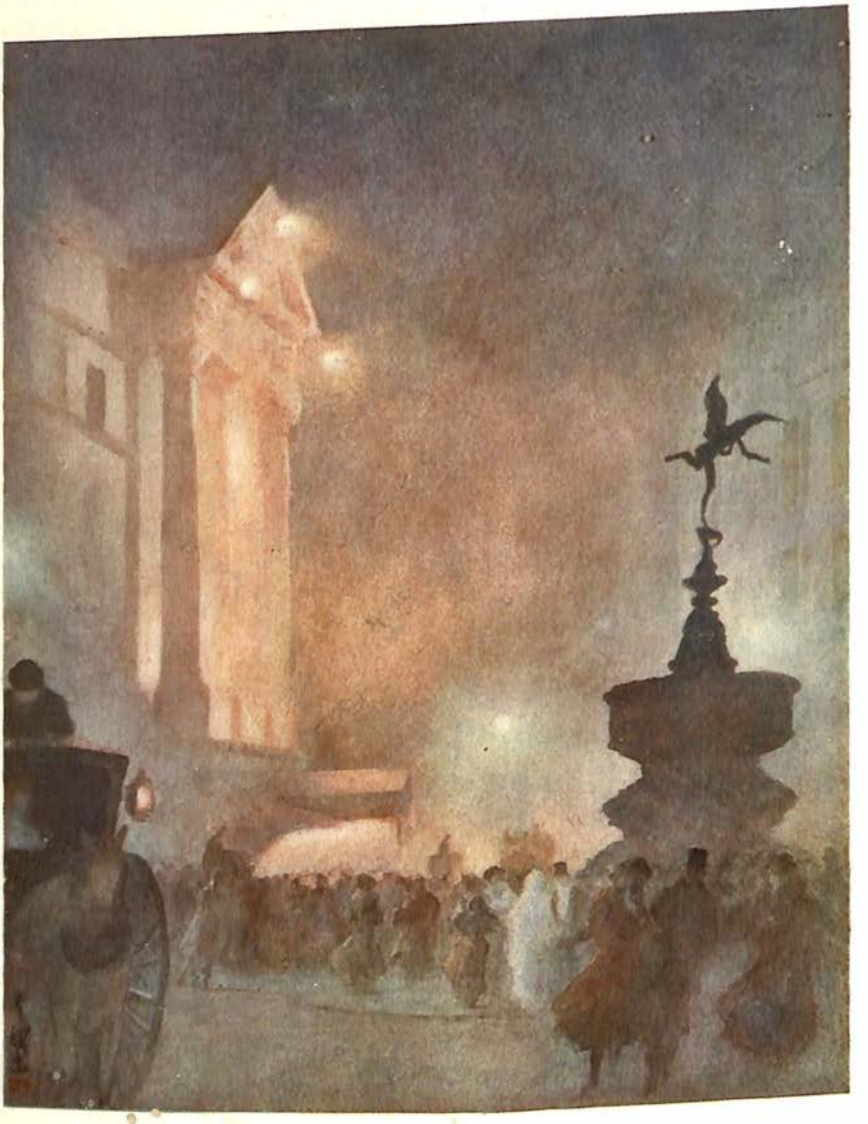

NIGHT: LIGHTS IN PICCADILLY CIRCUS.

THE COLOUR OF LONDON

HISTORIC, PERSONAL, & LOCAL

BY W. J. LOFTIE, F.S.A. ILLUSTRATED BY YOSHIO MARKINO. WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY M. H. SPIELMANN, F.S.A. AND AN ESSAY BY THE ARTIST

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INTRODUCTION

A FEW years ago there appeared in the doorway of my room a young Japanese with a portfolio under his arm. He looked tired and pale, but as he smiled and bowed, with difficulty keeping his hands from his knees in Japanese salutation, I was struck with his quiet dignity, his air of self-respect, his lustrous, intelligent eyes. Would I look at his drawings of London? Of London?—yes, willingly. Opening his portfolio, he showed me a bright and luminous drawing of the exterior of Marylebone Church on a warm, moist day, the buildings and the atmospheric effect altogether admirable; the figures, of which there were many, so simple and naïve in manner as to suggest a Japanese colour-print. I was charmed with the combination so artlessly and sincerely evolved, and I looked at others—"Reading the Newspapers in the Free Library," "Evening in Trafalgar Square," "Church Parade in the Park," "Night on the Thames Embankment." I promised him I would have them published in *The Magazine of Art*, and I bought one or two: his eyes danced, but no other sign of pleasure did he give—his natural dignity seeming to forbid any marked demonstration of satisfaction. A quiet approval of my decision was all he allowed himself to express, yet at that time, as he

told me afterwards, he was in the direst straits as regards ways and means. But the inborn delicacy of the Japanese which deterred him from pressing his work upon me prevented him also from betraying his delight at what was to him a piece of rare good fortune. He has had hard times since then, no doubt; but his courage and dogged pertinacity have carried him through. London, a veritable Mecca of art for him, has enslaved him, and he has diligently recorded in scores of drawings the charm and fascination which have kept him in our midst for ten happy if trying years. Such was Yoshio Markino when first I knew him.

He was born on Christmas Day of 1874, a Samurai. His grandfather was the well-known artist Bai Yen, and his father was a clever amateur whose talent was allowed little play in the troublous times of civil war. Young Yoshio Markino studied at the grammar school and then at the American Missionary College, where he formed a desire to visit America. In due course he went to San Francisco and entered the art school connected with Californian State University. Three years later, in 1897, he came to London and studied for a time at the night school of the Goldsmiths' Institute and the London Central School; but during the ten years that have elapsed his principal art college has been the streets of London.

The London streets, the London atmosphere, the London colour, these have held him entranced, as they have entranced nearly every artist who has visited the

great city. Those who love a city for its new stone buildings, its ornate architecture, its clear atmosphere, and its cleanly streets, have little notion of what urban beauty really is. But he who is endowed with true artistic perception and with the eye of the fine painter, finds no words to express his delight and admiration for the vast town whose greyness is built up of every colour of the rainbow, whose murkiness gives quality to the silvery greys, and tinges the yellow fog with auburn gold, whose mists and moisture lend height and added dignity to the buildings, and close in the shortened vistas with poetic mystery. "La Tamise!" cried Benjamin-Constant on his last visit to England as we were lunching together in a balcony overlooking the river, "La Tamise! il n'y a que ça!" The sentiment was pithy and too exclusive withal, but I knew what he meant. "The movement of the people," exclaimed Alphonse Daudet, "their silence and their power—it is like a city of the dead come to mute, vigorous, irresistible life!" No man of artistic temperament can withstand the appeal of London, with its beauty lurking in every ugly bit of it, and its poetry colouring common scenes and daily life with a touch of romance, sometimes homely, sometimes terrible, always pregnant with the city's character.

It is this London which has been revealed to Yoshio Markino. His eyes, trained to see the loveliness of Japan, the toy-like cities and blossom-bearing gardens of Nippon, turned with joy to the muddy streets of

London and its life of revelry and wealth, of sordidness, of grime and struggle, and he saw the beauty that is in them; and though often enough he has "heard the East a-calling" he has paid no heed, preferring to die in London than to live in the dainty land that gave him birth. Not that he lacks patriotism by any means, but he obeys the call of his art and lets his country wait a little.

That art of his has been called "hybrid" by some, because he has quite naturally engrafted Western methods and practice on to Eastern vision and Eastern taste. No one can doubt the nationality of the painter of these little pictures; yet English training and English subjects have necessarily modified his natural expression. We are told by M. Félix Regamey that the colours employed by Japanese artists of the best period are yellow, brown, dark blue, green, orange, white, vermilion, red brown, red, and black—no more. To these an English artist would add others. But Mr Markino has simplified the list considerably; some of the pictures I have known him paint have been carried out with only two or three colours—there are several such in this book. This economy is personal to the artist, and yet he finds means to express with them the hues he finds in our London townscape and in the grey veil of mist which enshrouds the sternness of the view and, as Whistler declared, transforms warehouses and shot-towers and factory chimneys into castles, palaces, and campanili.

EARLY AUTUMN, HYDE PARK.

INTRODUCTION

Many have been the painters of London, more numerous still its illustrators, since Hollar recorded for us the City as it stood before the Great Fire, since Pugin and Rowlandson pictured the scenes of the town, even since Mr Herbert Marshall began to paint the effects of London in sunshine, rain, and fog. But I recall none whose aim it was to reproduce all that his foreigner's eyes had seen so completely as Mr Yoshio Markino. He may be said to have divided his general scheme into three classes. The first is the class of Effects—the class, I imagine, that he loves best of all; the second, the class of Townscape pure and simple; the third, the class of the Life around him, the life of the people, high and low. By these means he has covered his subject effectually, and in spite of his Japanese manner—perhaps the more effectually for that—he brings home to the spectator the many-faceted microcosm of London. But microcosm though it is, it is colour, colour that moves him always—the Colour of London.

Take a few of his drawings of effects. In "Hyde Park" it is not the young lady who has interested him most, although she holds her skirt—what Japanese drawing in that skirt!—in the way, presumably, which he tells us stirs his admiration so deeply; it is the mist, rather, which floats among the trees in red and russet autumn, and heightens by contrast the colours of the leaves as they lie upon the ground, and throws into strong relief the branches that hang across the top, as in Katsugawa-Shunsho's "Actors in Character," or in

the well-known "Samurai and two Girls" of Torii Kiyonaga. And might we not imagine "The Serpentine—Autumn Evening," with its delicacy and warmth, to be just such a scene as inspired Hiroshige I. in his views on Lake Biwa. Even when he gives us a peep under an arch of the Serpentine Bridge towards the sylvan patch through which rises the spire of Christ Church in Lancaster Gate, he softens the details with a gossamer of mist that partly analyses the prismatic colours playing over the water. The Thames itself is no longer "the Grey River" that Mr Mortimer Menpes pictured with his etching needle. Sunlight and the sky's reflections convert its very dirt into pleasant harmony, and the maligned "pea-soup" of its waters becomes limpid colour as it hurries to the sea, whether it flows in turtle-back wavelets under "Albert Bridge," as Utamaro showed in his "Yodo Castle on the Yodo River," or as it glides quietly beneath the foggy arches of "Grosvenor Road Station Bridge." Snow effects seem to come naturally to the artists of Japan, who have the knack of recording their impressions with singular economy of means; such we see in "Gale Street in Snow," with its crisp and frozen air, its well-placed, well-characterized figures, and its graceful snow-laden tree. And if Mr Markino has been kinder to our London slush than stern truth seems to demand, what need to complain? It is his painter's privilege to see with the eyes of the colourist and to keep the mud out of his picture.

INTRODUCTION

It is night scenes that arouse Mr Markino's greatest enthusiasm. The colour of London fog delights him by day, but the colour of London lights enchants him most of all. London by warm gaslight on the Chelsea Embankment, or by cold electric rays on New Vauxhall Bridge, interests him, but he is happiest when the night in Leicester Square is made like day by the glare of the lights outside the Alhambra and the Empire, and when a ruddier glow awakens Piccadilly Circus to the pleasures of the evening. This drawing, it seems to me, notably succeeds in setting before us vividly, yet with sufficient restraint, the contending qualities of the lights, and realizes in remarkable fashion the hurried movement of the crowd that palpitates, as it were, with life in this real centre of the great pleasure-loving city. And yet there is not more truth in it, whether as a study of light and shadow or of simple fact than the rendering of "Leicester Square," with its temporary quiescence while the audiences are inside, soon to be changed, as the people pour into the streets, into a quarter of an hour's excitement and whirl of traffic into the dying night. These two centres, and these two only, are a match for any street night scene of the kind in Paris; it is the phase of life common to the two capitals.

Next to the Effects of London Mr Markino loves the Town itself. With his sense of the picturesque, and with a knowledge of linear perspective almost unparalleled, I should say, in an artist of his nation, Mr

Markino shows us Onslow Square and the beauty of an architecture which we—you and I—have probably pronounced before now among the most unromantic and most uninspired of the period it did so little to distinguish. Yet he has actually enjoyed the colour of it, "seen colour into" it, one might say, and made a pleasant picture out of repeated porticoes of conventional stucco and commonplace façades felicitously enlivened by the western sun. Even the Underground station at Baker Street (with passengers standing far too near the tunnel for real life) attracts him with its bright passage of light and the contrasting gloom of shadow—gloom that is charming upon paper, divorced from the association of sulphur and noise. And "Posters in the Strand" strike his Oriental eye with their patches of bright colour lighted up against a background of purple night, and are in his eyes almost as worthy of record as the interior of Westminster Abbey itself. He may feel the solemnity of the stately pile, no doubt, but to the follower of Buddha the religious emotion of it is apparently of less effect than the colour. Here he seems to have fallen into error, by reddening, as Sir Wyke Bayliss used to do, the shafts of masonry, and flecking the pavement with many-hued tones. Yet this departure from literal fact may well be forgiven the artist who has triumphed in the complicated draughtmanship, and has managed the light throughout with such excellent result.

"The Victoria Tower by Moonlight" is not less

THE VICTORIA TOWER, WESTMINSTER, BY MOONLIGHT.

effective, although somewhat forced as well, reminding us strongly of the manner and "quality" of one of Baxter's oil-colour prints; but we must recognize that there is not only poetry here, but a power of composition, alike in buildings, figures, and sky, which is absolutely lacking in some of the artist's other drawings. Not only composition, but sentiment. The latter quality is obvious enough in the exterior night view of "The Oratory, Brompton"; it is unsought for, not without reason, in "Winsley Street (Oxford Street) from Gilbey's," in "Constitution Hill," and in the two Hyde Park views, "Stanhope Gate" and "The Albert Memorial." But in all of these the colour scheme is the primary factor, which at times strikes the Western eye as a little strange. And then Mr Markino returns to the Thames again, by way of "Westminster Bridge," with its crowd so cleverly arranged as to impress the most careless observer with its accuracy of impression. For Mr Markino, be it remembered, does all these things after the Japanese fashion, from recollection and impression; none but his skeleton sketches are made on the spot.

Only as to the rendering of St Paul's dome in "The River from Waterloo Bridge" would I quarrel with the artist, for here his memory has played him false. St Paul's dome, with the upper drum, is notoriously difficult to draw—not often will you see it perfectly represented in its true proportions of combined elegance and dignity; yet even though he has missed the cha-

racter of the cathedral, and indeed in my opinion of the whole scene, we must recognize the effort he has made to produce an agreeable chromatic scheme; and the river, which is on the ebb, gives little hint of the mass of river traffic. His heart has gone out to the "Japanese Liner at Albert Dock," but well as he has drawn that difficult object, the stern of a big ship, he has not succeeded so well in the spirit of the thing as in "Hungerford Bridge," executed just before the works set up in mid-river for the purposes of the "Bakerloo Railway" were removed. Here, it must be admitted, we have the true sentiment of the river and its architecture, and a convincing realization of its strange atmospheric effect and subtle reflected light.

From Mr Markino's pictorial commentary on the poetry and architecture of London, we turn with curiosity to its attitude towards its life. He records it in more than a dozen drawings representing for the most part *les agréments de la ville*. The "Flower Women at Piccadilly Circus" are not intended to flatter the national pride, nor is the drawing so satisfactory as most, but it is ingenious in suggesting a greater variety of colour than is really in it. This and three other pictures represent workaday life—"Covent Garden at 4 a.m.," done apparently in two colours, brown and green; "Sunday in Petticoat Lane," with a touch of caricature in its treatment of Rag Fair; and the "Mansion House Crossing," which combines in itself the painter's aim at reproducing life, movement, and at-

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MORNING PARADE BY ROTTEN ROW.

mospheric effect, at a moment when the sun struggles with the prevailing mist.

Once more Mr Markino indulges his love of contrast. In the drawing called "Sloane Square," he shows "the people" going into the theatre on a wet evening; in another he paints a smart crowd leaving it —His Majesty's—under a glare of the electric light, which hardens the shadows and tests to the utmost the artist's skill in avoiding vulgarity. How successfully he can deal with this kind of scene is proved by "Carlton Hotel Porch by Night," in which his method of wash lends itself admirably to the suggestion of artificial light, while a certain elegance of manner happily fits the luxury he here depicts to perfection. The more difficult illustration of "East End Children Dancing" to the strains of a street organ is less obviously, and yet quite as certainly, successful, although not one touch of real grace in any single figure beautifies this alfresco ball, or stamps it with the joy that for a few moments brings relief into the sombre lives of the performers and their admirers.

It is to the credit of the artist that he passes with such manifest ease from such a scene as this to the delineation of "Church Parade." It may be objected that here there is too much colour, that the scene too obviously represents a garden party, splashed with the black blots of the men's top hats and frock coats. But the flutter, the movement, the atmosphere of the parade are rendered with rare skill, as if by the hand of a French or

American draughtsman; and it is hard to believe that this Western interpretation of the scene is by the same man who drew the very Japanese impression of the similar subject—the "Parade near Rotten Row." Both are characteristic, but of apparently different minds and clearly different methods: impressions in the one and precision in the other are almost violently contrasted.

In the rest of the designs Mr Markino proclaims frankly his nationality—in the scenes in the Zoo and St James's Park, in the drawing showing tourists, manifestly impressed by the burden and responsibilities of their trip, grouped in front of St Paul's, and in the curious but vivid representation of "Tea on the Terrace." It is a little crude, this drawing, but it is a truthful record of a pleasing ceremony which puzzles many foreign minds to decide where, in the British system, legislation ends and pic-nic begins.

Such, broadly speaking, is Yoshio Markino's summary of London, its life and colour—a summary which has its psychological as well as its artistic interest. The technical methods are rarely complex; more often they are simple, almost to the point of being elementary. Nevertheless, they are adequate for the artist's purpose, and in many respects interesting and entertaining beyond the more finished and accomplished work of many of our own painters. We may overlook shortcomings of figure-draughtmanship and ignore other transgressions of divers cast-iron rules of design and execution from the Occidental point of view, re-

cognizing the sincerity and earnestness of our critic from Japan, who loves our city and its inhabitants, and takes even its climate and its fogs to his heart. His sense of humour is not less certain than his devotion, but it is subtly set forth. "Love-making in Japan," he told me once, "is not the same as with you. With us it is delicate and effervescent like champagne; with you it is sticky like toffee." So in his pictorial criticism; he seeks to give us the champagne of his observation, and leaves the emollient sweetmeat to them that love it.

M. H. SPIELMANN

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THE BARREL-ORGAN, LONDON, E.

AN ESSAY BY THE ARTIST

THE summer of 1906 was extraordinary hot. All my friends had left Town, but my poverty made me obliged to stay in London all the while. However, I envied nobody, because I love London so much. I have been staying here over nine years, and yet not a single day have I felt tired of London. Every day I go out, and every day I bring back some fresh impressions. So I was, as usual, enjoying myself studying London, notwithstanding this terrible heat. Then suddenly I was told to publish my sketches in a book. "Alas!" I said to myself, "I am still only a student—an old student. My hand does not obey my brain, or at least I have never made a single sketch which satisfied me. It is rather too early yet to publish my works." So I could not agree without a great hesitation, although I was much delighted with that idea; but my friends insisted upon the subject and as I am much indebted to their kindness, I could not refuse: now this book is the result of it, and I am myself quite prepared to encounter many severe critics.

It was lucky for me that it happened that our countries were allied when I chose London as my home. Not only my intimate friends, but all good

Britons have such sympathy towards me. As generally artists are very sentimental, especially so in my own case, those good feelings do undoubtedly help and encourage my work very much indeed. But the reason why I love London is not because we are allied, nor for any political or commercial matter. Let me write my impression upon London. I am a great admirer of English ladies. To me those willowy figures seem more graceful than the first crescent moon, while those well-built figures seem more elegant than peony flowers. Their complexion represents their own national flower—the rose—either in white or pink. The cherry blossom would be too shy to appear before their complexions. These golden hairs are fairer than chrysanthemum flowers, and the contrast of the dark hair with milky-white complexions is more beautiful than the pear blossom on a moonlight night; while no flowers upon this world could match with the chocolate hair. Indeed London is the most beautiful living garden in every season. Some dresses are most admirable, in shape as well as in colour, and those ladies who are well accustomed to the fashions, put on their hats very wonderfully. Whatever the shape is, it looks as if it is a part of her own body.

But occasionally I notice some miscontrast colours of their dresses. What a pity it is to spoil their own natural beauty by their dresses! If they cannot understand about colour, they should be in black and white, which suits everybody; furs, too, are charming for

everybody. It gives some sort of feeling of *childish comeliness.*

Some women in the middle classes often put on their "mighty" hats on Sundays or Bank-holidays. They must have paid a measureless price (according to their own pockets), and much labour is spent on them, but in a very inartistic way. Some look as if they had bound up half a dozen boiled lobsters and crabs. I prefer to see them in a Tam-o'-Shanter which is rather naughty but very pretty indeed. I hope they are more careful when they put on a skirt which parts at the back. They ought to pick it up with their *right* hand and *not* their *left*, or it shows a most awful view behind, though they may not know it themselves. Whenever I look at them, I always shut my eyes.

On rainy days I often notice some old ladies pick up their skirts all round, showing nothing but the lining of the skirt and the petticoat. I am so glad that young ladies generally don't do that. Perhaps the old ladies are more sensible of economy than appearance. That is why I like young ladies better from the artistic point of view. As long as the romantic ideal exists in her heart, it is really her art and her life too.

I am no less interested with the English men than ladies. It is almost unnecessary to express my admiration towards the well educated and refined English gentlemen who have brought up their country above the level of the civilization in this world. Only one word—happy am I to be befriended by many of them. I am much

amused to see the big, stout John Bulls in Scotch suits with long stockings and hunting caps. They bite a pipe, which is so similar to their noses in shape as well as in colour. Wherever I go, they generally welcome me, because I am a Japanese. They shake my hand with their full strength. I often wonder whether my finger bones are crushed into powder; but I always accept their hearty sympathy with a smile, or even with loud laughter and "Banzais," concealing my tears which are caused by the pain in my hand. When I see the 'bus drivers, I always recollect Washington Irving's *Sketch Book* which I read in Japan when quite young. He has described these coachmen so vividly that when I see those 'bus drivers I feel they are old acquaintances of mine. Doubtless they are one of the elements which make an artistic view of London, but when I am on the top of a 'bus, I always fly off before they start to smoke. Their tobacco is so strong that when the smoke comes over my face, it goes penetrating from my nostrils to my eyes and drives out my tears as if I had tasted a tablespoon full of mustard.

I must not forget to mention the London constables, of whom I am so fond. They are very good-natured and very kind to strangers. I never forget once when I went to sketch the Embankment, a constable picked me up in his arms and put me on the roof of the fire-station of the Thames Conservancy, because he was so eager "to let me have the best view." They are so tall and so stout that if they would go to my country they could make

themselves a "a good show." Their helmets which are like the back of tortoises, and their boots which are like the heads of hippopotamuses, show their slow temperament. But when I think how they can do their own duty, I cannot stay without admiring the English peacefulness. Indeed, ever since I came here I have found everything so regular and so orderly—except on two occasions. They were "Ladysmith" and "Mafeking's" days.

When I was living in a small lodging-house in the South of London, one day the landlady wanted to introduce me to a young girl of her relations. I was waiting in my room, and the "Ladies" came in. After the introduction, the young girl started to talk about the weather. In Japan the school children always write letters starting with the weather, so it was quite familiar to me. Then she wanted to recommend herself to me. I thought she would say that she could paint, or play music, or write verses. But on the contrary, and to my surprise, she said she can cook the roast beef, and bake the bread very well. At that very moment three different thoughts struck me at once like a flash of lightning. Firstly, a burst of laughter had almost come to my mouth, but I stopped it, biting my teeth hard. Secondly, my thought was, what a poor girl she is! Perhaps she knows nothing of this world except a few people in her own circle, beside her own family; and these people must have admired her as very clever, being a good cook, and now she is proud in the most innocent way.

Then my last thought was she was quite right. What use to be artist, musician, or poet in her own class? She must be a good wife for a workman some day, and the cooking is a most important thing to keep their house. She knows, or is rather satisfied with, her own life. I was much ashamed of my first thought, therefore I have congratulated her with my very sincere heart and she looked quite happy. Now I think my last thought was right. Suppose the people of her class were like me—so ambitious for art, so impractical for business, and so uncertain in mind, the whole of England would be entirely ruined. But all the people here know their own positions and everything is in a most systematical way. This is the greatest point of England to be so peaceful. Every class of people are enjoying themselves in their own circles and they never rebel. No wonder that we do not hear of horrible assassinations or of any Anarchists in this country. It is very pleasant to me to see the people here are so loyal to their King, because I am a Japanese, the nation who devote their love to the Mikado almost without any reasoning. It amuses me very much to go to Trafalgar Square on Nelson's day or to Westminster on Primrose day, and to watch a thousand people in a line. They move on slowly and slowly—as slow as the watch handle, and one after another they finish the sight seeing.

But a more wonderful thing is the entrances of "Pits" or "Galleries." People waste whole days from

THE MONKEY HOUSE, REGENT'S PARK.

early morning till the curtain raises up, just only to see one performance; they spend their most precious time which will never come back again in their lives. It arouses my astonishment rather than admiration. I am sure I could not have such patience *in vain*. Perhaps the English people will live longer than we do.

There is a little newspaper and sweet shop near my place. As I get morning papers and a few pence of cigarettes every day, I am well accustomed to the shopkeeper. The shop is such a small one that I often wonder if he could stretch his hands when he yawns without tossing the ceiling off the walls. You can buy all lots of his shop with half the sum of your pocket money. "What sort of life is he passing?" was my first question, asked in curiosity. He has a wife and several children. Fancy! If you walk a few steps beyond you will see miles after mile of most beautiful, elegant and luxurious houses. The owners have more extravagant life than our ancient *Shoguns*, and yet here in this corner there is a man and his family who make a few yards square their whole world. "London is large," is my unconscious exclamation when I think of how, at first, I used to be rather vexed because he always begins to talk about weathers, etc., etc., and serves the business at the very last. But as I am getting to be acquainted with the man more and more, I have begun to be pleased to talk with him. He uses more than a dozen "Sirs" every minute and he has told me all about himself—"Troubles, Joys," etc., etc. Such is human life, and he

has given me, more than once, a key by which I could solve my questions about the human philosophy! Perhaps he himself does not know the lessons that he gave me were more valuable than some books or lectures.

In this book I give one sketch of Petticoat Lane. They are all Jews, many of them Russian Jews who undoubtedly have come here escaping the barbarous terrors in their home, and now they are enjoying their pastime in this peaceful quarter. *What a generous country is England!*

I think I like English children best of all. They are so pretty. More than once, when I visited some English families the mothers have said, "My daughter was much prettier when she was a child." I always approve of this statement. I see that almost all children are very beautiful. I am very fond of the poor-class children as well, and perhaps with more sympathy. It is very lovely to see them skipping on the streets. Their faces stained with finger-marks and their stockings pulled down to the ankle are very picturesque. I always see them eating something on the streets. I thought at first they were always hungry, but I was told that these poor children are very seldom fed at a table with knife and fork, and those foods which they eat on the streets are their daily dinners. Who could help wiping tears when we think of it? They are just as innocent as some rich children. They don't know what will be their future, but when they are grown, lo! there is a wide ditch between them and

others. They will be like their own parents, and their own children will repeat the same again. So, generation after generation, these poor victims will have no chance to float up to the surface of society, unless some better arrangement of education takes place. When I think of it, the question of the meaning of life always comes to my mind. Although I have a great sympathy towards those poor children, I always dread them when they come near me within a yard. They have such a horrible odour; pity that London has not cheap baths as in Japan, for they ought to go to the bath once a day. Very occasionally I see even better class people don't take baths enough. I often wonder why is that, while London herself has such an admirable sanitary system all over the city?

As I live in Chelsea I always go to the West End by the ways either of Piccadilly or of Westminster, so I must pass before St George's or Westminster Hospitals. These buildings are both old, and on the walls of each building there are the inscriptions ". . . Hospital is supported by Voluntary Contributions." But these are quite blackened by smoke and age. Some letters are almost unreadable. Yet to me they are as bright as the golden letterings on the back of the covers of The Sacred Script. I know other hospitals—Charing Cross and St Thomas's—but I am told there are plenty more in London. What a generous country is England! On the visiting days there are rows of people waiting at the entrances, and some poor girls are sell-

ing flowers. Once I overheard these girls saying, "We do better business here than anywhere else." Nothing could be more pleasant than to hear these words. Poor invalids would not be too lonely. Their relatives and friends have sympathy enough to brighten them. Mencius claimed that every human heart has sympathy, and if any has none that is all because it was spoiled by the surrounding circumstances.

I love to ramble about the London cemeteries on Sundays. They are kept so neat, and most of the inscriptions on the grave stones are very touching to read. Now and then I see the families and friends of the deceased bring some beautiful flowers to offer before the grave. They are talking with low voice and sad accents; certainly they are recollecting the past lives of the deceased. How pure and how sacred are their hearts at this very moment! If people kept such a heart all their lives, how sweet would be this world! Whenever I go to the London cemeteries I always recollect a poem sung by ancient Chinese farmers:

> Do not cut that old Kwanto (the name of a tree),
> Don't bend that old Kwanto,
> Nay, do not even touch that old Kwanto:—
> This was the very tree under which our good Ruler once took rest.

When Confucius heard this song he exclaimed, "The poet who made these verses knows what humanity is." The idea that makes English people keep their graves

neat is exactly that in this poem. If Mencius or Confucius in their graves heard of the English hospitals and cemeteries, they would be contented and smile.

When I arrived in England, I used to mock at some English people as great hypocrites, but one of my English friends whom I worship as my godfather explained to me the difference between the English manner and the word "hypocrite." Now I have not only understood it, but I really admire the manner of the English people, and I feel ashamed of my first thoughts. Their human feeling is most delicate; indeed the more we are civilized, the more delicate will be our feelings, and it is altogether too barbarous to speak out everything direct that we think. It would beautify this world more to speak *indirect*, as long as *sincerity* exists within our hearts. When my thoughts come to this point, I must say, "What a civilized country is England!"

Once I saw a most dreadful sight when I was walking down some narrow lanes near Chalk Farm. A mother carried her few-months-old baby in a baby-carriage to a public house. She left her baby outside and went in. After a few minutes, she came out with a glass of stout and put it to the baby's mouth. The baby consumed about a quarter part of the contents. Just the moment when I saw this I entirely forgot myself, my feet lost their balance and I tottered a few steps to and fro. Perhaps this sort of thing is quite common to their daily life. If you go to Whitechapel, Lambeth Marsh, or any low class districts, you will see many young girls, min-

gled with boys, doing a cake-walk in the streets, and shouting loudly some meaningless and tuneless songs. It seems to me they never understand that they are so lucky to be born as human beings, and even some of those girls have such beauties as some aristocratic ladies would envy. They have no ambition to elevate themselves. Their life seems little more important than that of the animals. If you talk to them about science or ethics they seem to have neither brain nor heart to respond to your questions; but I cannot argue with them too much about the "moral." Some terrible crimes often spring out from the better class people. The more they have brain, the worse would be their crime. I hear now and then those low class people commit murder, but they kill only one or two, while if the sovereign of a country mislead his policy he may kill hundreds of thousands of innocents in vain. If the object of our life in this world is merely to seek happiness, I think the poor are having a better time than some others who have too much ambition—especially those who are in political fever. For instance, look at the sovereign of one of the great powers of Europe. His ambition is not fulfilled by being an Emperor in his own country. His heart is always aching, his life is always in danger, and his brain is always overworrying, and now and then he has a nightmare called "yellow peril!" How miserable he must be, comparing his life to the Whitechapel people. I rather prefer the latter's.

CHRISTMAS SHOPPING: REGENT STREET.

Oh! I forgot I am only an artist. I shall not go any deeper into the human heart and brain. Let me turn the subject into shape and colours.

Whenever I see London streets I always feel what a free country is England! All the buildings are irregular, for they were built as the people like, and the streets are not in square blocks either. This is a great benefit to us artists. I was told that the Londoners are so conservative as to keep every bit of old buildings, places, etc.; but it seems to me these are done especially for the artists' sake, unless they themselves are all artists. Lately I have begun to study about architecture, and I am much interested with some London buildings, but I shall not talk about this subject now. We have a saying in Japan, "Do not try to preach a sermon before the Buddhas." Age and the fogs have made the buildings so beautiful. I often hear artists complaining because they cannot get models or views resembling their own ideal, but I must say London in mist is far above my own ideal. I am not a chemist to analyse the elements of fog. Whether it is unhealthy or not, is not the question for me. The colour and its effect are most wonderful. I think London without mists would be like a bride without a trousseau. I like thick fogs as well as autumn mists. Even on a summer day I see some covering veils. When I came to London first, I thought the buildings, figures, and everything in the distance, looked comparatively large, because in

Japan the atmosphere is so clear that you can see every small detail in the distance, while here your background is mystified abruptly, which has a great charm to me. Indeed the London mist attracts me so that I do not feel I could live in any other place but London. It is most difficult for me to show my impression of this wonderful misty town either by my pen or my brush, but I have more self-confidence to succeed with the latter.

December is my favourite month in London. The volume of thick mist which covers the whole town mystifies every view in a most picturesque way. The wet pavements reflect everything as if the whole city was built on a lake. The ladies are generally in furs. These are already quite enough to make me enjoy the cold. But, moreover, to add to my delight, the Christmas is coming! Just during a few days before this great festivity, all the shops open till late in the evening. The crowds on the street are more large than usual. Their movements are more active and their expressions are happier, too. Those innocent children are so keen to spy into the decorated shops, where every article fascinates their eyes. Ah, those lovely big round eyes are ever so glittering, and fixed to some article which the children want to purchase. These eyes look like those of hawks when they have found out some prey in the distance. Happy are those who have already purchased something. They are impatiently hastening home

with some big bundles in both their hands. Their ringing voices can be heard everywhere in London. I think I like the English children most of all.

Some men say, "Kings are the happiest ones in this world." Yes, indeed, they own their own land, yet if they go to their neighbouring country they are no more than merely strangers. I feel far more wealthy than they. In fact I am counting only a few coppers in my pocket, yet if I go out, I feel as if this whole universe is made especially for me. Everything is whispering to me, "Try your brush": I cannot believe those beautiful flowers, pretty birds, and even those nice looking people, are living for their own sake, but *mine* (for the sake of my art). Who can steal such a wealthy impression from my brain? My friends often ask me, "In what style is your picture? European, Japanese, or Hybrid, or what?" "Nonsense," is my only reply. My brain commands my hand to work as its faithful servant—I mean that I always try to find ways to work out my impression. And I must mention that I am quite self-taught except for two years' study in a life-class. Suppose you see the woman you love, do you select any special language to talk with her? Certainly not! You would use any language which is most handy to you, and which would convey your love to her best. So with my picture I am London's devoted lover, and I want to present her with my brush. But there are two ways in which I always go.

I will say just a few words of my studying, and how I work out my impressions. About six or seven years ago I could not draw a single figure, so I bought a wood figure. I brought it to my room with me; I was moving it about for a whole evening, but I could not make out anything from it—such a mechanical thing! I threw it away next day, and bought a little sketch-book, and started to sketch the people from life at restaurants, at stations, at theatres, or wherever I go. I used to fill up two or three sketch-books every week. At one time I wanted to study horses, but their movement is so quick I could not catch their shape. I came to the conclusion to "snap-shot" them, so I bought a kodak for about three pounds—a great sum for me at that time! I learnt how to use it first, and then I went out with it, and ran after a cab and used twelve plates in a few minutes. I developed them on the same evening. Lo! They made me ever so disappointed! Kodak is too mechanical: it catches any movement when it works, while our eyes are idle. We do not catch the quickest movements, and the slowest parts remain our impression, so kodak never answers for this purpose. I exclaimed: "This is the greatest enemy of mine!" I had almost thrown it on the floor, but there was a friend of mine who begged me to give it to her.

In this book I give a sketch of a "Monkey House." I went to the "Zoo" and finished the people first; when I wanted to put in monkeys, I forgot their

shapes and colours. I went to the Natural History Museum, which is only five minutes' walk. I looked at them. They are dead. They don't give any movement at all. So I had to journey to the Zoo and study them from life again. So you see I am very lazy, while art is needed to be very diligent to study from nature. That is why I am always fighting against myself nowadays. I always bring my note-book wherever I go, but I am trying to use it only when it is quite necessary, and I bring back most part of my impressions in my brain. Who can imagine in what state I am when I bring my impression to my work at home? It is just like carrying the water in a basket! When I see the subject that I want to paint, I don't want to see anything else at the same time; I fall into love with anything beautiful, and I would cherish my first impression. So I go inside a 'bus, and shut my eyes, and wish not to see anything until I come back and take a pencil to transfer my impression to the paper. Then there is a great sigh and great relief!

Once while I was struggling with my impression on a 'bus, I covered my face with my hands, and a friend of mine asked me if I had toothache!

As I say in the first of this chapter, my work is not quite yet completed. But we say in Japan, "That what you like most, that you can do best." Having trust in this proverb, I have decided to spend the rest of my life here to study dear London all my life.

Before closing the chapter I must sincerely thank all good Britons who have not only given me a space to live in, but show such touching sympathy to me and especially to those my intimate friends who are rendering help to me with all what they could. I cannot find any suitable words to express my grateful feelings.

THE COLOUR OF LONDON

CHAPTER I

Of the Colour of London

Its Antiquity—Its Size—The Street Names—Records—Inhabitants—Boundaries—Roads—Architecture—The Gothic Revival—Taste at the Present Day

WE talk much in the present day of the value of "local colour:" we look for it equally in pictures and in writings. If a little village is represented, we say "the local colour is correct," or it is "deficient," or it is "exaggerated." When it comes to writing or sketching scenes in the largest city in the world, who shall define for us its local colouring, the Colour of London?

It is easy to take refuge in generalities and long words, but they will not bring us the thing we want. Nor is it possible to mention one single characteristic as peculiar to London. We might name half a dozen, yet fail to convey a definite impression. We may try to unite several tones or tints in a harmony, but when we come to mention them separately, there is nothing in any of them which strikes us as peculiar to London. It is only futile to fall back, as some have lately done, on a pervading sense of an "I am in London!" kind. That is only postponing

the question. We have a very complicated picture to draw. If we draw it correctly, not trying to include too much, and seldom endeavouring to penetrate below the surface, but being content if we can depict what we see, and catch the colour in such proportions as to enable us to reproduce a truthful impression, our task will have been at least partly fulfilled.

To obtain even a slight impression with the local colour is not easy. I was looking the other day at a faint shadow on a silver plate. I was told that this was a portrait, my own portrait, in a daguerreotype taken in 1843. To the eyes of that day such a picture, in its unflinching accuracy, what Landseer about that time described as its "justice without mercy," was the most wonderful thing it was possible to imagine. What is it now? A mere commonplace of every-day life, a shadow on a plate, a passing impression. Yet it is of such impressions that life consists, and if we attempt to paint, however faintly, the Colour of London, we must neglect nothing for its minuteness, nothing for its magnitude. To many of us in London it seems that the more we love it the less we can say why. To some of us it is simply, as a poet of the Victorian age put it, "the best place in summer and the only place in winter." We do not mark its defects, and perhaps we hardly notice its amenities. We grumble daily at the same things, and when we find a pleasant corner or pass a pretty vista, we take it as "part of the performance," something which we imagine is deserved as a reward for living

FOG. LADIES CROSSING PICCADILLY.

here. It is not until an intelligent foreigner tells us of his first impressions of our city that we begin to appreciate it. In ethics the learned folk speak of what they call "Abstraction." If we could abstract our feelings about London and only notice those things which go to make up its Colour, would it help us to understand the view it presents to the mind of the new comer? If we know other cities, Berlin or Paris or Rome, for example, we may find it easier to remark the peculiarities of London. For it is very peculiar, very unlike anything else in the world.

Two things constantly present in the mind of the Londoner may be abstracted at once, namely, the feeling of its size and the feeling of its venerable antiquity. The foreigner cannot, in a short visit, form any idea of the size of London. In one element alone this size does not impress him, because, unless he purposely endeavours to form an estimate by travelling from one end to the other, he only sees a very small part. It is not enough to fix arbitrary limits. There is a continuous line of buildings from Woolwich to Hammersmith, a distance of fifteen miles, and from Cricklewood to Penge, a distance of thirteen miles. Such statistics convey no very clear notion to the mind nor do statements as to population. The antiquity of London, first of the site, then of the City, then of Westminster, and finally of the suburbs, each of which has its history, impresses the Londoner also, probably more than the stranger. The interest taken in everything of this kind shows that,

vast and unwieldy as London is, it can excite a sort of patriotism in the breast of its denizens. There is something satisfactory to them in the consciousness that not only is London the greatest city on earth but that its continuous and unbroken records are longer than those of any other place.

There are local names which must be a thousand years old at the least. If we accept the theory of Alfred's settlement, and his renovation of the walls and the bridge left by the Romans, there is no difficulty in believing that the Cheap, with its streets of booths, the Watling Street leading from the bridge, Southwark, Walworth, the Walbrook and St Paul's Church, with the Bishopsgate opening to the Northern road and Westgate, now called Newgate, towards the Fleet, are all relics or records of his settlement. I have seen men who knew these things and who asserted that they never palled, that every time they noticed them the effect was the same. I can go a step further: when I was a boy, I think it was in 1857, when I was eighteen, and for the first time after coming to years of discretion, I remember going out into the street early in the morning, having arrived from the country in the dark overnight. The sun was shining, the air was fresh, everybody seemed busy except myself, and I chanced to look up at the street corner. There was the name, *Charing Cross*. It impressed me deeply—a name which had belonged to that spot from a time so remote that it was already old at the time of the Norman Conquest, already old when

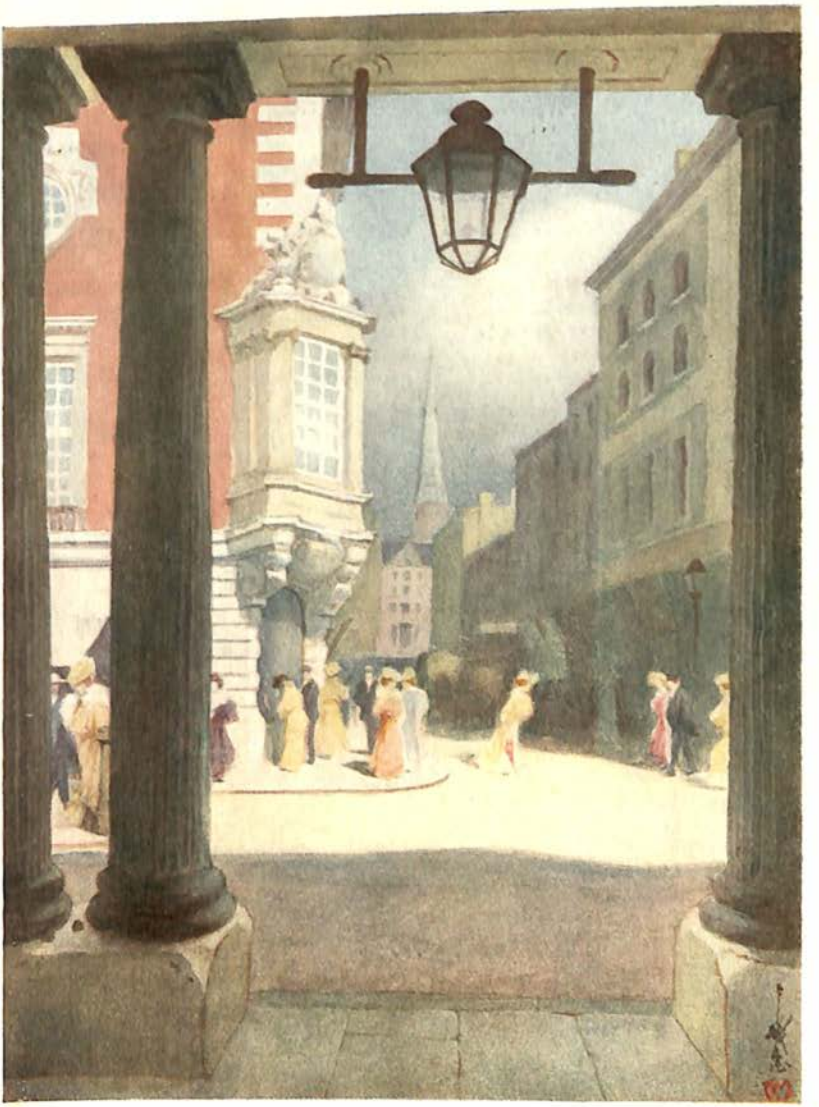
Edward I made his cross there. I could not have been more moved if I had met some remarkable personage, Prince Albert or Archbishop Sumner; and I remember wondering if of all the hundreds of people I saw hurrying by on their several vocations none felt as I did. The scene has been often altered. The cross was gone, Northumberland House was the most noteworthy feature of the view, and all has been changed since then, except the perennial name, Charing Cross.

Another example may help to explain the intensity of the historical associations connected with ordinary life in London. It is well known among those who study such things that the original charter which Edward the Confessor gave to Westminster Abbey was not forthcoming when Kemble made his well-known collection of Anglo-Saxon documents for the Master of the Rolls, and that the version which appears in his great work, *Codex Diplomaticus Evi Saxonici*,* is from an ancient copy. A few months ago, when I was staying at a friend's house in the country, I saw a charter in a frame hanging on the wall. It had lately been brought from his house in London. A moment's examination proved that this was the original charter; there were the signatures and crosses of the king and queen and all the ministers and the portreeve and the staller and the abbot, and the great seal appended but slightly broken at the foot. There are no such documents to be seen concerning any other city, such as Paris or Berlin or Rome.

* iv, 824.

In London, in England, they often form ordinary features of everyday life, and the collections of charters and similar deeds relating to old London, both in the British Museum and the Record Office, and also at St Paul's, far exceed in antiquity and interest anything to be found in foreign cities. A home of ancient peace itself, it has been able to extend the same feeling of peaceful security to all England.

As one walks casually through the streets, the Colour of London derived from association alone is very great. An admirable little book called *Memorable London Houses*, by Wilmot Harrison, was published nearly twenty years ago, and ought to be known to every one who wants to enjoy this aspect of the great city. Americans are often much more alive to these impressions than we are ourselves. The treatise, for it is nothing less, of our lamented friend, Laurence Hutton, on *The Literary Landmarks of London*, is a proof of this fact. Living his short life at New York, he contrived, after a series of visits, to record the way in which the Colour of London had affected him in a book which simply fills up that particular branch of the subject. It certainly "beguiles the tedium" of an enforced walk or a slow drive through a crowded street to note that some person one likes to know about lived at such a number. I cannot go down from the Marble Arch to Piccadilly, through Park Lane, without a crowd of all kinds of memories. Camelford House was called after that cousin of William Pitt's who was shot in a duel with Best in the gardens of



WINSLEY STREET, OXFORD STREET, FROM "GILBEY'S" PORTICO.

Oak Lodge, where a new square has been built, off Addison Road. At Camelford House, Princess Charlotte spent her honeymoon with Prince Leopold. The first house in Park Lane itself was the town residence of the "proud Duke of Somerset" of our day. I often saw him here and his duchess, who was the "Queen of Beauty" at the Eglinton tournament. At Dudley House the eccentric Lord Ward, afterwards Earl of Dudley, collected his famous picture gallery. It was dispersed by Christie in 1893, all but Raphael's "Three Graces," for which Lord Dudley had given £500, and which the Duc d'Aumale now acquired privately for £24,000. I remember Lord Dudley taking a party over the collection. The chief item seemed to me the Ripalda Raphael, now on loan in the National Gallery. At what is now no. 29, but which was then no. 1, Grosvenor Gate, I once saw Benjamin Disraeli come out on the balcony in a gorgeous long dressing-gown, a velvet cap with a gold tassel on his head. He looked across the Park and up at the sky, as if making his weather forecast for the day. Nearly opposite lived a remarkable man, Plimsoll, who has left his mark on every British ship. I knew him only for a short time before his death. He suffered latterly from partial blindness, but even so struck me much by what Ben Jonson remarked in *John Stow*, "his monstrous observations." We have only got to Grosvenor Street, but have not yet had time to consult either our Hutton or our Harrison. Think of the memories of Grosvenor Square

or of Portman Square or of Hanover Square. Think of Sheridan and Sydney Smith and Grote and Brodie in Savile Row. Malcolm of Poltalloch, whose gifts or bequests of prints, drawings and illuminated manuscripts form such valuable additions to the national collections, belonged to the Club at no. 17, which he visited daily, as did his friends—and mine—all now gone over to the majority, Richard Fisher and Henry Vaughan. Vaughan lived to be ninety-three or ninety-four, and was the only man I have ever known who had stood by while Turner was painting. He was the mildest of men, but Ruskin's arrangement of Turner's water-colours at the National Gallery was to him a perennial grievance and never failed to rouse the old man's wrath. Personal reminiscences like these crowd into the mind of anyone who has lived even a few years in London.

There are many subjects of interest besides those which we reckon strictly personal. For example, the question of local names is now being studied so carefully that I hope a little further on to devote a chapter to it. Then such a subject as the crookedness of London streets and the causes of it might make a treatise by itself. I hope to say something further on about the architecture which is so present to the consciousness of every one who longs for the harmony or the contrasts which go to make up picturesqueness. But before I proceed to ask why such a street is ugly and why such another is pleasing, let me name a point of the great-

est importance to the student of the local Colour of London.

This is the question of boundaries. There are only two kinds of boundaries worth examining now. A few years ago these divisions mattered little. They existed, and that is all most of us knew about them. Since 1888 they have come into prominence. They are parochial and estate boundaries. In former times also there were two, but they were not the same. They were London and Middlesex, on the left bank of the Thames. Westminster has been a city since the reign of Henry VIII, but it had no corporate existence, so that since 1888 it has taken its place among the other Middlesex parishes which have become boroughs; and instead of the boundary between London and its suburbs in Middlesex being the chief thing to consider, we have to look to the boundaries within a new county of London, which extends, not only over a large part of old Middlesex, but also across the Thames into Surrey and Kent.

The causes which determined these boundaries were the same in the suburbs of London, that is, all London in Middlesex, as in any part of the country. The parish, as a rule, contained one manor up to the time of the statute *Quia Emptores*. That was in 1290. Previously anyone who had a sufficient landed estate might, with certain formalities, make it a manor. After that date, and especially near London, manorial rules became inconvenient, local laws and London laws, often Acts of Parliament, settled things, and leases made fewer

and fewer references to the existence of former manorial customs. These references again were frequently wrong and made in ignorance. The chief manors were held by the Church, the Canons of St Paul's for example, or the Abbot and monks of Westminster. They had the power, and exercised it, of leasing their estates, often at nominal rents. We sometimes hear the Duke of Bedford called the Lord of the Manor of Bloomsbury, or the Duke of Westminster Lord of the Manor of Ebury. But in truth the Dean of Westminster is Lord of Ebury, and a Canon of St Paul's Lord of Rugmere, in which Bloomsbury is only a farm. The two dukes are tenants of the Church.

As each parish, then, originally consisted of certain manors, sometimes, as in St Marylebone, of two, Tyburn and Lillestone, now called Lisson, or as in Westminster of four, St Margaret's, Ebury, Hyde and Neat, but usually of only one, like Holywell and Cantler's and Finsbury, on the passing of the Act of 1888, by which these ancient parishes became boroughs and set up municipalities to perform municipal functions, the old boundaries had to be looked up, and curious results ensued in various places. Boundaries of London parishes are all carefully marked. We may travel along Bayswater Road, from the Kensington Gravel Pits, now called Notting Hill Gate, to the Westbourne at Lancaster Gate and on to Tyburn Gate, now called the Marble Arch, without perceiving the marks. They are sometimes on the pavement, as at the little boot shop

SPRING IN ONSLOW SQUARE.

facing the gate of Palace Gardens, where, small as the house front is, it stands in two parochial boroughs. The occupant is rated in Kensington and in Paddington. In Kensington Gardens, just over the way, the boundaries are marked by white stones, in the grass and under the trees. The Broad Walk was in Westminster, the Abbot's manor of Neat extending almost to Church Street, Kensington, and the Palace, called "of Kensington," where Queen Victoria was born, being originally the manor house of Neat. It is possible that Knightsbridge is a corruption of Neatbridge. But in 1888 the Kensington people were by no means satisfied to find themselves literally "at the wrong side of the fence," and the matter has been adjusted by making the (imaginary) fence at the Broad Walk. When Queen Victoria took her first drive, a few days after the death of William IV, the Black Lion Gate opening on Bayswater Road was the exit from the Palace. It retains its name officially, but Black Lion Lane, so called from an ancient inn sign, has become Queen's Road. Professor Flinders Petrie, F.R.S., of Egyptian fame, was one of the first to make a study of boundaries in London, with special reference to the light they throw on the history and antiquities of roads. Applying some of his rules and looking at an ordinary map, we learn at once that Edgware Road, running in a north-westerly direction from the Marble Arch, is older than any of the streets opening on it, older even than the parochial divisions. This is learned by comparing the occasional

marks on houses and on the pavement with the straight course of the road itself, best seen on a map. This is not the place to continue the investigation, but the conclusion may be briefly indicated. If our data are correct, the road originally ran in the same direction through Park Lane to the Thames at Westminster, and answers to what historians of the Roman Conquest know as the Watling Street, which ran from Dover to Chester. If so, the aristocratic Park Lane, and its continuation, the comparatively plebeian Edgware Road, form part of a paved highway, older than any other we know of in England, older even than the Roman invasion, and those two highways may be reckoned the oldest streets in London.

As a contrast to Edgware Road, we may take Regent Street. Here a new way was run by a prescribed course through a labyrinth of old lanes and streets. If we observe the foot pavement between, say, Hanover Street and Vigo Street, we shall see cabalistic signs cut on it denoting that we are stepping some seven or eight times from St George's, Hanover Square, into St James's, Piccadilly.

We may conclude these references to a subject I have never seen discussed in print, interesting as it is, by a reminiscence. A Lady Mayoress who was a friend of the lamented Sir Walter Besant, and whom I had known since her childhood, used to take City walks with us. Of course our talk was all of London history and geography. She was naturally perhaps never tired of the

subject, and I remember on one occasion that Sir Walter asked her to let him see St Paul's from the roof of the Mansion House and that I found them seated together on the ridge, busy identifying the steeples in the view. She greatly enjoyed her august position in the City. She filled office on two occasions by a happy chance, and did much by her simple kindness to enhance the popularity of her father, Sir Robert Fowler, "twice Lord Mayor of London." He commended himself specially to Besant for his hospitality to the infant Society of Authors, and is said to have been the only Lord Mayor who quoted a Greek couplet in a Mansion House speech. We had much laughter on one occasion when we had gone over a City church and I presented the sexton with "a pecuniary consideration" and told him he had been conducting the Lady Mayoress. He replied briefly, "Walker!" There had been some discussion in those days as to the precedence of the Lord Mayor at a Court function, and Miss Fowler and I found ourselves in Holborn near an obelisk which marks the City boundary. I pointed to two stones in the pavement. "If you stand on that one, you rank before any other lady in England excepting only Queen Victoria. If you remove to the next stone, you rank as a countess, and since there is no earldom now left so ancient as the mayoralty, you rank next to a marchioness."

Of all London subjects none can be more important than that which Sir Walter Besant sat on the

Mansion House roof to study. Architecture is a permanent record of the state of civilization. When George III reigned over these islands, he did not think society would be safe unless such criminals as Dr Dodd or the Perreaus were publicly put to death. The average British householder could not have slept in peace unless three or four malefactors "danced on air" every session in front of the New Inn at the foot of the Edgware Road. It is characteristic of the change in all things that the so-called "Church Army" occupies the space on which in those days a house was built with balconies expressly designed for the use of the London juryman citizen, whence he might comfortably contemplate the monthly slaughter before he ate his lunch. It cannot be denied that in these and many other things we have improved since those days; but for a long time, though laws and with them morals and manners, grew milder and better, there was no improvement visible in our architecture. Our streets were of two kinds only, and both hideous. Long rows of houses were built of brown brick with rectangular openings in four or five stories; or else the defective masonry was covered by stucco which ostensibly imitated stonework, but which hardly made any attempt to keep up the make-believe. The effect was, and is still in too many places, depressing in the extreme, and was only made worse where a little extra plaster work was added to give importance to a street frontage. This was particularly the case and on the largest scale in the work carried

out in Regent Street and the villas round the Regent's Park. Many of the designs, especially for shop fronts, look very well on paper. The Quadrant, for instance, and the insurance office at the southern end of the curve, produce an effect on the mind which comes very near admiration. It is partly accounted for when we remember that the office in outline at least is a close copy of Inigo Jones's Somerset House. If instead of stucco it had been carried out in red brick and carved stone, the view from the foot of the hill near the Guards' Memorial would have been one of the best in London.

With great public works like these to set the fashion it is no wonder that for a great many years stucco reigned supreme and imparted a muddy tone to the Colour of London. It must not be condemned wholesale. Some of the Regent Street designs, as designs, are excellent. Nash and his coadjutors were perhaps more influenced by what was called "Grecian" than by Palladian; more, that is, by the then recent discoveries on the site of the Parthenon, the sculptures of Pheidias and the great books of Stuart and Revett and others than by the works of Inigo Jones, Wren, Burlington, Carr or any other of our native adapters of the best period of Italian architecture. The house in Regent Street which Nash built for himself is excellent as a design but not at all Palladian. Had it been carried out in stone or in stone and brick combined, it might have influenced the taste of the time considerably. But neither Robert

Abraham's adaptation of Inigo, nor Nash's clever application of Greek principles to domestic architecture, nor Burton's grand terraces could bear the disappointing effect of plaster mouldings and drab paint. There is a future for some modern architect who will dig into the tomes of Shepherd and the Adams and others, who took the regency stucco seriously and wrote of columns and capitals, of classical reliefs and bracketed cornices and all the features of the style as if they were real and not merely clever castings in plaster of Paris or Portland cement, and stood to architecture as scene painting stands to a view in Norway or Sussex. The fine designs remain and some of them are superlatively good, the result of much study, thought and knowledge. Occasionally, as in the cases of Decimus Burton and Hardwick, they are of considerable original genius. The stucco delusion lasted long enough to cover England with mock buildings before the deception was discovered, and for many years there continued to be published descriptions and criticisms of what were, strictly speaking, only casts of the ornaments of classical buildings. Another unfortunate result may be best explained by a reference to the history of one of Sir Charles Barry's most carefully studied designs, namely, the Travellers' Club in Pall Mall. The Athenæum and some other institutions of the kind in the same thoroughfare were examples of the influence of the superstition that stucco was the same as stone. Some have disappeared and been replaced by real buildings; but others remain, and

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CONSTITUTION HILL.

among them must be classed the Travellers' Club. Barry was so well satisfied with his work that he published a book about it. It would not be easy now to ascertain whether the two fronts, one into Pall Mall, the other into Carlton Terrace, were originally built of stone and later on covered all over with stucco and drab paint, or whether the stucco existed from the commencement. The result is the same. One may pass along Pall Mall half a dozen times and, even after reading Barry's book, go to look at the great architect's masterpiece without being able to recognize it. Many other buildings, including Blore's new front to Buckingham Palace, suffered in the same manner. Among smaller houses was one we could ill spare—the beautiful fragment usually attributed to Inigo Jones in Great Queen Street. Here the dauber was checked when he had spoilt half the red brick pilasters. This was the last example of importance, for between the date of the Travellers' Club and that of the insult to Herbert House a revolution had taken place in architecture which has yet to find a chronicler. This was the so-called "Great Gothic Revival."

Without going over the whole story of the curious change in public taste which grew up from small beginnings in the middle of the eighteenth century, a few notes about its influence on the outward appearance of London may come in here. The principal divisions, or let us say verses, of the story are marked for us by certain buildings. These buildings remain: they form in some cases appropriate features in the composi-

tion of that harmony to which we look for the Colour of London. Other cases again are less agreeable if more instructive.

In speaking of the so-called Grecian style we endeavoured to account briefly for its decay and final failure, in great part, by the use of stucco. In speaking of the failure of Gothic we have to recognize that a similar result followed a totally different cause. It cannot be denied that a style which was in vogue when perhaps half the present population was young, and which largely influenced not only art but religion and morals and many other things, must now be reckoned as dead as Queen Ann. It lives in history. We acknowledge its greatness. But we no longer obey its commands; on the contrary, with much hesitation and surprise at our own temerity, we venture to disparage its teaching, while there are some among us who wholly condemn it. I cannot go so far. I think that if Gothic had been fairly treated by its professors, it would be a living power still.

Unfortunately, while in London we suffered comparatively little from the depredations of that branch of the Gothic school whose works are chiefly known under the odd name of "restorations," those architects who made important buildings failed to show the medieval style in good light. The best is, without doubt, the Palace of Westminster. Here the architect was not himself a professor of Gothic, but the same whose Palladian works in and about Pall Mall are such an

ornament to our city. The Carlton and Conservative Club houses are very close in their resemblance to the greatest Italian palaces, but Bridgewater House is a most satisfactory and sufficiently original example. Sir Charles Barry was selected to design the new Houses of Parliament. They were to be in "a Tudor Style." The whole subject of Gothic architecture was but little understood at the time, and Barry was perforce much influenced by such an extreme teacher as Augustus Welby Pugin, an enthusiast, though himself but imperfectly acquainted with the art of building in what he termed "the Christian Pointed Style." Too much ornament, especially in covering all the outer surface with a network of panelling, together with the want of a well-balanced façade, is the chief fault of a noble but frightfully expensive building. In it, wherever Barry used his remarkable skill in proportion, there is certainly more to admire than to criticize. The Victoria Tower did not want the contrast of poor Bentley's attenuated campanile to set off its dignity of outline. The Royal Gallery, St Stephen's Hall, the central octagon with its external spire, and some of the exteriors seen in the courts, are the best things produced by the Gothic Revival, as the movement was fondly called by its promoters. As this was, after Windsor Castle, one of the first attempts to use the style on a considerable scale in any but ecclesiastical architecture, we may safely take it as marking an epoch. A similarly satisfactory example of the use of Tudor

Gothic was the Hall of Lincoln's Inn, which was designed in brick with stone dressings by Philip Hardwick, an architect who, like Barry, engrafted Gothic details on classical proportions. In later years, after the new Gothic had taken some hold, another architect was employed to add to Hardwick's building, and did so effectually, contriving to conceal or alter the older architect's careful calculations.

These two undertakings and a few small experiments in Domestic Gothic, among which may be mentioned a dwelling-house in Park Lane, were expected to set a fashion in favour of the old English style. It cannot be said that they succeeded—certainly not in London. The grimy atmosphere, worst at Westminster, where the elaborate carvings immediately turned black and soon began to show signs of decay, told against Gothic more forcibly than any argument; the enormous cost in ornament alone; the rapid ruin of the first frescoes when subjected to the fumes of gas; and the darkness of the stained glass as it was understood at first, in a place where every ray of light was precious—all these things were arguments against the Tudor or Perpendicular style, as seen in the Houses of Parliament.

Another series of objections is not so easily stated. The medieval forms in the sculptures and paintings on the walls contrasted unpleasantly with the figures by which they were inhabited. Incongruity is often picturesque, but here it was only ludicrous, and was eagerly seized upon by the caricaturists. Marble statues in modern cos-

THE ALHAMBRA: LEICESTER SQUARE AT NIGHT.

tumes looked no better than those in the classical toga. Artists found their attemps at carrying out the fine schemes suggested to them thwarted in all directions. We had, in short, to admit that the whole thing was a gigantic failure and that Barry could have given us a Palladian edifice at half the cost and with double the effect, merely by adapting such a design as that of Inigo for Whitehall or that of Wren for Greenwich. The fogs and the figures in modern dress would have been less painfully incompatible. We have invoked the daylight at last and even groups of gaily dressed figures to brighten the Terrace, but half a century elapsed first, and in that half century the professors of Gothic themselves ensured its final condemnation. This is but too apparent when we would treat of the Colour of London.

There were two or three public competitions in which a large number of influential persons, and competent art critics among them, desired to see Gothic successful. Here the architects failed their supporters. The great argument for Gothic, the great argument, that is, with the general public, who were unable to understand æsthetic considerations, was of course that Gothic was the style of our forefathers, the style in which all the great buildings before the Reformation had been designed and carried out. The cathedrals and the castles were alike adduced, and I think that if another Wren had offered his services, if the native style had been used and carried forward, so to speak, we

might have seen a Queen Victorian age of architecture to rival worthily the reign of Queen Anne. But the few Gothic architects who succeeded in the competitions wholly failed to see this. They have left us examples of their powers. We can conclude now with an easy conscience that there was not a Wren among them, not even a Kent or a Burlington. Where they got their way, they showed themselves incapable of using English Gothic to advantage, or they tried for originality and wandered outside the limits of the style; or, worse than all the rest, they designed buildings not in English Gothic at all but in the feeble Gothic of Italy—for which there was not any argument to be found which would appeal to the general public or, indeed, to any one of practical views, not to say of common sense.

The principal examples of the London Gothic of the second half of the nineteenth century are enough to prove this abundantly. Scott was appointed to design the new Foreign Office. Lord Palmerston, with his usual good sense, would not have the architect's design. We now know why; and though then the Prime Minister had to endure some very disagreeable language from the architect and his supporters, he was more than justified, because he considered that a very weak imitation of a building in Italian Gothic was not suited to the situation. If it is true that the hotel and railway station at St Pancras are on the lines of the building Scott designed for the street of Whitehall,

Lord Palmerston was abundantly justified by the result. The Albert Memorial again shows us a design which has nothing of the old English feeling about it. We were told when it was being built that we should see an Elinor cross carried out, an old English Gothic design adapted to the circumstances and constructed with the building resources of the nineteenth century. When we saw it, we could not but know it was beyond criticism. It was impossible for the greatest admirer of English architecture to defend a building so wholly un-English both in taste and execution, and one which would not stand for five minutes but for some concealed engineering in cast iron.

Another architect who disappointed the admirers of the revived Gothic was Waterhouse. The great buildings that dominate Manchester do not belong to our subject, but we have in the Natural History Museum at South Kensington and in the vast ruddy structure which occupies the old site of Furnival's Inn, Holborn, specimens of what this architect could do in a style to which it would be difficult to put a name. It is not French or German or even Italian Gothic. Nor does it grow out of a study of any particular phase or period of English Gothic. The only thing certain is that, though the buildings are eminently original, the originality is dearly purchased by the sacrifice of beauty. An assembly of features, not one of them beautiful in itself, can hardly be expected to result in a beautiful design; nor can it be be described as resembling, how-

ever remotely, any work of ancient English Gothic architecture.

Some churches are decidedly better. There is not a more graceful spire in London than that of All Saints', Margaret Street, by Butterfield; but when compared with one of Wren's towers, St Antholin, Watling Street, now destroyed, for example, it looks very much wanting in appearance of stability, with its slatted timber roof. The new Gothic architects constantly forgot that a satisfactory building looks stronger than it is, not weaker. This fragility is well brought out in Mr Yoshio Markino's drawing, where the spire of All Saints' is contrasted with the solid and handsome building of Messrs Waring, designed by Mr R. F. Atkinson, and with the still more solid Tuscan Doric of Nash in the portico of the Pantheon.

There is, unfortunately, no secular domestic building to compare with All Saints' as a success. In the case of churches this is chiefly owing to the necessity for cheapness; but one or two which were rather costly, such as St Alban's, Holborn, and the Church of St James the Less in Westminster, are unsatisfactory considered from an artistic or architectural point of view. But the greatest achievement in the style in London, since the Houses of Parliament, is, undoubtedly, the new Law Courts, though some good work in an unobtrusive but very suitable development of Perpendicular may be seen at the Guildhall, chiefly by the late Sir Horace Jones.

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SPRING MIST, WESTMINSTER BRIDGE.

The Law Courts were the object of so much controversy before they were built, rather before than after, political rather than æsthetic, that most of us were tired of the subject. The architect, Street, chosen after a severe competition, seemed to make one fundamental mistake. Instead of taking English Gothic in its latest development and improving upon it, as Barry did at Westminster, he endeavoured to hark back and take the style at a period of its development which must be described as arbitrary. It was impossible to fix upon a point in this way, and was never attempted by the medieval artist. This gave his design an air of unreality, which went far to spoil it. Compared with the semi-French and semi-Italian designs, with which it competed, there could be no question as to its superiority. But Street never got leave to carry it out. The minister insisted on innumerable alterations, including an entirely fresh design for a site on the Embankment. I cannot do better than quote the summary of his treatment, which I received in a letter from Street, written on May 26, 1873:

"It is now seven years since I first made plans for this building. I have had for my masters: (1) the Commission on the Law Courts, who ordered me to plan a building which was to cost £1,800,000; (2) Mr Layard, who moved me to the Embankment and told me to spend £800,000; (3) the Treasury, who agreed to a plan for Carey Street, and settled £750,000 as the amount to be spent; and (4) lastly, Mr Ayrton, who

cuts me down to £710,000, and rather increases the size of the building. So that, whilst prices are going up and up, the cost of the building is ordered to be reduced *pari passu* till it is impossible to get on at all."

It eventually killed poor Street, who died in 1881, his work far from completion, and it never therefore received those touches and minor adjustments from the hand of its author which would undoubtedly have increased its convenience without injuring its beauty.

The Law Courts must be taken for the best example of what Gothic architecture, as revived, was able to do. That it is a failure is scarcely denied, but its failure is less the fault of the architect, a man of genius, who, if anyone, could have shown off the merits of the style, had he not been worried and thwarted in every direction. All those features of his design which were not of immediate utility were lopped off, and the unfortunate architect was made the victim of a series of officials absolutely ignorant of the questions upon which they presumed to decide.

One other building of importance in London was erected in the revived Gothic. This was the Record Office, built in part from the very antiquated designs of Pennethorne, but finished in an unobtrusive manner with very fair Perpendicular details, by Sir John Taylor, in 1896. The Museum, which takes the place of the old Rolls Chapel, if it is not exactly on the site, contains, besides the ancient manuscripts exhibited,

some interesting tombs, including the well-known recumbent statue of John Yong, the Master, who died in 1516, by Torrigiano.

Of minor buildings in the style London has very few except churches. The idea of taking up the Gothic tradition where it was laid down, just before the Reformation, was thwarted by attempts to revive such impossible principles as those of the thirteenth century. What was good building in the year 1200 was no longer good in 1900. The whole movement ended in a series of anachronisms, and, becoming connected with a school of religious thought, lost any chance it may have had of popularity. The neglect of proportion, which is the very life of the real Early English style, by the chief prophets of the revival, may be said to have completed its ruin. A perfectly plain building like, say, Climping Church, delicately proportioned, was imitated in London in numberless small modern churches—imitated, that is, in the plainness, but with the proportions of necessity left out. Architectural students were nowhere taught it—a protest, no doubt, against the exploded study of the hated "Grecian" in stucco, which consisted of proportion before anything else.

A revived, educated interest in architecture appears to be prevalent now. It is always well to remember that genius in architecture, as in poetry or painting and more than all in music, is not made; but if the ear for music exists it is easily trained. We have not

all an ear for music, we have not all an "ear" for architecture; training may be and often is thrown away. As we walk the London streets and see such monstrosities as the nearly new Weigh House Chapel or the spire of an Unitarian Chapel in the Gravel Pits on Bayswater Road, which is locally described as the ugliest tower in London, or many other examples in which a builder had evidently striven for singularity before all else, we feel more than ever convinced that it is not by trying to do something absolutely new, but by carrying on something old and improving it, that the genius of the future will declare himself. Meanwhile, we have admirable but neglected models before us.

It was a curious trait of the modern Gothic school that not only did they admire their own style and their own particular phase of it, but they were anxious to destroy the examples of any other. This characteristic is peculiar. We do not read that Gibbs, who preferred Corinthian, wanted to alter or pull down an Ionic building. We do not read that Wood, who preferred Palladian, wanted to destroy Bath Abbey. But when Butterfield was employed to "restore" a Perpendicular church, he tried to transform it into First Pointed; and there were many sober art critics who would gladly have seen St Paul's pulled down in favour of Truro Cathedral. This intolerance even extended to those marvellous ornaments of the city of London—those concentrated essences of all that is lovely in

TRAFALGAR SQUARE BY NIGHT.

Wren's work—the church towers. What Pheidias and the Parthenon are to Athens, what the Leaning Tower and Orcagna are to Pisa, what Wood is to Bath, that and more it might be thought these little churches are to London.

Some years ago, having to review a book on the City churches in a newspaper, I ventured on a line of argument for which we have plenty of precedent. I did not keep a copy, nor am I perfectly sure of the expressions used, but, roughly speaking, the review commenced as follows: "When the King of Italy wants money for a new ironclad, he adds to his resources by paying a visit to the Uffizzi. There he chooses a priceless Raphael and tears it from its frame, destroying it in the process. He is then able to obtain an appreciable sum towards his man-of-war by selling the space so gained to a photographer or a hairdresser." This apothegm I ventured to apply, *mutato nomine*, to the Bishop of London. This is not the place to enlarge on the subject. Every now and then, generally in vacation time, a little note occurs in the ecclesiastical intelligence mentioning one of Wren's churches, pointing out its uselessness—want of congregation, generally, though any City church is at once filled by a competent incumbent—and insinuating that there is another church in the same street. This feeler will be recognized by anyone who reads the papers. It occurred in several places last September, and always heralds the same proposal. It is fully recognized now

that only by a very extensive use of hyperbole, or, as statesmen put it, by much terminological inexactitude, will the City parishioners be persuaded to "tear down their Raphaels," or destroy their Wren churches even to contribute to the Bishop's fund and build little eyesores in the suburbs. The fund suffers incalculably owing to the unpopularity caused by such a case as that of St Antholin, Watling Street. Here a beautiful tower which Wren had specially designed to set forth a contrast with the square Gothic tower of the next church, St Mary Aldermary, was condemned by means of a fiction and destroyed, to the irreparable loss of a great many precious things, including the credit for veracity of the episcopal committee. A London rector pointed this out at a recent Common Council meeting, and it is understood that, so far as the Corporation can prevent it, no more of Wren's churches are to be destroyed. This was the resolution carried on February 1, 1907.

It may be well, in speaking of this part of the Colour of London, to lay as much emphasis as possible on these facts. There are no other Wren churches. No two of them are alike. From St Paul's itself down to such a little chapel as St Matthew's, Friday Street, recently destroyed, each has its own characteristics, its own beauties, its own points of fitness for its situation, its own lesson for the architect and still more for the man who employs the architect. In them the City of London has a treasure which the

citizens are bound to transmit uninjured to their posterity and successors—a treasure only comparable, as I have said, to the invaluable pictures in some foreign gallery. I remember, in 1880, what an outcry was raised all over Europe because the new Khedive of Egypt allowed his grandmother to take some stones from a minor pyramid to be used in the building of a mosque at Cairo. Yet at that very time the people of a parish in the City of London gave permission to the bishop to pull down the tower of All Hallows, Upper Thames Street, on the river front in every view. Very soon after, St Olave, Old Jewry (part of which was of thirteenth-century Gothic, by the way), to say nothing of St Antholin, which was worth more than many minor pyramids, was also razed to the ground.

Lovers of old London, whether of the City or the suburbs, are glad to see a revival of taste everywhere. That antiquity and picturesqueness go hand in hand is often true, but it is also true that of things new now but few will rank as worthy to survive and become picturesque in their turn. It is for this reason that we must lament the extensive use of stucco in a past generation, and especially at a time when good design was to be had in a hundred directions. There would be no more beautiful building and none more happy in its situation than the Insurance Office at the foot of the Quadrant, if it could be correctly described as a building and not a mere plaster model or mould. It is

a sign of the times, and a happy one, that the Quadrant is to be rebuilt in stone, that Young's fine design has been used entire for the War Office, and that Brydon's magnificent Government Buildings at Westminster are being carried out, although not completely, yet so far that completion is only a question of time. Without naming separate buildings it is enough to say that the taste of a few years ago, which consisted in providing costly materials without a competent architect to pile them up, is a thing of the past. With Wren's incomparable works to act as a standard, a few years of the present activity will see our streets filled with palaces which will easily surpass those at Genoa or at Florence; and there will be as many views and vistas of interest and beauty as in Venice or Nuremburg. Our local colour should be dear to us. We should be able to say to our visitors that in convenience, wholesomeness and comfort, as well as in size, wealth and population, London excels all other cities; but we should not be content unless we can add "in beauty also."

THE RUNNING TIDE—ALBERT BRIDGE, CHELSEA EMBANKMENT.

CHAPTER II

Of the Boundaries

The City—Roman London—A Controversy—London a Shire—Campaign of Aulus Plautius—Southwark—Westminster—The Wall—The Bridge—Suburbs and the Church—Newgate—Middlesex

WHEN we speak of the City, we make use of a definite geographical expression to denote something which is really very indefinite. We say a man "is in the City," meaning generally that he has engaged in commercial pursuits; but if we say he has an office "in the City," we mean that it is situated within a certain boundary. In speaking of the items which go to make up "the Colour of London," I endeavoured to call attention generally to the great subject of boundaries. The boundaries of the City are the only boundaries which are marked not by parochial lines, nor yet by manorial, but are among the few civic boundaries in England which were originally set out solely by military considerations. Foreign cities are often, indeed usually, defined by a wall or fortified lines. In England a few old towns, like Shrewsbury, for example, are bounded by a river, or the sea as in the case of Portsmouth, and have had defensive buildings, walls and gates fitted to these local features. In London an arbitrary line has been drawn, and is still observed after at least fifteen centuries. When we speak of our friend as "in the City," then we speak of him as being on a spot which was selected and fixed by the Romans, a spot which was clearly and sharply defined "for a

strategical purpose," about three centuries after the commencement of the Christian era. We owe the City to the Romans.

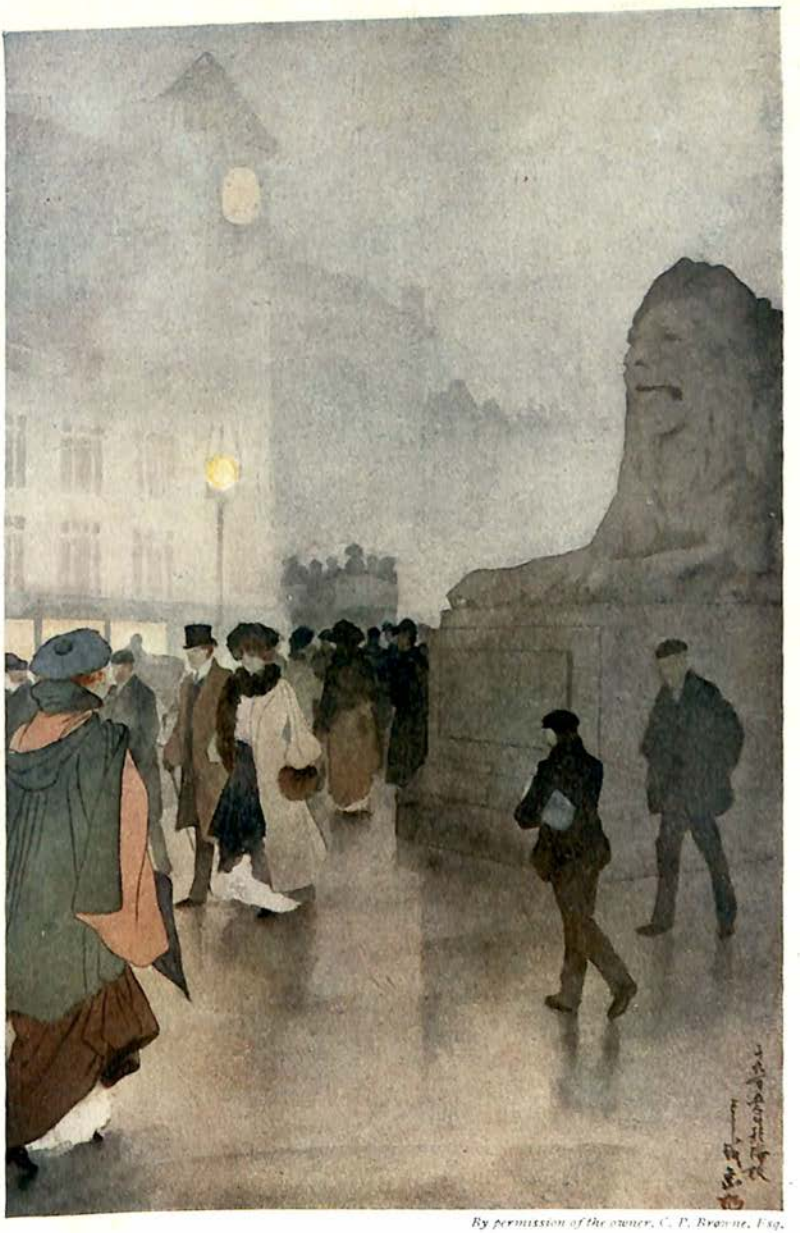
Here I must make a short digression, and touch, however unwillingly, on what is said to be a matter of controversy. Strange as it may seem, I agree with both parties. Truthfully stated, there is nothing at issue between them. According to one the City owes more than its boundaries to the Romans. It would be interesting and, in fact, pleasant to be able to trace the mayoralty to the Romans. It would also add much to the picturesqueness of a City street if we believed it was laid out and first built by the Romans, like, say, a street in Pompeii. I propose a little further on to show that there is something at least of this kind to be seen in the City, though the more extreme advocates of this view have overlooked it. It would be gratifying also to trace the wards to a Roman institution like that which divided ancient Rome into fourteen regions, each under its mayor. It would be most interesting to see in St Paul's a converted temple like the Pantheon. There are other points which we should all be glad to notice, but they need not be named here. So far, unfortunately, no evidence stronger than mere assertion has been adduced in favour of any of them. In 1831 an altar, with a figure on it in relief, which was identified both as a Diana and an Apollo, turned up near Goldsmiths' Hall. It was hailed as proof that a temple of Diana was on the site of St Paul's. Dean

Milman states the whole question in his account of of St Paul's Cathedral with his accustomed moderation, and another judicious antiquary, John Wykeham Archer, in his *Vestiges* gave an engraving of the sculpture and stated the question fairly. Both he and the Dean, however, ignored some fatal objections. The suburbs, so to speak, of the Roman fort may have included Foster Lane, but of that we know nothing. The hill on which St Paul's stands was certainly not within that fort, which was on the east of the Walbrook. So that the discovery, allowing that it may be that of a British goddess, or even of Diana, sculptured by the Romans, at a considerable distance from St Paul's beyond the Cheap, has no bearing on the question of a Roman temple on the western hill. But the most insuperable objection is, of course, that Roman London was a Christian city from the moment when first we find it within walls. We cannot believe that the Romans built a temple of great size on a site absolutely undefended and separated from the fortified bridge head by the valley and stream of Walbrook. No trace of either temple or church has been found within the area on which the Roman fort stood, and though the wall, which took in a much larger space, is often ascribed to Julian the Apostate, and perhaps rightly, it cannot affect our certainty that the London thus founded was from its foundation a Christian city.

It is not worth while yet to go into the other assertions which have been made. They represent not facts

but wishes. We all wish we could find some vestige, as tangible as the British altar, of a Roman municipal government in the present Mayor and Corporation. As I have endeavoured already to point out, the continuous history of London is longer than that of any other city now extant; and I must say I agree with Stow when he turned to facts and ignored the theorizers of his day. It is but right, before passing to the object of this chapter, namely, boundaries, to remind the reader that the late Professor Freeman pulverized the "Roman theorizers" of his day, and that John Richard Green, Edwin Guest and William Stubbs, all of whom had carefully examined the facts and the arguments, were of his opinion. After the Conquest, without doubt, as Bishop Stubbs said plainly, London was governed like a shire. From what is certain we can argue as to what is uncertain, and so far no evidence has been adduced against the proposition that before the Conquest, as far back indeed as the time of the family of Alfred, if not of Alfred himself, London was governed, in Bishop Stubbs's words, as a shire—that is, as the Anglo-Saxons governed the rest of England.

As to what that government was, and what the position of the aldermen and the portreeve was, I have endeavoured, from very scanty information, to say something in another chapter. Here I should like to show the many points in which we are indebted to the Romans, and then to dwell a little on the importance in modern London of the boundaries which were first



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TRAFALGAR SQUARE—AFTERNOON.

established by them. The site of what was destined to become the nucleus of the greatest city the world has seen must have been chosen by them, and we have to find out why it was fixed just where it is, and why, in after ages, the Roman choice of the site was confirmed by Alfred and his family, and subsequently by the Normans.

If we could form a picture of the scene as it first presented itself in, say, the year A.D. 43, to the eyes of Aulus Plautius, we might find a reason for the choice. Dr Guest was of opinion that Aulus crossed, not the Thames, but the Lea. I cannot accept this opinion. Dr Guest himself shows that the Romans reached the Thames from Hythe, Dover and Richborough: "When they had come to a certain river, which the barbarians did not think the Romans could pass without a bridge," says Dio Cassius, the well-trained veterans no doubt easily made themselves pontoons or used some other contrivance, such as a bridge of boats. For this the lake full of islets, where now we see Southwark, was eminently fitted, and the natives abandoned the south bank and retreated towards Colchester.

When the Romans approached the Thames, it must have been from the South. They found a wide tidal marsh round which the main stream swept, confined by the double hill on the left bank, past which the three smaller rivers, the Fleet, the Wallbrook and the Lea fell into it. The Fleet and the Wallbrook cut their way through the clay, making high banks, but the Lea

spread far and wide at every tide. The Romans may have crossed at the Lea, but it is not very likely, when, from the fan-like shape of the cluster of islets which they had reached, it was obviously better to cross at the shallowest point. This was not below the double hill, but a very short distance above that point where the clusters of islets were to be found, not on the right bank alone, but on the left bank as well; not at Southwark alone, but also at Westminster. Here at low tide, especially in summer, and when the water of the river was spread over a far larger expanse, very little in the way of pontoons, rafts and perhaps boats would enable a large army to reach the north bank easily. The Saxon names of a few landmarks help us to fix on such a spot, namely, between Tothill on the left bank and Stane Gate on the right. If London Bridge had fallen out of repair, as it seems to have done during or soon after the Saxon conquest, these suffice to describe for us a place where a traveller "touted" for a guide across the shallows to the stone roadway on the south shore. The Romans probably crossed at Thorney. The road which had brought them from Dover, through Kent and Surrey, went on from Tothill in a north-westerly direction, through what is now Park Lane, past the Marble Arch and up through Edgware Road.

This road was probably in existence before the coming of the Romans. The Saxons called it from its direction after the Milky Way in the heavens above, for which their name was "the Watling Street." Guest, on his

map, leaves a blank at London, evidently puzzled, as indeed he acknowledges, by the direction here of the Watling Street. But if we examine the ancient geography of Southwark, as I have endeavoured to explain it above, we can see that the old British road from Dover towards Verulam and Dunstable crossed the Thames here at Westminster when the tides and the floods allowed, and took its way again straight on. No doubt the Romans crossed here, but their general saw that the most suitable place for a station would be more exactly opposite Southwark, where the left bank was high and where the stream was narrow and deep. A bridge here could be made to lead to the Watling Street by a short road due west; and accordingly we find him building a bridge, defending its head by a fort, where Cannon Street terminus is now, and bringing his branch of the Watling Street by what the Saxons afterwards called the "military road," the "herepath," along our Oxford Street and Holborn, to his fort at the bridge-head. The City part of this road, just before it reaches the bridge, is still called Watling Street, and as at Lambeth the old landing-place of the direct road was named the Stane Gate, so the landing-place of this new Watling Street was called Stony Street, unto this day.

There can be no doubt the Romans occupied Westminster. Mr Spurrell consulted Poole, for many years the Abbey mason, as to Roman buildings on the site of the church. His reply was absolutely conclusive. He had found that the isle on which the Abbey stands

consisted of sand surrounded with peat or marsh. The sand had been covered with Roman masonry, removed for the site of the Abbey; but the rubble and concrete of these Roman buildings were largely used in the footings of the Gothic work of the church. Mr Poole and the clerk of the works, Mr Wright, found under the existing floor concrete with brick flags, and the remains of a Roman dwelling were discovered in the College garden. A Roman sarcophagus, found near the west end of the church, may be seen in the cloisters, and on Tothill something answering to a waiting-house of Roman building showed that the ford or ferry here was used probably long after the building of London and the changes at least, for military purposes, of the old road from Dover, as described above.

The most remarkable thing about all these Roman remains is that they correspond to no records, that the people who made all these elaborate arrangements should have departed without leaving any permanent trace on the local names, such as are met with elsewhere and even in some parts of England where, as at Speen in Berkshire or Uttoxeter, a modern name is corrupted from one in Latin. In London, except, as I have noted, that the two names Thames and London are corrupted from latinized British names, there is nothing.

At first, no doubt, the main part of London, whether British or Roman, was on the right bank, in the archipelago, or peninsula, which at the present day extends, chiefly as dry land, with a semicircular out-

ELECTRIC POWER WORKS, CHELSEA.

line on the river from Lambeth round by Southwark to Bermondsey. There is a history in this name by itself. One of the islands belonged to Beremond, a Dane, probably a sailor, who occupied it or settled on it under the Saxons. It is not an "ey" now except in name, and the adjoining name Rotherhithe is almost as interesting. Rother is a rower. The rower could land here on the hithe, firm land which formed the eastern edge of the Lynn: the lynn which was named from the Dun or down opposite, on which dun London still stands; the lynn—a word pronounced in Welsh lunn—being covered with islands or composed of land which was subject, as indeed it still is, to floods at every high tide and at every rising of the upper Thames.

The wall did not take in the mouth of the Fleet or the mouth of the Lea, or even of that part of the Lea which flowed to westward of its delta the "Isle of Dogs," properly Isle of Docks. The wall, however, took in the mouth of the Wallbrook, which had formed the western boundary of the Roman fort. It also took in the moat of the fort, which much puzzled Stow, who took the moat for another brook. In the Roman period the valley of the Wallbrook was much more marked than it is as present, and a depth of as much as forty feet of made earth covers the pavements and other remains found. There are constant references in the Chronicles to the difficulty in keeping the watercourse clear. The different levels still so apparent between Threadneedle Street and Broad Street show us,

even now, that the slope was steep. All these lines —brooks, valleys, moats or walls—were obliterated when the new Roman wall was made and by means of piles even extended along the river front, broken, of course, by Dowgate, Billingsgate and other entrances to harbours and docks. The eastern extremity of the wall, being exposed to the invader by river, was the most important part of it. Here, undoubtedly, the Romans had a bastion, but whether more than a bastion, a tower or an attached work of greater capacity, it would not be easy to say. Freeman mentions a tradition that Alfred built a castle here, but, though the existing buildings contain, here and there, Roman bricks, there is no trace of a fort or even of a bastion now visible.

The two ends of this Roman wall are of the deepest interest to us moderns. No sightseer comes to London without a visit to the Tower. Its history is the Plantagenet and Tudor and Stuart history of England, and a chapter is devoted to it further on. Scarcely second in its associations is the piece of wall which extends along the brow of the hill above the now almost invisible river Fleet. The Roman wall may be described as beginning with the Tower and ending with the Old Bailey; yet, in spite of the most careful research for a hundred years and more, nothing Roman has been found affecting the laws or constitution of the City, which, as most of us believe, was founded by Alfred and his government, within the space then lying, like

Pevensey or Richborough, empty and desolate, its East Saxon or possibly Middle Saxon Kings living elsewhere, and deserted even, as Beda tells us, by its bishop.

But the London so founded became the centre of the mighty city. Though the boundary fixed by the Romans was far over-passed by what are called "wards without," yet as long as the wall was useful for defence, that is from the time of Alfred to that of Henry V at least, the City was not taken in any war. It grew up to the boundary, and when it went beyond, it extended the privileges of the citizens to Holborn and Fleet Street, to Bishopsgate Without and Tower Hill. It is probable that the freedom of the City would have been much more widely extended as the suburbs increased round it, but now a new factor stepped in. The boundaries to be regarded were no longer those of the wards but those of the ecclesiastical landowners. London was surrounded by a ring of parishes, consisting for the most part each of one manor, and that manor the endowment of a prebendal stall in St Paul's Cathedral. The extension of the City over St Pancras or Portpool, over Rugmere or the Strand, over Tyburn or Hoxton, was prevented because all these and many more formed the estates of canons or other ecclesiastical dignitaries, as the Prior of Aldgate or the Abbess of Barking, who were supposed to reside on them and to shed a civilizing influence over their less cultivated tenants and neighbours. The rights of property were, however, strangely interpreted by the canons. They

preferred the comparative luxury of life in the City and let their lands on long and renewable leases to laymen. It is under these leases, most of which were probably verbal agreements before witnesses, that the now wealthy estates that we know as those of the Duke of Bedford or the Marquis Camden or the Sturt Estate or the so-called Kentish Town and many more are held; but in each case the "lord of the manor" is the canon on whose stall the name of the estate is still written for all to see. The Ecclesiastical Commissioners, under certain Acts of Parliament, actually administer such rights as still belong to the estates, but the owners of the properties in question are the representatives of the leaseholders. This anomalous state of affairs has subsisted for many centuries but did not become, so to speak, systematic without a struggle which was ended as far back as the reign of King John. We have no accounts of that King's reign but those written by his enemies; but it is obvious that another tale might have been told. The clergy alone had the power of the pen. The people had to leave their appreciation of their rulers unrecorded. But it has often struck me as singular that on the one hand John bitterly offended the clergy, and on the other, wherever tradition prevails, King John appears in a different character. Every out-of-the-way building is described as King John's. An old manor-house in Surrey is locally known as King John's Palace. A hunting-box in the Isle of Dogs was "King John's." The first or nearly the first picture

A WINTER AFTERNOON, CHELSEA EMBANKMENT.

the great landscape painter, Turner, sent to the Royal Academy was a view of "King John's Palace at Eltham."

There must be some reason for this popularity of a prince whom all the Church historians, that is all who could write history at that date, unite in condemning. Was it that his surrender to the Pope tended to enforce the Roman custom of clerical celibacy? The only contemporary writer who mentions the popular side of the matter is Walter Map, himself a canon of St Paul's, whose name is commemorated in Mapesbury, the prebendal estate he held at Willesden. Walter Map is very sarcastic on the widespread distress of the secular and parochial clergy at the promulgation in 1215 of the prohibition. In London the canons of St Paul's were apparently often married men. The married canons were content to live on their estates with their families, and hoped to be allowed to leave the canonry to a son, as, in fact, they very frequently had done until King John's submission made the English Church powerless in such matters. The canons henceforth cared little for their country homes; and many historical events may be traced in London to the position of this great Cathedral foundation in its midst and to the constantly differing interests of the priestly celibates and their great commercial neighbours. The estates held in mortmain by the dead hand of the Church impeded the further growth of the great City. The boundaries are here very sharply defined.

We may then accept the theory of a Roman origin for London, though to do so we must begin by examining the first settlement among the islets and marshes of what we call Southwark, and allow that at first probably the largest number of houses were on the southern side, and Ptolemy, the geographer, places it in Cantium accordingly. No doubt the lowness of the situation of Southwark and the frequent floods made the suburb on the north bank more popular, and the better class of inhabitants evidently had villas on the Wallbrook, where remains of pavements, hypocausts and other signs of comparative luxury have been found. It was not until the end of the third century that the northern suburbs surrounding the bridge-head and its fort—which extended from the Wallbrook to Mincing Lane—began to be worth some means of defence. Between 350 and 368 a wall was built to take them all in, and the site of this wall still forms the main part of the boundary of what we call the City.

It is a curious fact, one which has been frequently noticed, that though the building of the wall and the building of the bridge are the two most important events in any account of the foundation of the City of London, no exact date can be assigned to either. The bridge must be older than the wall. A deposit of coins in the river-bed stretching from Southwark along the line of the Roman bridge denotes that either as a toll or as a sacrifice to the local divinities money was dropped into the river by passengers. The coins were of all ages of the

Roman occupation, but this, of course, does not tell us much, as old silver was as much in use in a distant province as new and at the same time. The wall may be approximately dated. It did not exist when the soldiers of Allectus plundered the villas on the Wallbrook. This was in 296 or a little later. In 350 there was still no wall. In 368 Theodosius found a horde of barbarians besieging the Londoners within their new wall and relieved the city, which somewhere about this time received the name of Augusta. A Christian bishop, Restitutus, one of three from Britain, was at the Council of Arles in 314, but this was clearly before the building of the wall, and so the tradition that Restitutus was Bishop of London requires confirmation, to say the least.

How far the ancient boundaries, set up in a place destitute of railways, destitute of any but very rudimentary wheeled vehicles, and with roads which were either heavily paved or covered alternately with dust and mud, have contributed to make or mar the London that now is, might form an interesting object of inquiry.

It is easier to take parts of a great subject like this than to study it as a whole. The three points in which we are most often reminded of the Roman boundaries are, as we have seen, Newgate, London Bridge and the Tower.

Of Newgate naught remains except the name. There is much doubt whether any Roman building was in-

cluded in the scanty portions which were recently removed. The late John G. Waller examined a considerable space at the western end of Newgate Street, at the corner of Giltspur Street, and near the site of the gate as marked by the ward boundary in the Ordnance Survey map. If the gate was, as Stewkeley in the eighteenth century and some modern antiquaries have imagined, a wide portal between two flanking towers, with perhaps a lofty arch such as a coach and horses might be driven through, then it was absolutely unlike what either the Romans or the medieval architects who rebuilt it when it received the title of "New," constructed elsewhere. When we look at the Ordnance Survey map we find that it must have been like the Gate of Pompeii. The roadway within came westward in a line along what is now Newgate Street. At the gate it was stopped by a semicircular bastion and was deflected first in a north-easterly direction, and, passing out by a narrow and probably low archway, it turned north and then west till it was well out, when it was commanded by the arrow slits, loopholes and battlements of the wall before it could get well away down the zigzag path to the Fleet Bridge below. There are French examples at Carcassonne, and Swiss at Basle, and something of the kind was at the Tower, where the Lion Tower and the Conning Tower were part of the system which brought anyone entering, whether friend or foe, well under examination and perhaps fire before he could

SLOANE SQUARE—WET DAY

get in. The ward boundaries were finally fixed about 1300, and the various subsequent alterations of Newgate are not recorded on the survey. An attempt at an account of Newgate as a Roman or medieval entrance to the City which does not allow for or account for the curious outline of the boundary at this point is therefore misleading. Waller had the assistance of Price and several other antiquaries well versed in Roman remains, and all agreed that no Roman mortar had been used, so that the building must have been the new one, the work of Whittington or his executors, about 1422; and if it projected outside the Roman line, it was probably on the site of a Norman gate of about 1188 or a Gothic one of 1244.

The Newgate recently removed had many features of great interest and boasted as many tragedies as the Tower itself. It was built after the Gordon Riots, when Whittington's gate, or what remained of it, was burnt, and when the Surgeons' Hall, with its grim associations, was removed. The famous riots in 1780 were not Lord George Gordon's only connexion with the prison, for when he had been acquitted of directly inciting the mob to destroy the old prison, fresh outrages on his part made him one of the first prisoners lodged in the new gaol. Horace Walpole's letters have many anecdotes about Lord George and his eccentricities, how he turned Jew and grew a beard, how he libelled King George, and how he gave dinner parties in his prison. It is no wonder that so many crimes in

those days led to the gallows, for long imprisonment usually meant a more painful death by gaol fever. Gordon died of it like many others in 1793, and was buried in the curious if seldom visited graveyard behind St James's Church, Hampstead Road, near Morland, the painter, Christie, the auctioneer, and Lord Rosse, the father of the astronomer.

The Newgate of 1781 was designed by George Dance, and was certainly one of the most truly original buildings in London. Gundulf, when he designed the Tower of London, imagined he was building "in the Roman style." Had he succeeded, he might have produced something very like Dance's Newgate. It looked grim and dark, yet there was always something not unpleasant in the carefully calculated proportions and the obvious fitness of the Debtors' Door, with its fetters and other adornments, for the purpose to which it was applied. The statues of various allegorical subjects, "all standing naked in the open air," disturbed the effect, but must have appeared still more inappropriate on the front of the old Gothic gate where they originally stood. The annals of Newgate, new and old, have been written more than once; and though some of the prisoners should be remembered, such as William, Lord Russell, Daniel Defoe and Horne Tooke, it is more pleasant to think that Mr Mountford's new building, with its light columns and its graceful and stately dome, will be emblematic of the change in our criminal laws.

Two other boundaries should be named here. The

first was that set by King Henry I in 1101, the second that fixed by Act of Parliament in 1888. The first is the only example in England of a county being placed under the government of a city. Some institution of the kind was known in ancient Greece, as well as in several modern European countries, but the county of Middlesex was governed by the neighbouring City of London, and had neither High Sheriff nor Lord Lieutenant of its own, unless the Lord Mayor could be reckoned to hold both offices. The sheriff's duties were performed in Middlesex by the two Sheriffs of London acting on alternate days, so that the form came into use of "Sheriffs of London and Sheriff of Middlesex." The Act of 1888 abrogated this arrangement, made a new county of London, extending over the suburban districts of Middlesex, Kent and Surrey, and pushed what remained of Middlesex into a county with a Lieutenant and a High Sheriff of its own. The new boundaries thus fixed are of a rather complicated and anomalous kind, and may perhaps be studied as of antiquarian interest by some Stow of two or three hundred years hence.

CHAPTER III

Of London Names

City Names—London Abroad—Lord Mayor's Day—Suburban Names—Church Names—Ancient Streets—Threadneedle Street—Buckingham Palace—Westminster—Piccadilly—Pimlico

IT is said of the needle that it clothes others but remains naked itself. Similarly, it may be said of the science of investigating the meaning and origin of local names that it remains so far without a convenient appellation. It calls other things names but remains without a name itself. Nevertheless, it is being much studied at the present day, and there are few items in the local Colour of London that strike the observant stranger more forcibly. Modern names are often simply absurd, although they too have their philosophical or philological side. We can account for an old Indian civil servant calling his villa "Naini Tal" or "Severndroog." There are in London eleven streets and squares called "Alma" and nine after Waterloo; but as a distinction or an address it is at least better than the hundred names which contain a reference to some adjacent park, or the seventy which are compounded with "Queen" and the sixty with "King."

It may be asserted that all names have a meaning, and that ancient names when examined often give a clue to the answer of an historical problem. Stow, the first of London historians, was fully aware of this, and usually endeavours to account for the names of the places he mentions. Unfortunately he was profoundly

EARLY EVENING, BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

ignorant not only of what we call Anglo-Saxon, but also of Old English, of the dialects in vogue before the art of printing fixed our language in a single groove. One consequence of this ignorance Stow can hardly have foreseen, namely, that for two centuries at least his derivations were to be accepted by all writers on old London history without question, and that within a few years past we have seen Old Bourne, "King Lud," Lomesbury, Cripple's Gate and other absurdities seriously defended. This is not only unfortunate in itself, but it inflicts great dishonour upon Stow, who, as a topographical historian, stands a head and shoulders above any other writer of his time, and shows himself worthy of the great Elizabethan age—the age of Shakespeare and Bacon; it accentuates his want of one particular branch of knowledge, while it detracts from his reputation as a topographer, the father, in fact, of English topography.

The local colour comes out most strongly in names which, belonging to London, are famous all over the world. I remember, shortly after the English occupation of Egypt, being at Suez, an old town of some 10,000 Arab inhabitants. The English soldiers had just left, but each of the old streets had on its long, blank walls a London name. The principal road, leading to the railway station, was Regent Street, a lane was Old Bond Street, and the walk by the sea front was Pall Mall. In the colonies it is the same. Names particularly English are found even in Australia and

New Zealand, and Parliament Street occurs in many towns far from Westminster. Kensington and Highgate are suburbs of Adelaide; and Melbourne has its Fitzroy Square, its Carlton Gardens and its Victoria Street. But old names in new places are worse than nonsense except as testifying to the memory of some perhaps home-sick immigrant. There is a Temple Bar in Dublin and a Piccadilly in Manchester. In London only have such names their full significance, here alone did they grow up as part of our history, here we may point to them as part and parcel of the Colour of London.

The ordinary street names, especially in the older parts of the town, are full of meaning to the student. A considerable number are as Stow left them, that is, strictly speaking, still undeciphered. It will require a philologist of Professor Skeat's calibre to make them all out. Such a little essay as his lecture on *The Place Names of Cambridgeshire*, if devoted to the City of London alone, would prove, I cannot doubt, a revolution—a revelation, rather, to many of us. It is sad to see the money spent on sumptuous publications every year on Old London, in which we have all the well-worn derivations and, what is worse, the old topsy-turvy topography repeated year by year with the greatest solemnity. A good example has been set by the Corporation in the publication of the Guildhall records; yet a recent list of illustrious Lord Mayors was full of erroneous statements, repeated from such "authorities" as Norton, or Allen, or Price. To take

the very first as it was given: "Henry FitzAylwin, first Lord Mayor and a draper." FitzAilwin was not "Lord" Mayor, he was a goldsmith not a draper, and if "draper" means, as it generally does in this connexion, a member of the Drapers' Company, it is enough to point out that no such company, nor any company, existed in 1189. We might go through the whole list in this fashion if it was worth while, but I want to get on to the topography. There was also a list of the streets through which the procession was to pass:

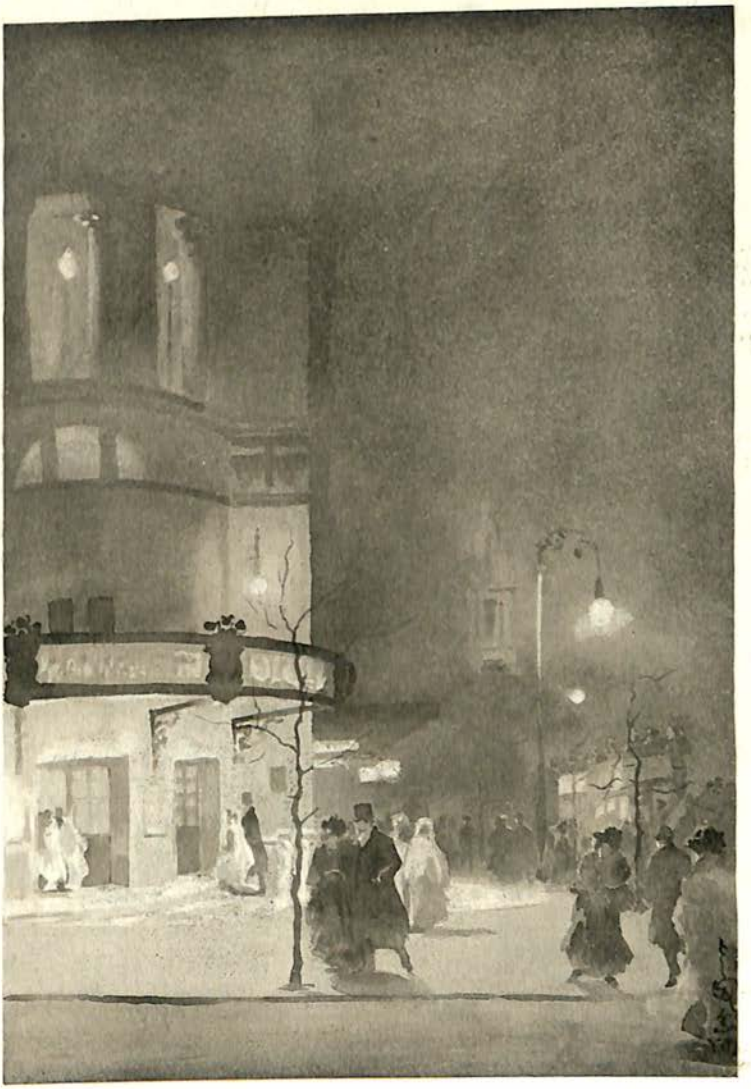
King Street,
Cheapside,
Poultry,
Mansion House,
Cornhill,
Gracechurch Street,
Fenchurch Street,
Billiter Street,
Leadenhall Street,
Bishopsgate Street Within,
Wormwood Street,
London Wall,
Finsbury Pavement,
Fore Street,
Jewin Street,
Aldersgate Street,
Long Lane,
Grand Avenue, Meat Market,
Charterhouse Street,
Holborn Circus,
Holborn Viaduct,
Old Bailey,
Ludgate Hill,
Ludgate Circus,
Fleet Street,
and thence up the Strand and along the Embankment.

Let us take these names separately. One of the sixty King Streets leads from Guildhall Yard to Cheapside. There is not much to be said about it here, except that it was made after the Great Fire, is called after Charles II, and is mentioned as an improvement

by Pepys in 1667, when, as he tells us, ground that had not been worth 4d. a foot became worth 15s.

The name of Cheapside does not at first sight look very difficult. It is in good, plain English, and designates the side, the north side, of Cheap. Cheap, or Goodcheap, is the same as the French Marché, or *Bon Marché*. Except that it is the name of a ward, as far back at least as 1100, one would not think there was much to be said. Cheap is cheap, and Side is side; but in a very recent book on Old London, I saw this surprising explanation: "*Side* means 'place' or 'part.' Cheapside means, therefore, 'Market-place'"! Poultry is, of course, the poultry cheap, and Stow mentions the departure of the poultrymen shortly before his time.

Cornhill was very early part of a system of markets connected with East Cheap. The main road from the bridge to the Bishop's Gate, as far back as we can go, was bordered first by the fish-market at the gate called after the "Billings." According to some credible writers, the Billings were the Teutonic gods. We need not go into the question here. The legend of Belin was invented, like that of Lud, some time about the twelfth century, or later, to account for the name. Out of East Cheap came the next four names besides Cornhill, Gracechurch, Fenchurch, Billiter and Leadenhall. If we ascended from the landing-place or gate at Billingsgate in, say, the fifteenth century, we came to an open space called "Roomy Land," corrupted into Roomland, and that by certain clever modern people



THE STRAND—NEW GAIETY THEATRE. NIGHT.

into Rome Land, and connected with the Pope of Rome! Next we crossed the market-place of Eastcheap, as there was no road along one side as in West Cheap, and entered the Haymarket, Fen, or Foin, as in our modern name Fenroper, being a common medieval word for hay. Then we came to the grass market, and above them all to Cornhill. This last has retained its old name, but Fen and Grass were only commemorated by the parish churches, Fenchurch and Gracechurch. Adjoining Cornhill were a market for metal—lead and brass are known to have been worked and sold in Leadenhall—and the courts called from the founders, bell-casters or bell jetours by the modern form, Billiter.

Of Bishopsgate Street a great deal might be written. If it really denotes a building by Bishop Erkenwald, it forms almost the sole connecting link between us and the London of what we may call the Heptarchy. But it is much more likely that the name is commemorative only, like St Alban's or St Helen's, and was given in the twelfth century, or later, at one of the rebuildings of the wall. Wormwood was grown as a medicinal wort like "matfelon," saffron and other herbs, on the slopes near London and especially on the banks of the City ditch near the gates and under London Wall. Professor Skeat, some ten years ago, pointed out the correct derivation of "matfelon," which had greatly puzzled Stow and most modern writers, including myself.

Finsbury is also wrongly derived by Stow. He speaks of "this fen or moorfield." But Freeman long ago showed that Fin's bury means Fin's mansion. Was Fin a Dane?

Fore Street was the roadway in front of the wall.

Jewin Street was on a "laystall" or piece of waste ground outside the wall where rubbish was deposited until it was given to the Jews as a burial ground. At least so says Stow; but if so, it must have been before the Jews were expelled by Edward I in 1290. In 1426, as Dr Reginald Sharpe has noted, Hugh Wetherby left "a certain garden called Jewengardyn" to found a chantry at the altar of St Dunstan in the church of St John Zachary. As far back as 1341 "le Juesgardyn," probably this, is mentioned.*

Aldersgate was one of the earliest openings in the wall. It is sometimes said to have been called "of alder trees," but Aldred was an early alderman of the ward, and the gate which, with Cripplegate, is named in the Laws of Ethelred, was no doubt called after him.

Long Lane, outside Aldersgate, was so described in the sixteenth century, being, as Stow says, "truly called long."

Charterhouse, as everybody knows, is a corruption of Chartreuse, the house belonging, before the Reformation, to that order of monks.

Holborn is named from the "holing" course of the upper part of the Fleet River. There are many similar

* Sharpe, *Calendar of Wills*, I, 452.

names in England, as Hollingbourne in Kent, Holbeck or Holbeach, Holbrook and others.

Old Bailey was the ancient bailey or guard-house between Ludgate and Newgate.

Ludgate is a not uncommon name throughout England, generally in the form of Lydgate or Lidgate. It has been suggested that a lid gate was a gate that opened with a lid or flap, instead of upright door-posts. As down to the twelfth century Ludgate, if it existed at all, was only a postern, this is not unlikely. Geoffrey of Monmouth invented King Lud, as well as King Belin, but it is unlikely that the gate could have been called even then after an imaginary hero.

Fleet Street may have been begun in the marsh of the Fleet about the twelfth century. Part of it was in existence in 1200. St Bride's seems like a Danish dedication, and St Clement's at the other end is always so attributed, perhaps rightly.

A list taken like this by the chance of finding it in a daily paper may be considered to afford examples of all the guiding rules we require in correctly explaining London names. They often appear so odd, so arbitrary, that the investigator is deterred; yet, after a little examination, they fall into ranks and classes of themselves, and after one or two experiments almost explain their own meanings. Major Godsal is, I understand, at work tracing the successive steps of the English conquest of Britain. I hope his book may soon see the light, for in it he takes the names of the tons, the burhs and the hams,

or, as we say, the towns, the boroughs and the homes, in London and its neighbourhood, as his guides in describing the military operations. He points out that, though Southwark must have been the first base, whether in the Roman or the English attack, it was not necessary to fortify it except in a rudimentary manner, and that accordingly we find no "tons" or "burhs" there among the older names. On the opposite bank—towards which, with its Roman wall, the first attack was directed, and, after the walls had been gained, successive steps taken in a hostile country—nearly all the villages have their "ton," their unit of military security. On the south we find Eltham, the old home, Lewisham, Deptford, Greenwich, and only one "ton," the King's, at Kennington. Newington, the new ton, is obviously later, and was a final post on the road from Dover; and the only other "ton" is Brixton, which was originally Brixiestane—not a "ton" at all, but "the stone of Brixie," the assembling place of the hundred. On the north, besides an older Newington, we find Hoxton, Clapton, Highbury, Islington, Finsbury, Homerton, Dalston, Leyton; while to the west are Paddington, Kingsbury, Kensington, to say nothing of the divisions of Willesden into Mapesbury and other prebends which were later, and there are no "hams" nearer than Tottenham on the north and Fulham on the west.

I will borrow one more note from Major Godsal, with a thousand thanks for most generous advice and

"POSTERS."

help. This is his identification of Billingsgate. He has observed that not one British or Roman name survives, if we except the Thames and London itself. But the invaders made their first attack at the first place where they could get a footing within the line of the wall. This is immediately to westward of the site of the Tower, where, as is well known, there was a Roman bastion, afterwards, as Freeman pointed out, re-fortified by Alfred. There the landing-place was stormed, and the "gate" or "geat" was called after the Billings, the great Teutonic divinities, the ancestors of Woden, the founder of the royal house of Hengist.

Some of the City churches still contain much history in their names. The great, or at least the first, parish of St Mary formed the centre of the City, and included the greater part of the Cheap. When, in the course of ages, other St Mary parishes were one by one taken out of it, we find at least three of them designated by a reference to what was no doubt the greatest staple next to that of the goldsmith. St Mary "Wolnoth" was built where a hithe existed on the Walbrook, at which barges laden with wool could be unloaded. Then followed a second church close by, and this was described as St Mary Boat Haw, from the haw, hatch or gated fence to the Boat hithe. Finally a third church was built, and was named, or rather described, as St Mary Woolchurch Haw. This great wool trade is further commemorated by a dedication which sadly puzzled Stowe and many since his day—St Benet Shere-

hog. The church appears to have been one of the first of a group which bordered the Walbrook, including St John's and the now famous St Stephen's. It was dedicated, like St Helen's and others, to an east Saxon saint, Osyth, and her name, strangely altered, still survives in Size Lane. A citizen rebuilt her church some time after the great fire, that is the fire of 1136, which was referred to as "the Great" until the greater fire of 1666. His surname or nickname was one which flourished in the City for several generations and had to do with the wool trade. "Shear hog" or "Shear hogget" is a local word in the North Country, as Dr Reginald Sharpe has pointed out, and refers to a shearling. "Pig, hog, hogget and hoggeret" are all similar shepherd's names for the members of their flocks. The word occurs as the surname of one Ailwin, not otherwise described, who is witness to a lease before 1150, preserved at St Paul's. William and Thomas Sherehog occur a little later. The Benedict whom Stow named must have lived about the same time, and the church being rebuilt by the family of wool merchants was rededicated to St Benedict. Benedict Shorne, whom also Stow named, was, however, a member of a totally different family, who lived close by.

Before we leave these church names, as Stow's guesses have been widely repeated, it may be worth while noting a few more. St Margaret "Pattens" stood at the corner where wooden pattens or clogs were sold in Eastcheap. St Michael Paternoster stood

in Paternoster Lane, near "La Ryole," or Tower Royal, which belonged to Queen Philippa and was used in connexion with her wardrobe. Did she get her French silk dresses through merchants of La Reole, near Bordeaux? Colechurch, Pomery and two or three more refer to places in Cheap, where wood, coal, honey, apples, bread, milk and suchlike commodities were sold. Stocking Lane led to Cordwainers' Street. More curious is "St John Zachary." It was built and dedicated to St John by a priest named Zachary, who rented it from the canons of St Paul's at 42d. a year, about 1120. St Martin Orgar was built by Orgar, a goldsmith, of whom, as probably great-grandfather of the first mayor, I hope to say more elsewhere. St Edmund the King, in Lombard Street, was built for himself by Daniel, a priest who gave it to St Paul's on condition his son Ismael should have the incumbency after him. The advowson still belongs to the Dean and Chapter, though Daniel must have lived very soon after the Battle of Hastings. It would be but tedious to go through the whole list of similar names, or to note similar transactions of six, seven, eight or even nine hundred years ago; but there can be no more striking example of the continuity of civic life to which reference has already been made as part of what may be best described as the Colour of London.

Before concluding this City chapter it may be worth while to try and give an answer to a question often asked: What is the oldest name now still in use? If we

allow that London dates at furthest from the reign of King Alfred—unless Major Godsal's view be correct that Billing's Gate was so called from the first landing there of the bill men, the pioneers of Hengist's invading army—and if we remember that London and Thames are Anglo-Latin modifications of ancient British words; we may look for the oldest street names as likely to be found among those of English origin. We may say that Watling Street was named after the other Watling Street, nearly three miles off in Middlesex; but, except that it must have come into use when the bridge was repaired or rebuilt, we cannot give it an exact date. Of the bridge the oldest record is that in the days of King Edgar, about the year 975, a tragedy occurred "at Lundenebrigce." It is mentioned in an old Anglo-Saxon document which relates to the wickedness of a woman who endeavoured to make an incantation against the life of Elsi, the father of Wulfstan. This woman was a widow who lived with her son on a piece of land at Jakesley, near Thorney—probably somewhere in what is now Westminster. The woman, as a witch, was condemned and drowned accordingly at London Bridge. Her son escaped and was outlawed; and the whole affair is recited in a grant to Wulfstan of the land which had been theirs.

This is pretty early, but there is something very much earlier. It goes to prove that one of the last of the great Kings of Mercia, Burgred, who afterwards

THE FLOWER-SELLERS, PICCADILLY CIRCUS.

became Alfred's brother-in-law, gave some land in London to the Bishop. This was on April 18, 857, more than a century earlier than the Edgar grant. The grant of Burgred is very curious and interesting because it gives us a glimpse of the desolation into which, in spite of its walls, the City had fallen before Alfred's restoration. The land is named in the gift as follows: "A little cabbage garden (gaziferi agelluli), in the street of London, that is to say, where it is called the enclosure of Ceolmund, which is situated not far from (non longe from, *sic*,) Westgate." This clearly points to the existence of Coleman and his enclosure, very near Newgate. So that Coleman Street is the only London local name which was in existence, so far as we know, before the restoration of the walls by Alfred the Great, and shows that it was uninhabited and must have been like what many of us can remember the suburbs about Brompton and Earl's Court, market gardens and orchards.

We began to speak of City names with a reference to needles. Let us end this part of our notes with another. What is the meaning of the name of what many of us think the most important street in London or, perhaps, in the world? One of the best authorities and many minor ones hesitate to accept Stow's explanation of the name of Threadneedle Street. Why? They are quite ready to believe in his Ludgate and his Old Bourne, but they doubt him when he speaks of it as "Three needle Street" in his first edition, and

also in his second. One of his commentators adds, "from such a sign." The Three Needles may well have been so called in compliment to the Merchant Taylors, whose hall is in this street. That there is nothing far-fetched in this derivation, though the inn and its sign had both apparently disappeared before Stow's time, is proved by the existence in the dictionaries of heraldry of the arms of the Needle-Makers' Company of London: "Vert, three needles in fess, argent, each ducally crowned, or." The three needles undoubtedly figured on a signboard which gave its name to the famous abode of "the old lady of Threadneedle Street."

We may now turn to London outside the walls. Here we find a very different series of conditions. While within the names were almost exclusively old English, when we step out among the suburbs the mixture of languages is at first sight most confusing.

Most of what we usually call London, including all Westminster, must, with reference to the old London within its limits, be denominated "suburban." The names are strangely unlike those in the City. They seem at first sight much more easily explained, but are in reality much more difficult. This is simply because the City names are chiefly in one dialect, or one language. A good Anglo-Saxon dictionary and a book like Kemble's *Codex* should enable us to interpret nearly all. But once we get beyond the imaginary limits of the Wards Without, we meet with all kinds of languages,

Greek, Latin, German, Italian, even Hebrew, and oftener than any other, French. Nay, two names in common use are Spanish and Algonquin. In addition, we have numberless remains of Old English, such as so greatly puzzled Stow, and, what we do not meet in the City, the misspellings of the Norman French clerks who wrote out the Domesday Survey. To them we owe the distortions, for example, of Kensington, "the town of the Kensings," into the meaningless "Chenesitun."

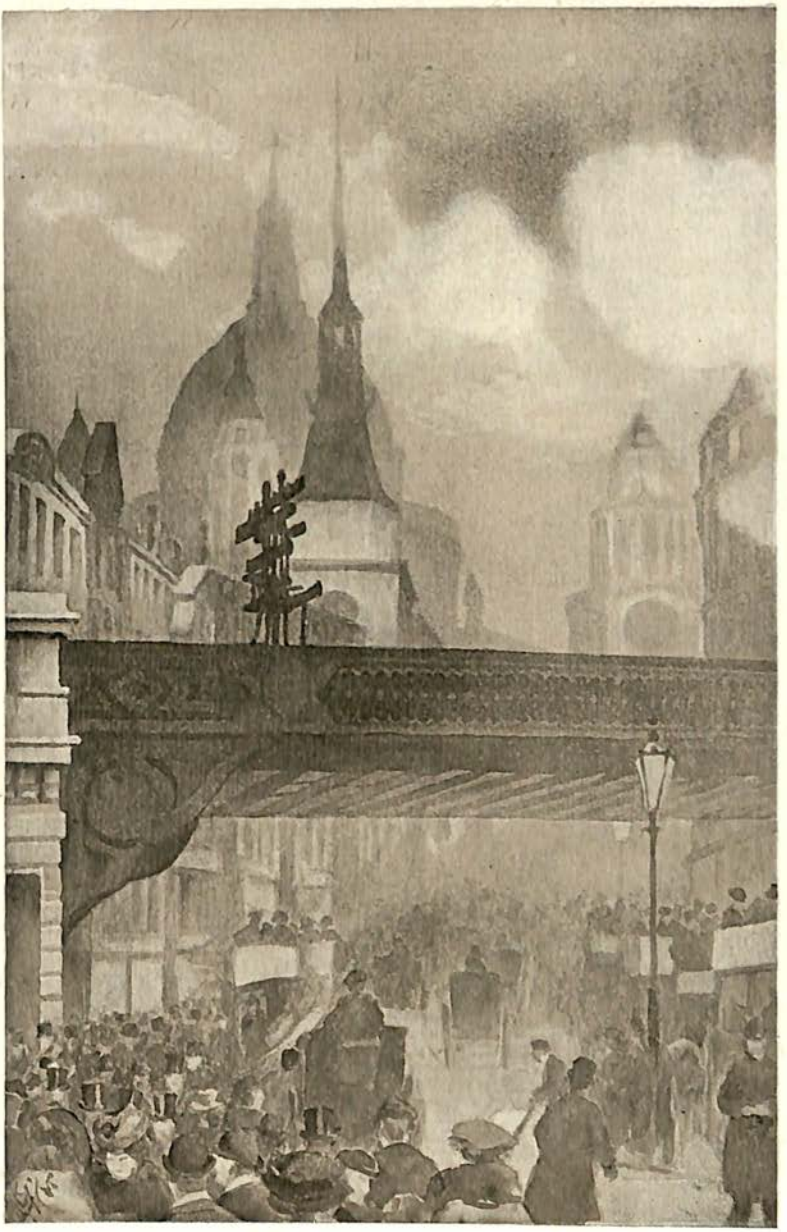
If, as a brief example, we take another procession, in some respects like that of Lord Mayor's day, we may follow the royal road from Buckingham Palace to Westminster Abbey for the Coronation, and back by Piccadilly. It is hardly necessary to say that the procession to Westminster was by the Horse Guards, Whitehall and Parliament Street, and, returning, by Charing Cross, Piccadilly and the Green Park. The names are very familiar and some of them require no explanation. But, taking them in order, it will be seen that they are of a wholly different kind from the names we met in the road of the Lord Mayor. There, the larger part were of ancient historical origin, and pointed to a state of things sometimes as remote as the days of the Saxon Kings and the inroads of the Danes. At the West end, on the other hand, there is very little that dates before the reign of Henry VIII and the Reformation.

Buckingham Palace is called after John Sheffield, Earl of Mulgrave, created Marquis of Normanby, by

William III, and Duke of Normanby by Queen Anne in 1703. A fortnight later, it appearing that none of the Villiers families still extant could claim to succeed George, last Duke of Buckingham of that family, who had died in 1678, Sheffield was made Duke of Buckinghamshire. He signed his name, ignoring the dukedom of Normanby and the "shire," Buckingham, and built a house for himself at the western end of what was then Upper St James's Park, on the site of Arlington House and of a mulberry garden planted here in the reign of James I. Upper St James's Park bore later the somewhat unmeaning name of Green Park and consists of two principal enclosures, Brook Shott where the Wellington Arch stands now, and Stonebridge Close, where, between what are now the Savile and St James's Clubs, a bridge crossed the Tyburn. At this spot before the Conquest was the Cowford, on the road to Reading.

St James's Park was so named in the time of Henry the Eighth after an old nunnery or almshouse, St James's, which the King had seized and which was intended for a kind of lodge or dower-house to Whitehall. It was fitted up on the occasion of Henry's third marriage, and his initial, entwined with that of Anne (of Cleves), is still to be seen among the embellishments, being usually shown to visitors as representing Henry and Anne Boleyn.

The Horse Guards was the guard-house of Whitehall, and at first a gallery crossed the roadway, to the



LUDGATE HILL.

south end of the Banqueting House. By this archway and corridor Charles I entered the palace on the morning of his death. The present Horse Guards was designed by Kent before his death in 1748, but built by Vardy after 1751.

Whitehall was a popular nickname of the house built here by Cardinal Wolsey, and was officially adopted by Henry VIII after a fire in the palace at Westminster which forced him to make this his principal residence.

Parliament Street explains itself, but there is something to be remarked about Westminster. This was the only abbey in Middlesex. There was no abbey in London until the Carthusian St Mary of Graces was founded by Edward III. It was popularly known as Eastminster. But Westminster was so called in reference to St Paul's, and goes to prove that St Paul's is the more ancient of the two.

On the return, the route was by Parliament Street and Whitehall to Charing Cross. There has been some interesting controversy on the subject of this last name in *Notes and Queries*. Mr Macmichael, a very competent antiquary, whose book on Charing Cross is well known, sees in the word "Charing" a reference to the sharp bend of the Thames at this place. Others consider "Charing" the name of a Saxon family, and I am inclined to agree with this view. The name occurs at least once elsewhere in England where there is no such bend. The "Cross" may have existed before Edward I

erected the memorial to Queen Elinor. Cockspur Street may have been named from an inn sign, as in other places, such as Giltspur Street in the City. Then comes Pall Mall, so named in the reign of Charles II, when the game was imported from France; and Regent Street, called after the Prince Regent, during whose rule the street was formed.

Piccadilly is slightly corrupted from Peccadillo, a Spanish word, and, according to Professor Skeat, denotes "a little fault." A certain Robert Baker, in the reign of James I, made a small fortune by keeping an inn in the Strand. He laid out his money by forming what we should call a Tea Garden in the open fields near the windmill on the north side of the Hay Market. He called his country house, where no doubt the thirsty folk of the seventeenth century, including probably the farmers who had sold their hay in the adjoining market, looked in for a drink and a game, "Pickadilley Halle," as Mr Wheatley has discovered; but Baker can hardly have expected that before the century was out the name would have swallowed up Portugal Street and the Reading Road as far as the modern Bond Street.

It will easily be seen that once we leave the old City boundaries the number of street names which have, so to speak, grown of themselves, or as the result of the employment of the inhabitants, is very small as compared with those which have been specially conferred, and are therefore comparatively meaningless. If anyone who can afford the time, and has the moderate

amount necessary of knowledge, would undertake an analysis of London local names, a very interesting piece of work would be the consequence. The names of the parishes, of the prebendal estates, nominally held by the Canons of St Paul's, and of certain roads, rivers and hills would form a class apart. Then might come historical names, like those which mark the places of the fortifications run up by Londoners during the Civil War. Next might come the class of the great leaseholds of various owners, such as the Grosvenor, Russell, Harley and Camden estates, in which the local names are those of the families, such as Cavendish, Holles, Harley or Berkeley, Seymour, Portman or Sloane, Cadogan. Then would come the names of builders, such as Stratford, Bond, Sutton, Clarges; and last might be national events such as battles, and the names of kings, queens, bishops, colleges, churches and the like.

Among the representative names, those which belong to the local colour of London, and which seldom occur in other English towns, are the foreign words. We have just seen that two important Westminster thoroughfares are designated respectively by French and Spanish names; but one whole district bears a name which comes from the half-forgotten language of a tribe of North American Indians. This is Pimlico. Until last year the Grosvenor Canal, which receives the water of one branch of the Tyburn and discharges it into the Thames near Chelsea, came up almost to the Grosvenor Hotel at Victoria Station. The bank was lined

with timber wharfs, some of which remain, though Pimlico Wharf, which gave its name to a whole district, has disappeared owing to the extension of the station. The name first occurs in London in the reign of Queen Elizabeth at the beginning of the seventeenth century. A man called Peter Pimlico, presumably a "man of colour," kept a pleasure garden near Hoxton church which was noted for its ales. The site is still indicated by Pimlico Walk. The modern Pimlico is first mentioned by the overseers of the poor in St Martin's in the Fields, according to Mr Wheatley.* In 1630 one Wood committed suicide "at Pimplico," and his body was drawn on a sledge to Hyde Park Corner and there buried at a cost to the parish of 5s. In 1680 the Mulberry Garden on the site of Buckingham Palace is rated as in Pimlico. As to the origin of the word, we find a bay on the coast of North Carolina called Pamlico Sound, in territory formerly inhabited by the Algonquins, and thence, no doubt, cargoes of timber came to Pimlico Pier, on the inlet now known as the Grosvenor Canal.

* *London Past and Present*, p. 96.

CHAPTER IV

Of the Migrations of Fashion

The History of Oxford Street—Soho—Hanover Square—Tyburn—Bloomsbury—Marylebone—Bond Street—A Hidden Village—The Gallows—Tyburnia—The North Side—Leicester Square—Modern Fashion

IT may seem strange to say that the quarter of London which was appropriated by the upper classes between the time of the Plantagenets and that of King George III, varied according to the situation of the gallows. The influence of the hangman in this respect extends far back into the most remote years of the Middle Ages, so called. But it was not very keenly felt until streets and squares were projected and built beyond the city walls or the precincts of the Court. Then it became dominant, and while some regions which have been thought most unsuitable for fashionable life were at once taken up, others which the moderns have found most convenient were wholly neglected. It is often said that this fashion, or vogue, was arbitrary; and to account for it and show that it was perfectly reasonable we must keep the chronology in our minds.

Until, as I thought, I had found the clue, a great many things which I observed in my walks seemed absolutely anomalous. For example, between Tottenham Court Road and Bond Street why do the street names on the south side appear to be at least a hun-

dred years older than those on the right? And why, with hardly any exception, do the streets coming from the north as if to cross Oxford Street, fail to meet corresponding streets coming from the south? In a good many instances alterations have been recently made; but until then the street system, what we may describe as the thoroughfares, on the north side and those on the south do not correspond, those on the north side belonging to a system which does not answer in plan, date or name to those on the south.

Another point, which is rapidly being improved away, is that on the south side the openings of the streets into Oxford Street are very narrow and often lead but a short way. Crown Street, St Giles and some other narrow and tortuous byways have wholly disappeared; while others have been widened. Great Chapel Street, however, is still short and tempts one to ask, how small Little Chapel Street must be! There is almost a *cul de sac* here, but a footway leads to Soho Square, past Carlisle House, now a furniture store—all once parts of the most fashionable region in London. It is much the same with Soho Street.

A little further on the entrances to Dean Street, Wardour, Berwick and Poland Streets have been and are being improved. But if we trace any of these streets southward we find that once we have passed Soho Square they show more and more signs of ancient magnificence. A house at Frith Street, pulled down last year, might have been taken as typical of what

THE PORCH OF THE CARLTON HOTEL AT NIGHT.

we call the "Queen Anne" style, the wide paved hall from which a finely balustraded staircase, wide enough for two couples abreast, of polished oak, led to a spacious first-floor gallery, and was lighted by a glass cupola, marking the state residence of an ambassador. On the walls a painting representing the sacrifice of Iphigenia with all the gods celestial looking on, extended from the white and black marble pavement below to the skylight above. The rooms, which latterly were let to the lowest class of tenants, were equally fine. Every year a few of these old palaces disappear, but the houses of Sir James Thornhill and Hogarth with pictures on the walls still remain, carefully tended, in Dean Street; and there are views of others in the series of the Society for Photographing Old London. Two or three of the best examples were pulled down to make way for Shaftesbury Avenue. In fact it was remarked at the time that the engineers, by whom this street was laid out in 1886, took the most picturesque relics in Soho as the points by which to mark the turns in the roadway. Certain it is they perished for no very obvious reason, as the appearance of the new street was not improved thereby. It is, by the way, rather remarkable and by no means creditable to our architects that this imposing and much-vaunted thoroughfare was made, to the manifest benefit of all London, without adding a single beautiful or even tolerable building to those of which our city could boast before.

None of the fine old houses are to be found at the northern end of this district, and, until quite recently, the houses in Oxford Street, as far at least as Bond Street, were of three, often of two, stories only, and some of them built of timber and boarding of the meanest description. One of these, at the corner of a little crooked lane named Dering Street, formerly, says Mr Norman in his *Signs and Inscriptions* (p. 161), called Union Street and previously Shepherd Street, and, on a stone at the east corner, "Sheffield Street, 1721," was only removed last year, though it was close to Bond Street. Some of us, not yet in our dotage, can remember when houses of this type extended from Tottenham Court Road to the Park Gate, near Tyburn turnpike, then but recently abolished. There were a few, but very few, good buildings, such as the Pantheon, near Poland Street, into which a wing extends; and a small and unfortunately stuccoed but exceedingly well-designed Ionic house, now used by the General Medical Council, near Harewood Gate. This "gate," in fact, now done away with, marks the point I want to make clear. When it was set up, the aristocratic St George's turned its back on Tyburn Road, as that part of Oxford Street was then still called. There was no direct access from one to the other except through this gate, which was kept closed. The whole of Hanover Square and the streets southward past St George's Church, celebrated for its fashionable weddings, were gradually built between

1718 and 1725; and John Strype, the best and one of the first of Stow's editors, says of the new houses: "One is taken by my Lord Cowper, late Lord High Chancellor of England, and it is reported that the place of execution of malefactors at Tyburn shall be appointed elsewhere, as somewhere near Kingsland, for the removing any inconvenience or annoyance that might thereby be occasioned to that Square, or the houses thereabouts." This contemporary note, for which I am indebted to Mr Baillie's pleasant history of the Oriental Club, explains why there was no access from Oxford Street southward to Hanover Square except by this (closed) Harewood Gate, in front of which stood a fruit-stall to which a costermonger was said to have acquired certain vested rights.*

Before we inquire as to Bloomsbury and the fashionable quarters which form the estates formerly of the Duke of Portland, and now of Lord Howard de Walden, and that of Lord Portman, we may try to gain a glimpse of the district between the City Bars in Holborn and the western extremity of the parish of St Marylebone, formerly St John's, Tyburn. This parish consisted of two manors. Its boundary on the east was Tottenham Court Road; on the south Oxford Street. Its northern boundary does not concern us here, but it may be briefly indicated as being formed by the wood of the Knights of St John, the hunting ground of the Hospitallers. On the west the boundary might be

* Baillie, p. 19.

thought simplicity itself, namely, the straight line of the Watling Street forming the modern Edgware Road, but even this simplicity puzzled the framers of an Act of Parliament in 1734, as we shall see.

The whole length of Oxford Street, as it is now, extended under the name, in great part, of Tyburn Road, from St Giles's Pound, near the Horse Shoe Brewery, to what is now the Marble Arch. This length of roadway, or street, consisted, on the traveller's right hand, of the one parish, namely Tyburn. It is necessary to state this fact over and over again, because hardly a single writer on old London, including myself, who has had occasion to name Tyburn, has done so without referring unwittingly to some part of this great length of street, but without defining exactly what part was intended. The whole distance is roughly a mile and a quarter. It wholly belongs to Tyburn. On account of the loneliness of the situation and the frequent robberies, the old Church of St John by the side of the bourne, where it crossed the main road, was pulled down, and a Chapel of St Mary, higher up the stream, at a village, sometimes referred to as the village of Tyburn, became the parish church. If the present parish chapel, south of the parish church, shows us this chapel as enlarged, it must have been very small. The little town showed no objection to forget its old name; Marylebone took the place of Tyburn, and the rank and fashion of the district, if there was any, set up a High Street, like other respectable suburbs, and took no further notice of the

A JUNE SUNDAY: CHURCH PARADE IN HYDE PARK.

doings by the old road, the bourne, the little bridge or the dreadful end. The departed church might have been forgotten only that two parochial institutions remained to mark the site—the vestry or Court House, which is there still, and the pound, which is commemorated by an inn sign. Mr Rutton, in *Notes and Queries* for April 13, 1901, mentions a find of bones at Marylebone Court House, as probably pointing "to the graveyard of the little church or possibly even to the remains of the executed." Close as it is to the modern quarter marked by the dwellings of the upper classes in and near Manchester, Weymouth, Portman and other Squares, the village of St Marylebone, formerly Tyburn, may still be discovered; its High Street is much altered but still winds along the winding banks of the brook; and a sort of suburb, still marking the turns and wanderings of the Tyburn, may be identified close to Grosvenor Street, near Curzon Street and only a few doors from the magnificence of Park Lane and Hertford Street. The divided bourne, the Teoburn, may be found marked on the east of Stratford Place, in two branches of Marylebone Lane. The two branches survive on the south side of Oxford Street as Sedley Place and Woodstock Street. There are several little steeply sloping lanes on the western side of Bond Street, which used to lead down to the Tyburn bank; and a narrow quarter of old houses was marked here and there by little shop windows with many panes and other signs that the lanes belonged to another world of which Hanover Square and Brook

Street, Berkeley Square and Piccadilly, knew nothing. This long line of houses, much older than Bond Street, is situated at a considerably lower level. It began close to what is now the Bond Street station of the Central London Railway (or "Twopenny Tube"), where, far underground, the engineers came upon the Tyburn and remains of its bridge. This portion has nearly disappeared except close to Brook Street, where it ran parallel with South Molton Street and may be identified perhaps in Haunch of Mutton Yard, or Brook's Mews. Then it becomes Avery Row and continues with many recent alterations behind the front row of Bond Street shops, past Lancashire Court, to Bloomfield Place, beside the Grosvenor Gallery and on to Grosvenor Street, whence it continues as Grosvenor Mews for a considerable distance until, before Grafton Street is reached, the river takes a turn westward, round Hay Hill and so across The Passage, to Shepherd's Market and a village of mews and other small houses including Brick Street, and crossing Piccadilly by Engine Street (now stupidly renamed Brick Street), where, in a marble-cutter's yard, there was an engine or water wheel.

Seekers for Tyburn have thus a wide choice as to where they may locate the village of Tyburn, though all analogy would make it at the crossing where stood the bridge, the church, the vestry and the pound. Another indication is that it was within some part of the parish and in one of the manors of Tyburn. This would point to the north side of Oxford Street, not

the south, and to the neighbourhood of one or other of the two churches, St John's or St Mary's. It cannot, at least it cannot in 1400, have been St John's, because of what we are told as to the lonely situation of the church. It is probably, therefore, in the neighbourhood of St Mary's, and if so in or near the High Street, and we may reconcile all questions by remembering that High Street is continued south as Marylebone Lane till it reaches Oxford Street, where it bifurcates, the two arms into which it divides being considered by good authorities to offer a reason for the name, Teoburn, that is Twoburn, or Tieburn, whence Tyburn, of which we saw traces above.

The position of the gallows in later times, down, that is, until the first step towards the private execution of capital sentences was taken by the removal of the gallows to Newgate, was certainly still within the parish of Tyburn, but was no longer within the manor, but in that of Lilleston, or Lisson. It was no longer on the banks of the burn, but on the summit of the bare hill beyond. I have no evidence except tradition that the scaffold ever stood to westward of the boundary, the Edgware Road, or that it was ever placed within any of the adjoining fields. We must remember that it could only lawfully stand on common or King's land or on the King's highway. The story that it stood in what is now Connaught Square is absolutely unsupported and, what is more, extremely unlikely, as it would have been completely illegal. It is true

there were two fields on the Portman estate called Great and Little Gibbet Field. But this name may be taken to show that the gallows never stood there. Gibbet means gibbet, not gallows, and there is a world of difference. Fashionable squares had not been projected on the site, and probably the owner was very glad of the protection afforded to the outlying parts of his farm by leave to put up a deterrent gibbet, as a modern farmer puts up a scarecrow. The gallows consisted of stout beams, easily morticed together, and were stored in the yard of the New Inn close by. A house with galleries for spectators was erected next door, and J. T. Smith tells us of a second opposite, which must have been where the stables of Arklow House now or lately stood. Smith remembered an old woman who kept the keys of one of them. It was pulled down in 1905, and the headquarters of the Church Army is on the site. It may be noted that though it is recorded that the bodies of criminals were occasionally buried under the gallows, and though Timbs and others have told us of cartloads of bones having been found under Connaught Place, the only authentic discovery of the kind was that already mentioned at Marylebone Lane, and I remember very well once asking the late Right Honourable A. J. B. Beresford Hope, who had lived in Arklow House most of his life, if he knew anything about bones. He told me he and his stepfather, who built Connaught Place, always watched for any such discovery, and that one

TEA ON THE TERRACE OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

small bone once occurred, but so corroded that it was impossible to say it was human.

The fields on the north side of Oxford Street remained but scantily inhabited till after the year 1783. The last execution of a capital sentence "at Tyburn" was on November 7 in that year, ten days only after ten malefactors had been hanged here. There was only a single convict ready, on this last occasion, a man named John Austin, who suffered for a robbery with violence at Bethnal Green.

Almost immediately the neighbourhood began to improve; the north side of Oxford Street and eventually "Tyburnia," a district in the parish not of Marylebone but of Paddington, began to take their place in the march of fashion. Meanwhile, for about a century, Bloomsbury had succeeded Soho, while the "square mile" of which Sidney Smith used to speak, that is to say the Grosvenor estate, began to assume what it has ever since kept, a supremacy in fashion above all other London districts. Tyburnia, it may be noted, is not in the parish of Tyburn, nor yet in the manor; and the Act of 1734 was wrong in its geography, as the piece of ground mentioned was, and is, in the parish of Paddington and the manor of Westbourne, which still belongs to the Dean and Chapter of Westminster.

There were royal proclamations, under Elizabeth and James, against adding to the buildings of London. In the time of the Commonwealth there was something like an Act of Parliament to the same effect. All was,

however, of no avail. It was owing to the overcrowding thus caused that great nobles and others who could afford it moved further and further out of town. In the reign of Queen Anne the Duke of Buckingham had a great house beyond the Park, now Buckingham Palace; and after the fire at Whitehall in 1698 St James's became the chief residence of the Court, a little, irregular village of separate and highly inconvenient houses. They had grown out of a kind of hunting box which Henry VIII had prepared for his wedding with Anne of Cleves. Her initials, not those of Anne Boleyn, occur among the decorations. So mean was St James's as a palace that Lord Farnborough narrates that when the foreign princes visited this country in 1814, one of them, "who had received from us very large sums of money for the prosecution of the Revolutionary war," spoke contemptuously, perhaps to Lord Farnborough himself, as to our royal palaces: "It was observed, in answer, that our magnificence was to be seen in our subsidies, not our palaces."

Strictly speaking, there was nothing that could be called a fashionable quarter, like two or three separate quarters nowadays, till long after the reign of George III. Railways have made all the Home counties, even Essex, fashionable in a sense. A good house may be a good house in any airy and healthy situation. Knowing London, I should not care to build a house in Whitechapel, but much less where a noble duke has just built a house, —on the lowest attainable level in Mayfair. But I ven-

ture to prophesy that before long there will be fashionable houses near the Angel at Islington or in old Canonbury. Similarly, some of the prebendal divisions of Willesden, on the southern and western slopes of the great hill whose northern slope forms Hampstead Common, will be selected for airiness and immediate access, perhaps by express balloons—who can tell?—to the heart of the City or to the Houses of Parliament. The Surrey hills, and those along the Thames coast-line of Kent, are already much in vogue, and it will be soon impossible to trace the gradual migrations of fashion. Our ancestors neglected the breezy heights and left them to the hangman, while they grovelled along the Strand and sweltered in the marshes of the Fleet. They had not discovered the Regent's Park, and the first summit of the Edgware Road was reserved as a human shambles. In China certain ponds are labelled, "Here you may drown infant girls." In England Tyburn was not labelled, but I wonder that no one has discovered in some old diary the notice of how a country drive on a summer evening, from Park Lane, was interrupted by coming to the gallows and so on, and how "the toll-keeper would not let them go round or avoid the horrid sight, and how they would never, never drive in the northern suburbs again." It is easy to understand why the new square was closed at one side; and how it is that, in his *Virginians*, Thackeray describes the founding of Middlesex Hospital as the only building to westward of Tottenham Court Road; while J. T. Smith tells us that his

friend, Mr Watkins, a person of retentive memory, a barber by trade, who knew Hogarth well, "informed me that about fifty-three years ago"—Smith wrote in 1815—"he gathered blackberries on the north side of the road now called Oxford Street, and that he recollected the triangular gallows at Tyburn." It is true that those two fine squares on either side of Bond Street were in position, but also that they had no direct access to Oxford Street till much later, and the northern end of Bond Street, or New Bond Street, was very slow in growing up to its modern extremity. It did grow eventually, as we have seen, if only with the shabby wooden apologies for buildings which stood there and close by till last year. At the same time there was nothing in the eighteenth century like the concerted building of lines of houses and streets; and we may safely attribute the slow growth of the City to northward simply to the cause I have endeavoured to explain. It is remarkable that in a length of more than two miles from Holborn to the Marble Arch there is not a single open square or place, or a single building of importance, public or private, older than the stucco shops at Regent Circus North.

A summary of the various districts which in modern life or, say, since the reign of good Queen Anne have been fashionable would resolve itself into a mere list of names. When the population was much smaller, the Court, or in the days of the Georges the Court and the "anti-court," occupied the attention and secured the

neighbourhood of more than half of what could be called the aristocracy. A very small space provided for the rest. Bloomsbury came first. It was in great part open when Lord Montagu built the house which afterwards became the British Museum. Bedford Row is described in 1734 by the author of *A Critical Review of Public Buildings* as "one of the most noble streets London has to boast of." This reputation was not sustained. An opportunity was lost, though, when Bedford House headed Bloomsbury Square, while Lord Mansfield and many other eminent folk lived close by, it seemed for a time as if this might become fashionable. A chance of opening a stately square or something of the kind, with both the fine St George's Church and the colonnade of the Museum to set it off was neglected; and perhaps Bloomsbury is more popular now than it has ever been hitherto. It seems for a long time that it was drowned in brown brick, as Regent Street was swamped in stucco.

Soho and some other quarters on the south side of Oxford Street had their brief period of prosperity a little earlier, but did not retain it so late. Drury Lane acquired an ill reputation in the year of the Great Plague, and dragged all the region east of Great Queen Street with it; but Bow Street, in the reign of William III, connected what was left of the Strand palaces with the neighbourhood of Compton Street and Broad Street, both then nearly new and full of good houses. The great Dr Radcliffe lived in Bow Street when he

told King William he would not have his two legs for his three kingdoms. He had a fine garden behind his house, stretching beside Long Acre, probably a relic of the Convent of Westminster's garden, which has given its name to the district.

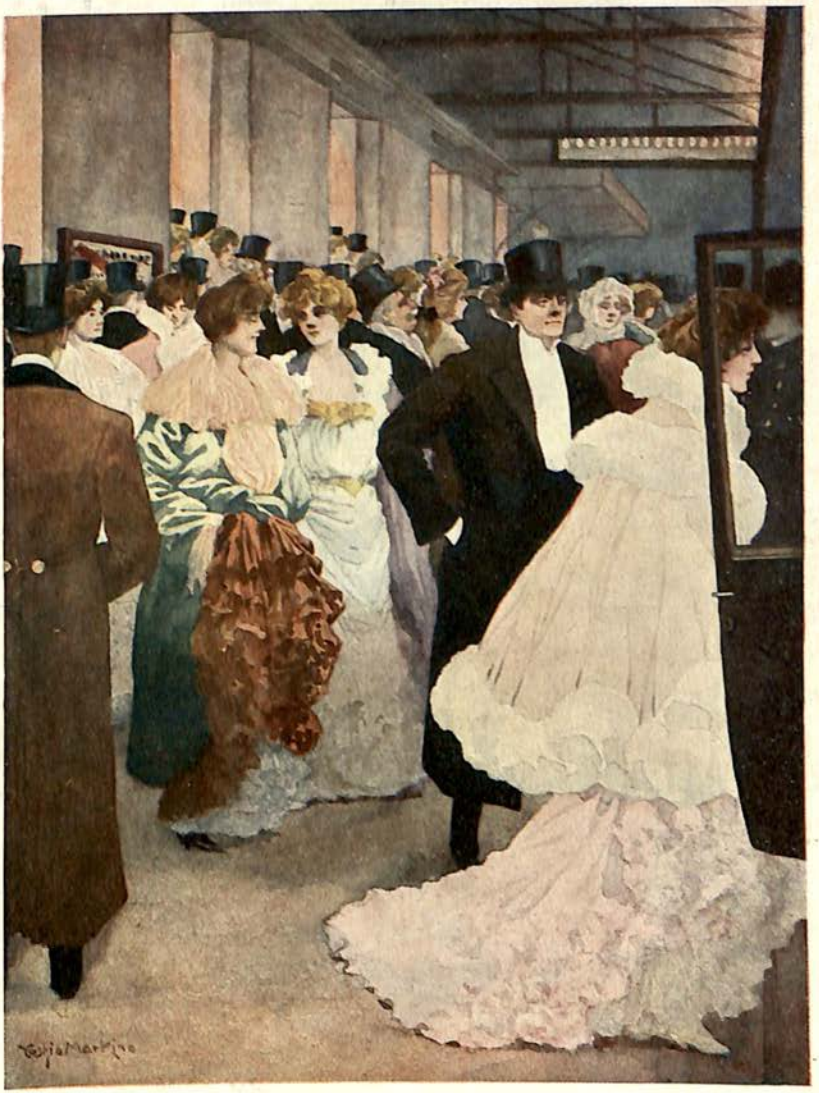
Clerkenwell hardly reckoned as London in those days, but much rank and fashion used the old buildings of the Hospitallers when Charles II was king, just as Lord Walden and other great folk under Henry VIII lived in the house of the monks of Aldgate, what time Hans Holbein, while engaged in painting at the house of my Lord Chancellor, was seized with the plague, made his will and died, and was buried in the fragment left of the monks' church, now St Katherine Cree.

Leicester Square was honoured by the presence in Leicester House of Prince Fred—

> Only Fred, who was alive and is dead,
> So there's no more to be said—

and for a time the shadow of the statue of George I from Canons fell on some eminent inhabitants, including Hogarth, and later Reynolds and Sir Isaac Newton, whose observatory was but lately bought and carried off to America.

Of modern movements it is unnecessary to say much here. A book on the local colour must take it into notice that except where we come to something exceptional, like Dorchester House or the colonial shanty of the late Mr Beit, there has been very little to attract



LEAVING HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE—THE "STALLS."

the eye among the residences of the upper classes or London. Such long rows of uniformly mud-coloured brick, varied only by a little plaster work, has been the rule, even in Lowndes Square or Cadogan Place, till very lately. At first, owing to the influence of the so-called Commissioners of '51, nothing like individual taste was allowed at Kensington Gore or in Palace Gardens. The red house that Thackeray built at Palace Green was looked upon as an extraordinary aberration. Now all that is changed, and a few recent designs for houses not only fit for habitation by people of position, but that look fit, have been found so attractive as to lead the fashion towards their quarter. The colour of the fashionable districts is assuming a more cheerful hue, and it is evidently ceasing any longer to be thought a rule that the house of a great noble or a wealthy functionary should look like a gaol.

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CHAPTER V

Of the Tower of London

The "Towers of Julius"—Roman Origin—Gundulf—The Norman Buildings—Henry III—Richard II—The Lions—The Outer Bailey—The Lieutenant's Lodgings—Decapitations—The Block—Towers on the Curtain—The Palace—The Hall—The Regalia—The White Tower—The Chapels—The Parish Church—The Yeomen—The Armoury—The Constables—The Prisoners—Crosby and Oliver

THERE is perhaps no other building which may be said to exhibit so strongly what we call the Colour of London as the Tower. It combines all the tones and tints we touched upon in the first chapter. It boasts of antiquity. It has architectural interest. It is universally known in America and Australia as well as in England and Europe. Its historical importance is greater than that of Westminster or St Paul's. And, for the purposes of this book, I would point out that its ordinary story, its true biography is more completely overlaid with fables than that of any other London building. To begin at the beginning, it has been the custom for many years to ridicule a line in Gray's *Bard:*

Ye towers of Julius, London's lasting shame.

It was said that neither Julius nor any other Caesar was concerned in the building of the Tower. Recent research, however, has shown that a fortification here

was part of the Roman scheme for London defence, and though it is improbable that the complete wall was made before A.D. 360, it was certainly made by the direction of a Roman emperor, possibly Constantine, but more probably Julian the Apostate, whose reign began in 361, or Valentinian, who succeeded him in 364. If therefore Gray had either said "towers of Caesar" or "towers of Julian" there would have been little fault to find. Gray's ode was published in 1757, at which time a belief in the Roman origin of the Tower was universal. Before that, in 1709, Sir Christopher Wren restored a great many of the old Norman windows. Restoration has got a bad name nowadays, but has deserved it from the very beginning of the eighteenth century. Wren thought the Tower was Roman and put keystones into the windows in the Roman fashion. What they were originally like may be seen on the south side where two or three of the old Norman pattern survive.

The Roman wall of London reached the bank of the Thames just where the Wakefield Tower stands now. There it is certain that there would be a large bastion. A little higher up, and connected by what military architects call a curtain, would be a second bastion, a little further from the water's edge, and from the danger of inundation. This second bastion may well have been a specially strong fort or tower. That there was some Roman building here is proved, first, by its place in the line of circumvallation and, secondly,

by the discovery here of Roman brickwork. Neither reason would be sufficient by itself, but the two together are almost irresistible. The wall ran its course in a northerly and north-westerly direction without a break till it came to Bishopsgate.

After the time of the Romans and during the Danish incursions, as we know, the old wall went to ruin, but King Alfred, who repaired it in 886, is said by some ancient chroniclers to have also repaired and strengthened a castle which stood at this point. The late Mr Freeman told me he saw no reason to doubt the truth of this assertion. Those who have been privileged to stand on the leaden roof of the White Tower will most easily comprehend the strategical position of this Roman castle, forming, with the last bastion, the termination of the wall, and facing towards any enemy approaching up the Thames. After Alfred had repaired it, the Danes were never able to break into the city again.

At this point, then, William the Conqueror determined to build his chief fortress. The Danish alarm having subsided, his object was slightly different from that of Alfred and the Romans. He wanted, it is true, to defend the city, but he wanted also to overawe it. He wanted to defend the city, but he wanted still more to defend himself and his family. The Tower was from the first a palace as well as a castle. Bishop Gundulf of Rochester was the architect, and his design seems to have consisted of a triangular group of walls and towers. The White Tower was connected

with the Wakefield Tower and that again with a third fort, probably the Cold Harbour Tower, now destroyed, the curtain, which was of immense strength forming them into a kind of court, in which was the king's banqueting hall and the royal wardrobe. The Wakefield, before the fifteenth century was usually called the Hall Tower. In the Keep of this fortress—the White Tower—there was no entrance or exit visible from without, but at a great height above ground, presumably beyond the highest arrow shot, there were numerous windows: and through one of them a passage or bridge, probably of timber, connected the Keep with the other buildings. So far the citizens looked on and acquiesced in what they took to be a great strengthening of their defences. Gundulf, the architect, lived in their midst at the house of a wealthy burgess, Eadmer Anhaende, or the one-handed No great stone buildings like these had previously been seen in England, and though Harold and others before him had raised mighty mounds topped with stockaded castles, nothing like the new White Tower was known.

But the matter was not destined to rest here long. William died in Normandy in September, 1087. Gundulf had been at work for ten years and was to work for twenty more. His designs, in fact, were not fully carried out till 1108 in the reign of Henry I. William Rufus, greatly against the wishes of the citizens, cut the city wall away from the Tower on the north, and

taking in a much larger space than his father had been content with, formed what is now the Inner Ward. A curtain wall of great strength surrounded the encroachment on the city boundaries. It may be well to remember that everything which is to the east of the White Tower is, or was, outside the city, while all that lay to the west must have been within the old boundaries, and therefore more or less an infringement of the rights of the citizens. The size of this new precinct can be easily estimated. It is still marked by two narrow streets of barracks, which stand on the site of the original ditch of the Red King. Here for many years the Mint was placed, and on the east side the Mint for Ireland. The western end of the roadway is Mint Street, the eastern Irish Street. Such was the Tower down to the time of Richard I. He was as great a castle builder as the Conqueror himself. The works he began soon after his accession in 1189 comprised a great scheme for making, in what was then the Outer Bailey, a series of strong towers connected by a curtain. This curtain followed the line of the wall of Rufus and was founded upon it. The whole castle now began to assume the "concentric" plan of which it is one of the chief examples. The White Tower was a centre round which two and eventually three and part of a fourth line of defence were gradually piled up. The outer towers then built or commenced were the Bell, the Beauchamp, the Devereux, the Flint, Bowyer's, the Brick, Martin's, the Broad

THE TOWER BRIDGE.

Arrow, the Salt and Cradle Towers. These formed the outer limits down to the time of Henry III.

This King prosecuted the works with all the energy of which he was capable, disregarding the rights of those who stood in his way. He again enlarged the limits of the fortification and left the whole building much as we see it now. He whitewashed the White Tower—whence its name. He made the Quay and built the Tower of St Thomas of London, or the Traitor's Gate, through which so many of his descendants passed to their doom. His line of circumvallation took in the parish Church, now known as St Peter's. The present gate to the Inner Bailey or Bloody Tower was probably also the work of Henry III, and the third, or outermost, Bailey was added. In addition, outside the outermost gate, which is known as the Middle Tower, there was an outwork, or barbican, in which there used to be a menagerie. The wild animals as far back as the reign of Henry III included three leopards, an elephant, the first seen in England since the glacial period, and a white bear. The city was enjoined by the King to provide a stout rope so that the bear might swim about and catch fish in the Thames. This Lion Tower was the furthest from the Keep of all the buildings, except the small watch-house or Congate or Conning Gate on the City boundary, sometimes called the Bulwark. The ticket office is on the site of the Lion Tower.

"Seeing the Lions" was equivalent to paying a visit

to the Tower. There were eleven lions here in the reign of Queen Anne, many of them born in the menagerie. The animals must have been very closely packed, even though, as a contemporary writer elegantly remarks, "removals are owing to the spirit of commerce," and though the secretary bird died for another reason, it "having incautiously introduced its long neck into the den of the hyena, was deprived of it and its head at one bite," says the same author. There were about 60 birds, beasts and reptiles crowded into this small space. Many, or most of them were transferred to the Zoological Gardens, in Regent's Park, in November 1834. The last survivor, a black parrot, lived till 1882. It was presented in 1830, but I think the evidence that it was ever in the Tower is not complete. A golden eagle is recorded to have died in the last century at the age of 100 years or more. When Queen Elizabeth emerged on her accession "as she walked through the Tower Gate to her chariot she stopped for a minute to repeat a prayer of praise and thanksgiving at being spared to behold this joyful day, comparing herself to Daniel delivered out of the den from the cruelty of the greedy and raging lions"—a simile perhaps suggested by the Lion's Tower close to which she stood at the moment.

The Middle Tower was originally St Martin's, and was probably built by Henry VIII and refaced by Charles II. The Byward Tower was probably built by Richard II on an old foundation. The curtain of the

Outer Bailey next reaches St Thomas's Tower, the watergate of the fortress. Next we have the Cradle Tower, probably so called from some apparatus which could be lowered to receive supplies when the great gate was closed. The Well Tower, and that called after an old warder, the Develin or Galleyman, complete the southern side of the Outer Ward. Three very modern buildings are on the other three sides, namely, Legge's Mount, North Bastion and Brass Mount. Legge was General of the Ordnance in 1672, was created Lord Dartmouth in 1682, and made Governor of the Tower in 1685. The whole space called the Tower Precinct comprises twenty-six acres. There are eighteen acres within the railings which surround the site of the moat. The buildings cover twelve acres. The Towers on the curtain of the Inner Ward are more interesting than the Mounts. We first pass through the arched gateway of the Bloody Tower, so called probably from the murder of a prisoner in it, Henry, the Eighth Earl of Northumberland, in 1585. Previously it had been the Garden Tower, from a garden adjoining, belonging to the Lieutenant. The Lieutenant's lodgings are a little to the west, and are now labelled the King's House, I do not know why. Still, proceeding round the curtain we have the Bell Tower, a name which requires no explanation, though the old bell has departed to St Peter's Church. Next are the lodgings of the Yeoman Gaoler, sometimes called the Gentleman Gaoler: here Lady Jane Grey was lodged before her

death. In the Beauchamp, originally the Cobham Tower, so called perhaps from eminent prisoners, her husband, Lord Guilford Dudley, was lodged. It was probably built by Edward III, but as we see it now it is of the Victorian age, having been refronted in 1854. The Devereux Tower is to the north, close to the chapel of St Peter. It may have been the lodging of Robert Devereux, Queen Elizabeth's favourite. It is, or was lately, occupied by an engineer officer, and is not shown. In a vault or cellar under it was found an ancient wood block which was used for chopping faggots, and has been removed to the Armoury, where it is pointed out as the very block on which Lord Lovat was beheaded. This is just possible. Lord Lovat was not beheaded in the Tower but on Tower Hill, in the the then county of Middlesex, the sheriff of which gave a formal receipt for the prisoner's body, and provided his own headsman. But it is on record that owing to the culprit's age, infirmities and corpulence, a block was made by the Tower officials and was lent to the sheriff, who returned it with the body.

The only decapitations within the fortress were those of five women and two men. Each of them was put to death on the green in front of the church of St Peter. Hastings was beheaded there in 1483, without process of law. Clarence was tried and attainted, but it is not known how he was put to death. Essex, in 1601, was beheaded on the green, and Lady Salisbury, Queen Anne (Boleyn), Queen Katharine (Howard), Lady

A JAPANESE LINER IN THE ALBERT DOCKS.

Rochford and Queen Jane (Dudley) all suffered on the same spot. The phrase "a prisoner was executed" is constantly misused, and means that the death warrant, not the culprit, was executed. Anne (Boleyn) was beheaded with a sword and no block was required. Some forty years ago the chopping block just mentioned used to be pointed out by the wardens as that on which she had laid her head. Lady Salisbury's head was taken off while she was standing. Queen Katharine and Lady Rochfort were beheaded with an axe, and therefore a block was provided—a log of timber perhaps, concealed by the black covering of the scaffold. We know that when "Queen Jane" came to her death, she knelt and asked the executioner, "Will you take it off before I lay me down?" Then she lay down at full length and "stretched forth her body," and even then complained that she could not find the block. This would have been impossible if it had been like that now exhibited in the Armoury. This form, which only obliged Lovat to kneel, was specially used on the one occasion. It was made in the Tower and was lent to the sheriff, and as it was obviously useless for other executions he sent it back to the Tower with the prisoner's body. That the block now shown was not of the usual form is proved by a comparison of the accounts which have come down to us of the deaths among others of Lady Jane Grey, of the Duke of Monmouth and of Charles I. When Lady Jane lay down on the floor of the scaffold, she asked her attendants to arrange her dress. The straw

on the floor was sufficient to conceal the block and her hand was guided to it. This account is incompatible with the possibility of the block being like that now in the Tower. George Cruikshank, whose views of the old buildings are so valuable, probably had never seen any other. Harrison Ainsworth's romance teems with such anachronisms. There were no "beefeaters" in the Tower in the reign of Henry VIII. In one of Cruikshanks's etchings we see a heretic being burnt on the green, but no such event ever took place or could take place in so circumscribed an area without danger of burning the surrounding buildings. Pictures representing the death of Charles I are often to be met with and the King is made to kneel at a kind of prie-Dieu. But we know from various eyewitnesses that, as one of them said in verse,

> He laid his comely head
> Down as upon a bed.

Somerset "laid himself down along." Monmouth must have done the same, for we read that "he raised himself on his elbow to speak to the executioner." Essex lay flat on the boards. It is not worth while to prolong the list, but it is abundantly evident that the sheriff's block was not in any way like this one, which to steady it must have been fastened to the floor of the scaffold.

The axe is mentioned as having been in the Tower as far back as 1687, and may, therefore, have been used

at the last private execution, namely, that of Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex, in 1601.

After the Devereux, or Develin, we come to the Flint Tower, which is nearly all modern; then successively along the northern curtain, we find the Bowyer, the Brick and the Martin Towers, the rampart walk being continued through them all. A store of yew bows or "artillery" was kept in the first named, which by tradition is identified as the scene of Clarence's death, he being, according to another tradition, drowned in a butt of Malmsey. His death took place in February, 1478. The Crown jewels were in the Martin Tower, and it was hence that Blood stole the crown. The Constable's Tower need only be named and then we reach the Broad Arrow, which has suffered less from restoration and alteration than most of the others. It is very like what the Beauchamp Tower was, and is probably of the same period. The Salt Tower was probably a storehouse for saltpetre, used in making gunpowder. It has many signs of antiquity, though it has been rather too thoroughly restored. It is of great importance as a link in the chain of fortifications. This induces some writers to say it is of Norman origin, which, as I have pointed out, is impossible. Here the south-east angle of the curtain of the Inner Bailey almost meets that of the Outer Bailey, and the postern called the Irongate stands outside the same corner. In Norman times this was probably foreshore, and was wholly without the Tower precinct. Somewhere here the hos-

pital of St Katharine had a mill in later times, and the land, which had been a vineyard, was known as the Gardens, down at least to the reign of Queen Elizabeth. The defence of the postern was, in 1380, known as the Galleyman's Tower, a name which explains itself, and sometimes Develin's, the original Develin's having been changed to Devereux's. It was long a powder magazine. It probably dates back to the reign of Henry III. Most of the curtain Towers are about 150 feet apart; but Develin is only forty feet from the Well, and not more than fifty from the Salt Tower. The Lanthorn Tower was on this part of the curtain. It was destroyed to make room for a storehouse, which has in its turn also disappeared. An imitation has been placed on the spot, but, apart from its being in very bad style, it can never have the interest of the old. These towers on the curtain teem with inscriptions and many days might be spent inspecting and copying them. They are especially numerous and interesting in the Bell and Cradle Towers.

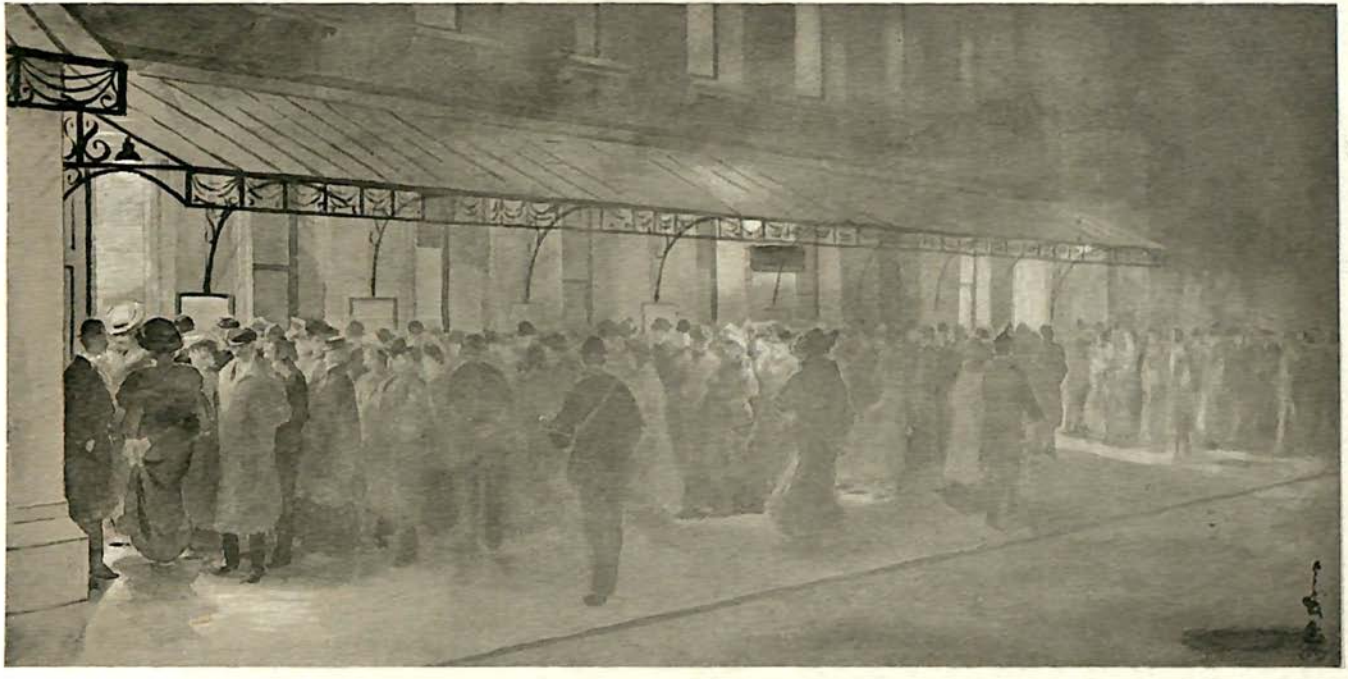
The buildings of the innermost ward were thrown into those of the inner ward at an early period and are now to be distinguished by the fact that only the Wakefield Tower is on the curtain. The Coldharbour, the Keep or White Tower, the Hall, the Wardrobe, and a building adjoining the Keep were and are quite apart and formed this innermost ward. The building beside the White Tower was probably built by Edward III, but was pulled down a few years ago in accordance

THE NIGHT COFFEE-STALL, HYDE PARK CORNER.

with a time-honoured English rule—destroy a building first and lament for it afterwards. However, its destruction led to the discovery of portions of the older masonry of the Roman and Saxon walls of London. The Hall was parallel with the southern face of the curtain and reached from the Wakefield to the Lanthorn Tower, at which there was an entrance to the rest of the Palace. The Lanthorn was reckoned part of the Palace and contained the King's private rooms. From it extended the Queen's Gallery, and it was known for some time as the New Tower, having, it is believed, been partially rebuilt by Henry VIII. North of the gallery there seems to have been a small garden. The Hall was the most interesting of this group of buildings. It must have been of considerable size. The distance from the Wakefield or Hall Tower to the Lanthorn was 106 feet, and the hall may have occupied its whole length. Here, then, and not in the White Tower, as some have thought, the House of Lords assembled for the trial and condemnation of the King's second wife, Anne Boleyn. A great dais was erected at one end, with seats for the peers, to the number of twenty-six. After the trial the Queen was taken back to her apartments, which adjoined the Lanthorn Tower on the east. The hall fell into decay in the reign of James I, and was pulled down. The Lanthorn still stood here in 1788.

Thus two of the most interesting of the buildings, the King's Hall and the royal lodgings have disappeared.

The royal jewels used to be kept in what is now called the Brick Tower, at the north-eastern corner of the Inner Ward. Before 1641 they had been kept in a store, which has now disappeared, adjoining the south side of the White Tower. As this site was within the space formed by the Hall and Hall Tower, now the Wakefield, and the Coldharbour, now destroyed, the jewel room was close to the palace. While the jewels were in the Brick Tower, two great disasters overtook them. Under the Commonwealth they were broken up and dispersed: and when, after the return of Charles II the fragments were carefully gathered, replaced and supplemented by new pieces, it was from the Brick Tower that, in 1671, Thomas Blood stole the crown. It is tantalizing to read in the Parliamentarian Inventory of all the beautiful and venerable objects destroyed or scattered. There were long services of plates and dishes, chiefly of silver gilt, but some of gold, many crystal cups, some with covers of gold and jewels, "an old salt and cover supported by a blackmore" valued for mere deadweight of gold at £140. Besides these were jewels and enamels and metal work by famous artists, and before all there were the old royal crowns, one known as King Alfred's—"of gould wyer worke, set with slight stones, and two little bells." This object was valued at £248 10s. Queen Edith's was also thought to be of gold, but was really of silver gilt, and was only found to be worth £16. In addition there were the two crowns of Charles I



HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE—THE "PIT" QUEUE.

and Henrietta Maria, a small crown "found in an iron chest," and many precious stones, among them one which is thus described: "One ruby ballass, pierced and wrapped in a paper by itself." This was the ruby worn by the Black Prince and by Henry V at Agincourt in 1415. As a jewel it is not worth very much. Its associations are invaluable, but the parliament cared nothing for associations, and it was actually sold for £4. After the King's return it was recovered for the Regalia, and was set at the back of the crown of George IV, a large sapphire being set in front. At the Queen's coronation it was set in front, the sapphire just mentioned being below.

Besides this ruby one other relic of the old regalia is in the Wakefield Tower. This is the "Coronation Spoon." By the Queen's command it was exhibited at a meeting of the Society of Antiquarians in 1890, and is described and figured in *Archæologia*, vol. LIII, p. 107, in a paper by Mr J. C. Jackson. Some doubts had been expressed as to its being older than the time of the Restoration, but the question was quite set at rest at the meeting just mentioned, which unanimously agreed that it is of thirteenth-century work, and was probably among the things made to supply the place of those lost by King John when crossing the Wash in 1216. A question had also arisen as to the handle, which some said was of later work than the bowl. But careful examination showed that the handle is as old as the bowl, and Mr Jackson follows a previous

writer, Shaw, in attributing both to the twelfth century. As Henry III came to the throne in 1216, it is unlikely that the spoon is much older than that year, if at all. It is of silver-gilt, not of gold as was supposed before 1890, and the bowl is beautifully chased. The handle is ornamented with pearls set in filagree work and enamel. It is 10¼ inches in length. A second coronation spoon was made by Vyner for Charles II but, traditionally, is said not to have been used. Mr Jackson suggests that it was discarded when the old spoon was discovered.

The greater part of the new regalia was of pure gold. The crowns comprise that made for the ceremony of 1838, which is set, in silver, with 2,783 diamonds besides pearls, sapphires and rubies; that made for Charles II; and those of Mary of Modena and Mary II. The sceptres, bracelets, spurs, the orb and the coronet of the Prince of Wales are all here, and the most conspicuous objects, the great golden "salt," a model of the White Tower; twelve smaller salts; two gold tankards, and the Ampulla, a vessel for the coronation oil, formed like a bird. The silver-gilt objects include a Communion Service, a Baptismal Font, and a very beautiful "Fountain" or rose-water dish presented for the Coronation banquet of Charles II by the Corporation of Plymouth.

Vyner's bill for supplying the regalia for Charles II has not been found, but a Treasury order for part payment, reveals the fact that, in all, the King was in-

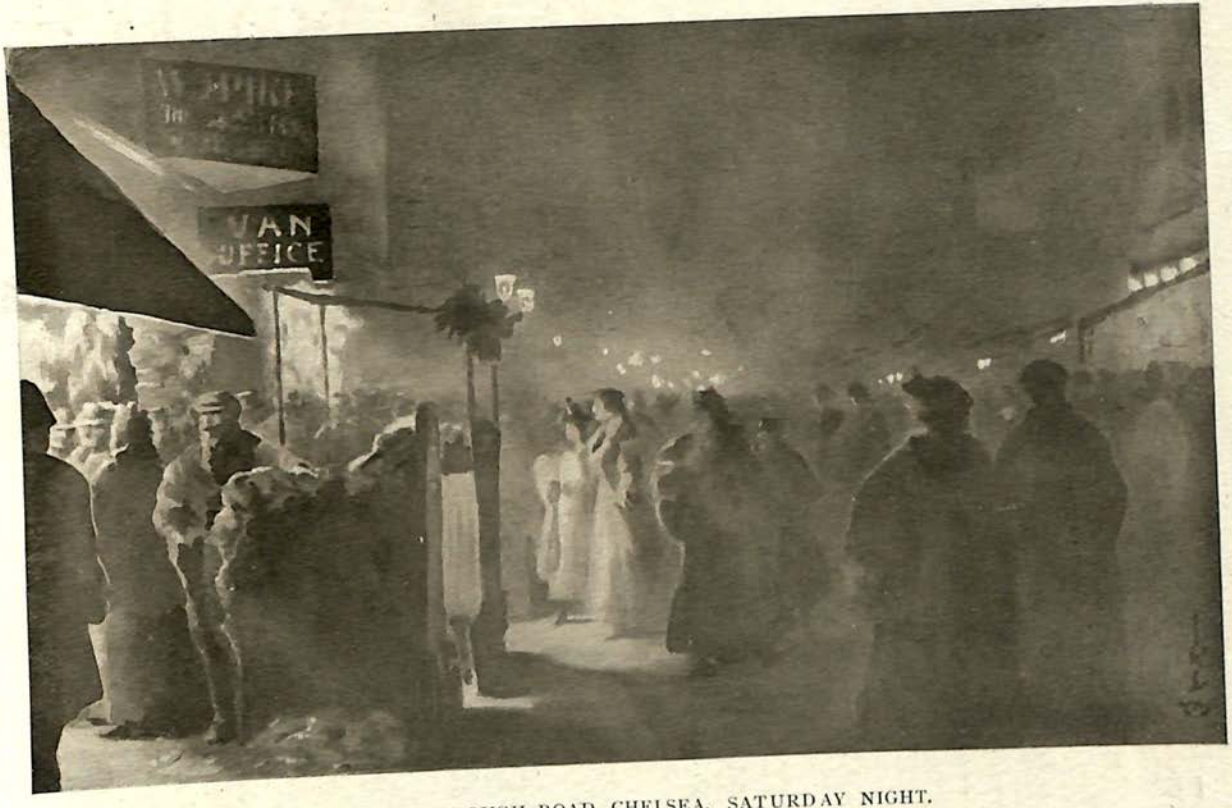
debted to him in the sum of £31,978 9s. 11d. It is unlikely that he received full payment. All he supplied were the absolute necessaries for a coronation, but everything was of solid gold. We cannot but think of all the crystal cups, the enamels, the crowns and sceptres of the old regalia and how the parliamentary committee sold them for the paltry price of £13,267 12s. 8d.

There was at one time "a secret jewel house" in the White Tower, in which the most precious objects were kept. All were broken up in the August following the death of Charles I, 1649. The fragments of gold and silver were brought back to the Tower for the use of the Mint: The total value of what was sold or melted only amounting to £14,221 15s. 4d. The framers of the list evidently did not dare to call attention to the historical, artistic or monarchical associations of the various pieces destroyed. The imperial crown is described as "of massy gold, weighing 7 lbs 6 ozs, enriched with 19 sapphires, 37 rubies balass, 21 small rubies, 2 emerods, 28 diamonds, 168 pearls, the gold (6 ozs being abated for the stones) valued at £280, the sapphires at £198, the balass rubies at £149, the small rubies at £16, the emerods at £2, the diamonds at £288, the pearls at £174," in all £1,110.

The crown made for the coronation of George IV is still in existence, and was lately exhibited by Lord Amhurst of Hackney at a meeting of the Society of Antiquaries. The jewels had been taken out and may now be seen in the King's crown. The crown of

Charles II still figures among the regalia as St Edward's. The records relating to Vyner and his work were among the valuable papers sold or destroyed near the beginning of the present reign, but some were preserved by the care of Robert Cole, an excellent antiquary. They were printed in *Archæologia*, vol. xxix. Further information will be found in Mr Cyril Davenport's *English Regalia*.

The swords of state are also preserved in the Wakefield Tower. They are three in number, all covered in crimson velvet and gold. Sourd always had names in the Middle Ages. The blunted sword of mercy is called "Curtana." It is 40 inches long, and represents the sword of St Edward. Richard I called his favourite sword "Caliburn." This was fabled to have descended from King Arthur, whose "Excalibur" is famous in poetry. This is the principal sword of state and is borne before the Sovereign. The Earl of Chester carried it at the coronation of Henry III. It was borne by the Earl of Oxford at the coronation of Charles II. At the coronation of George III it was left behind by some oversight, and the Lord Mayor lent his for the ceremony. It was borne by Lord Huntingdon. The right sword was held at the coronation of George IV by the Duke of Dorset, and before William IV by the Duke of Wellington. Lord Melbourne officiated as sword-bearer before Queen Victoria, and we read in Lord Beaconsfield's *Letters*: "Melbourne looked very awkward and uncouth, with his coronet cocked over



MARLBOROUGH ROAD, CHELSEA. SATURDAY NIGHT.

his nose, his robes under his feet and holding the sword of state like a butcher."

Of the whole group only the Wakefield and the White Towers now remain. The Wakefield has been sadly pulled about and its ancient character changed. The aumbry and the piscina are still in a recess where they formed part of an oratory in which tradition places the death of Henry VI. This tower is of the old Norman work, as may be verified by a visit to the crypt. The alterations were made by Salvin to adapt the principal apartment to the exhibition of the regalia. At the same time a bridge was built over the roadway between the outer and the inner ward, by which the Keeper of the Jewels can obtain easy access to his charge from his residence in St Thomas's Tower, over the Watergate.

The Keep, whose whitewashing has already been mentioned, remained without a doorway until the reign of Henry VIII, who had a passage pierced through the thick wall and the staircase built by which visitors now obtain access to the chapel of St John and the Armoury. It was in the cutting of this passage or soon after the operation that the bones of two boys were found in a recess of the masonry, the person who secreted them probably thinking that as the chapel was above, this might be reckoned consecrated ground. They lay in neglect till, in the reign of Charles II, what remained of them was reverently placed in a a noble marble urn designed for the purpose by Sir

Christopher Wren and consigned to Westminster Abbey. It is very possible, and at the time was assumed as certain, that they were the remains of Richard III's victims.

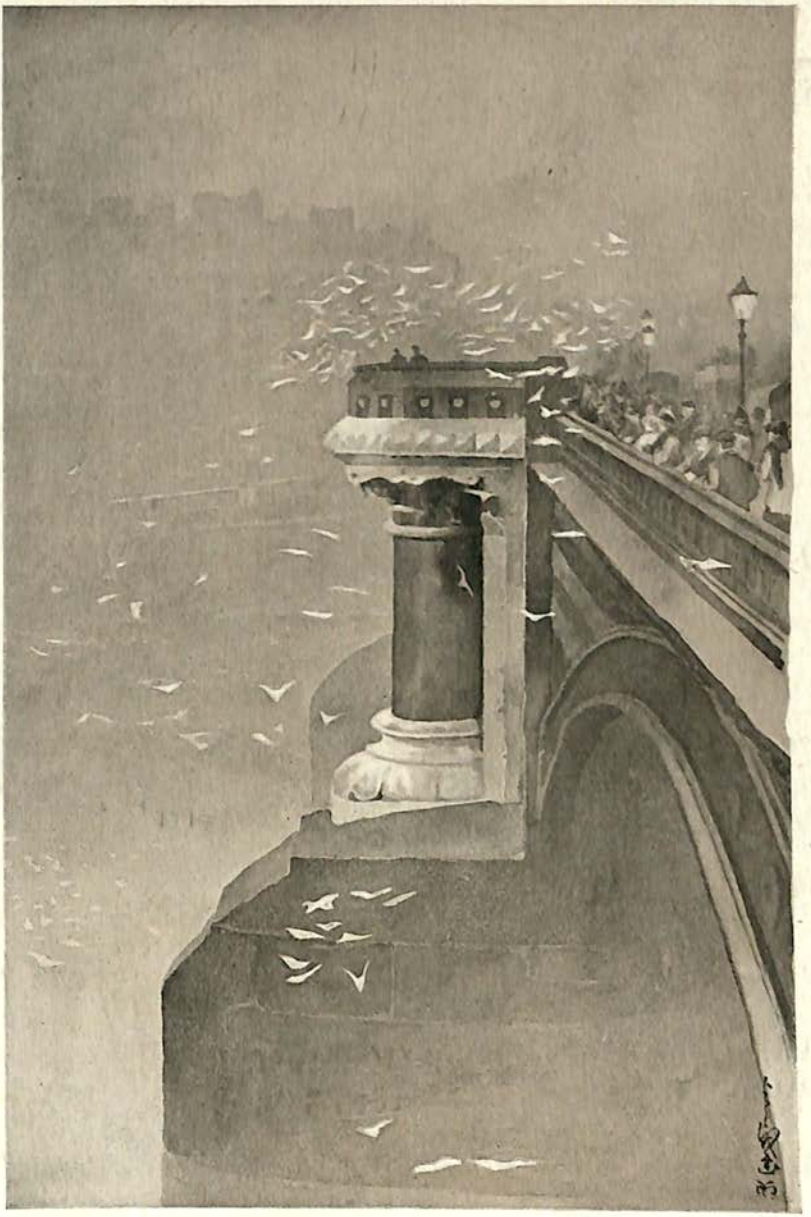
Whether Edward V and the Duke of York were murdered here or in the Bloody Tower no one knows. At first there must have been some kind of bridge, probably of timber, leading from one of the towers in the royal quarters to the narrow ante-room or passage outside the chapel door. This was the principal floor, the Council Room, so-called, being close to the same passage. Above the Council Chamber is another great chamber, but it does not communicate with the chapel. On the same floor with the Council Chamber is the so-called Banqueting Hall, with a similarly shaped room over it from which a small opening leads to the triforium, or upper story of the chapel. The King could thus hear Mass and even witness the elevation of the Host without the knowledge of those below on the floor of the chapel. In the Banqueting Hall is one of the two only fireplaces. Strange to say, there is no chimney to correspond. It would be tedious to describe all the chambers in the White Tower. Mr Clark, in his excellent *Medieval Military Architecture*, discusses them at great length. The only conclusion we can come to is that if the Conqueror and his family lived in these days we should have bills in Parliament "for the better housing of the royal classes."

One thing regarding the plan should be noticed.

Like so many other great achievements it is simplicity itself. The outer walls, east and west, contain between them a great solid party wall, cutting the whole tower from floor to roof into what shipbuilders would call two watertight compartments. That to the east contains the chapel and is vaulted in very peculiar fashion in four stages. These stages are a dark crypt below ground, another which used to be called Queen Elizabeth's Armoury, and which was the immediate crypt of the chapel, the chapel rising through two stories, and above that a large chamber seven feet high, under the leaden roof. So much for one-fourth of the building. The other three-quarters had only wooden floors, were divided into four stories, and had until lately—some of them remain—rows of heavy oaken posts supporting the flat ceilings. These posts were used, no doubt, for hangings and other contrivances by which even royalties might obtain now and again a little privacy.

Much error prevails as to the chapels, of which, reckoning also oratories, there were many in the Tower of London. The chapel of St John is the most perfect castle chapel in England and among the earliest. It has been rather ruthlessly restored; but the storage in it for centuries of the state papers preserved it from actual destruction. We can attribute to the same cause the preservation of the chapter house at Westminster. It was, doubtless, the private chapel of those kings who lived here. On Tower Green there was a parish church

for the inhabitants of the precinct. It was never a Chapel Royal, and is not a Chapel Royal now, otherwise it would seem to stand in the same relation to the chapel of St John that St George's at Windsor stands to the Queen's private chapel. The first mention of this church is in 1210, and the dedication occurs in some documents of about the same period. What we now see was built in 1532 after a fire. It had been originally consecrated on August 1, was dedicated to St Peter "ad Vincula," whose festival that was. There was something ominous in this dedication which occurs very rarely in England. The older church had been served by a parson, we read, and in 1419 the then parson killed a certain Friar Randolph, which seems to have occasioned a long vacancy. Edward IV proposed to make the church collegiate, but, though he is believed to have named a Dean and three canons, he neglected to provide the necessary estates for their maintenance. In the reign of Philip and Mary there was no parson "to have cure of souls," though Edward VI had by patent, 1550, expressly named it a parish church and placed it under the supervision of the Bishop of London. Queen Mary appointed a parson, with pay from the exchequer, an arrangement which has subsisted ever since. The parson's name in 1618 was Hubbock. Archbishop Abbott excommunicated him for solemnizing marriages in the church, but his right was established when he showed that the church was parochial. It is only within ten or



FEEDING THE GULLS, BLACKFRIARS BRIDGE.

twelve years, I believe, that St Peter's has, but without any warrant, begun to be called a Chapel Royal. St Peter's was without any musical instrument better than a harmonium till 1886. When Whitehall Chapel was secularized its ancient organ, built originally by the famous Father Schmidt, was renovated and set up here. There are oratories in several of the older towers, such as St Thomas's and the Wakefield. This last is the most interesting, although little remains in what is now the Jewel Room to mark its site. A tradition which we would willingly believe makes the altar of this oratory the scene of the death of Henry VI, stabbed at his prayers by the Duke of Gloucester.

The Yeoman Waiters, or Warders, must not be confounded with a totally different body, the Yeoman of the Guard. They are now all old soldiers. The two most important members of the Corps are the Yeoman Gaoler and the Yeoman Porter. Both are frequently referred to as Gentlemen, and in time past some have been Knights. The word "Yeoman" denotes the next rank below "esquire" and is sometimes given as "gentleman." There are forty Yeoman. They are ranked as Sergeant-Majors in the army, and described officially as Honorary members of the Corps of Yeoman of the Guard, but they wear no cross belt like the Guard. They seem to have been established by Edward VI as a separate body. Charles II, at Legge's instance, improved their position considerably. It was the Gentlemen, or Yeoman Gaoler's duty to take prisoners safely to Tower Hill and hand them over

to the Sheriff. When Lord Ferrers was hanged at Tyburn, the gaoler conducted him as the boundary of the precinct and had £2 for his expenses. The Sheriff took him on. The place where the City and the Tower precincts met is only so far as I know, mentioned by name in one document of the thirteenth century, in which it is called "Cungate," that is a conning or watch gate, in advance of the Lion's Tower, where a wooden gate is now.

The armoury has been recently rearranged by the skilful hands of Viscount Dillon. A red-brick building, east of the White Tower, was erected to receive it by Sir Christopher Wren, and was known in the last century as "The Horse Armoury." The collection and another, said to have come from the Spanish Armada, were amalgamated and removed to a long shed south of the White Tower. When I first saw it there was a row of stalls on the left hand, each stall containing an equestrian figure labelled with the name of a king. Here we saw William the Conqueror, whose name was subsequently changed to Richard I, if I remember right. The figures wore a suit of chain armour, of Oriental origin. Other things followed, among them being Edward V and his brother, the Duke of York. Unfortunately the two suits were made for Henry, eldest son of James I, and for his brother afterwards Charles I. There were many other anachronisms in this strange museum, a meritorious feature of which was that some of the wooden horses were carved by

Grinling Gibbons. It was rearranged by Sir Samuel Meyrick in 1621. The visitor, when he had passed along the shed, went through a door to a stair, and in through a Norman window opening to Queen Elizabeth's Armoury, which was really the crypt of St John's Chapel. By this time the visitor was pretty well mystified as to his whereabouts, and the puzzle was by no means resolved when after a long climb up a novel stair he found himself in a chamber, every feature of which was elaborately disguised by trophies of arms, laurel wreaths made of swords, gunlocks figuring as olives or acorns, and the wedding cake of the Prince of Wales in bayonets. These arrangements were originally made by Harris, a gunsmith who also practised on the Guard Room at Hampton Court. His chief work was a group of four pillars in the centre of the room, twenty-two feet high, entirely encrusted with pistols. On the ceiling in the middle was a falling star, and close by, the rising sun, irradiated with pistols set in a frame of marine cutlasses. It was through this almost impenetrable veil of steel that Mr Clark, Lord Dillon and others have had to conduct the researches which led eventually to many great improvements in the arrangements. The wedding cakes and falling stars remained in their places till about ten years ago. The instruments of torture used to be shown as having come from the Spanish Armada, but they are more probably of native origin. "The Scavenger's Daughter," for instance was invented by

the Master of the Ordnance in the reign of Henry VIII, and was at first called after him—Skeffington's gyves.

The original houses on the Green comprised the Lieutenant's lodgings, which has the Bell Tower as its centre. In a council chamber on the first floor is a large panel of coloured marbles commemorating the Gunpowder Plot, and the examination in that room of Guy Fawkes. A room off this one was the scene of Lord Nithsdale's successful attempt to escape in 1716. I have been over the house, but it was some years ago. The only thing of much interest is a walk on the leads on the west side, where Princess Elizabeth is said to have taken the air when Queen Mary placed her in the Lieutenant's custody. The chief authorities in the Tower are the Constable, generally a Field Marshal, who seldom comes here: secondly a Lieutenant, who is always a general officer, and who resides in his lodgings during part of every year. At other times they are inhabited by the Tower Major. The Yeoman Gaoler has the next house, and the leads I have mentioned are continued past it to the Beauchamp Tower. The roofing tiles all along are inscribed, but few of the inscriptions can be even partially deciphered. They were made with a small sharp point like that of a needle. Lady Jane Grey was in the custody of the Yeoman Gaoler, and probably walked on the leads, where it is possible she may occasionally have met her husband: he was in the Beauchamp Tower.

As to the present aspect of the Tower of London,

THE EVENING EXODUS—EAST END. IN LIVERPOOL STREET STATION.

some expressions in Weale's *Survey of London* (1853) may be quoted as apposite:

"What will be said of the taste that, within the last few years, has transformed nearly the whole of this historic fortress into the semblance of a manufacturer's 'castellated villa'? The bricklayer's patchwork, and the Louis Quatorze building of Wren, destroyed by the fire of 1841 (on the site of the present great barre north of the White Tower), were, no doubt, painfully incongruous. But what made them so? Why, precisely the qualities that, immensely exaggerated in the buildings that replace them, render these infinitely more incongruous: not their plainness, not their ornament, not their finish or their rudeness, not even their meanness of their different style of decoration, but simply its fictitious character. The old keep, that seems to look down with such ineffable contempt on these romantic battlements, belongs to a period long before buildings, or any features of them, had begun to pretend to be aught else than they are. It survives a long descending series of continually accumulated fictions and pretences: but in all this far-spun progress from false to more false, we had never arrived, nor has any other nation yet arrived, at the pitch of untruth embodied in these last additions. Other times and countries, however necessary they might find the amusement and excitement of antique scenery, have yet had reverence enough not to thrust it under the nose of antique reality. In the old world, even Hadrian,

the greatest patron of 'restorations' and mock-antiques, who had all the wonders of the world reproduced in his villa, abstained from displaying them in his Capitol: and at the present day even in China, the land of fictions—the land of sham forts—the land of make-believe wildernesses—they have not, as far as we can learn, arrived at the exquisite refinement of a sham castle elbowing a real one for 'uniformity of style.'"

It may be worth while here to mention the excellent woodcuts contributed by Cruikshank to Ainsworth's novel, a book which literally bristles with mistakes and anachronisms. The etchings are, however, not to be trusted. Lady Jane Grey, we know, lay at full length on the scaffold, and her head rested on a low block of timber. No heretic was ever burnt in the Tower. Such a flame as we see in the etching would have set the whole place on fire. Among the cuts is the only known view of the interior of the Lion Tower. The present aspect of the old fortress is well shown in the engravings in Mr Clarke's Medieval Military Architecture.

Although great stores of arms were accumulated in the Tower during the Tudor reigns, we do not know of any special collections of ornamental suits until much later. The armourers of Henry VIII—men from Italy, and in particular from Milan and Mantua, whence such words as milliner, portmanteau and others—dwelt and worked at Greenwich, where in the Green Chamber were twelve suits of tilting armour for men and horses; in the Great Chamber, nine; and in the Har-

ness Chamber, seven, some of them still incomplete, when the inventory was made in 1631. The tilting suits were removed to the Tower in 1660. Previously the arms stored there were chiefly for soldiers, and comprised in the reign of Elizabeth 2,000 equipments for foot soldiers, known as demi-lances, as many corselets, 1,000 shirts of mail, 3,000 morions or helmets and as many steel caps, called "skullers" in the inventory. Towards the end of the reign the more ornamental horse and tilting armour began to be brought up from Greenwich, but the removal was not complete till the time of Charles II, when the old palace was pulled down to make way for the first building of what is now Greenwich Hospital. Soon after, the picturesque building, now used as a military hospital, was designed by Sir Christopher Wren for the reception of the armour. About the same time Wren's friend, Grinling Gibbons, was employed to carve the horses on which the full knightly panoply could be exhibited. Some of these horses still remain and must be admired as real works of art. Previously, no doubt, the equestrian armour was placed upon what are now called clothes horses.

There is some confusion and difficulty as to the early constables. It is probable that for a time the office was hereditary in one family. A similar office was held at Windsor by Fitz Other, whose descendants called themselves Windsor. In the Tower the great family of Mandeville (De Maguavilla) seems to have had some kind of claim to be constables, but this place was too im-

portant for the hereditary principle to have full play. There are many difficulties also in the genealogical history of the family which bore at times different surnames, settling down at last to that of Mandeville, but accepting as their own a shield of arms which belonged to the Essex family of Say, "quarterly, or and gules," to which achievement they added "an escarbuncle, sable." The first Earl of Essex of the Mandeville family had married Beatrice, the heiress of the last Earl of Essex of the Say family. The arms are still to be seen in the round Church at the Temple. In Doyle's Official Baronage we have the following names: Geoffrey de Magneville, constable from 1133 to 1143, and Earl of Essex in 1139. Geoffrey Fitzpiers, almost certainly a member of the same family, constable from 1198 till his death in 1213, and Earl of Essex. Geoffrey de Mandeville, Earl of Essex, constable for three weeks at the death of Geoffrey Fitzpiers his father.

The idea that the Tower is a fortified palace does not of necessity include the idea that it is a prison. The only other buildings in England which at all resemble it, namely Dover and Windsor Castles, have, however, both at times been prisons, places of safe custody for those whom the government of the day would not suffer to be at large. But it is as a state prison that the Tower figures most largely in our annals. Nor has this been only at remote periods—periods which would justify the old Celtic proverb, "Far cows have long horns." It was as lately as in 1820, seventy-five years

THE EVENING EXODUS—WEST END. ENTERING VICTORIA RAILWAY STATION

ago, or so, that Arthur Thistlewood and his fellow conspirators were conveyed to its safe keeping. Ten years before that again Sir Francis Burdett was sent to the Tower. So that though imprisonment here is a thing of the past, it is not of a very remote past. The Fenian ruffians and murderers were not conveyed to the Tower, even those whose attempt to kill a whole party of sightseers, chiefly women and children, on January 24, 1885, is not yet forgotten in the White Tower. Cunningham and Burton were not detained here before their trial and condemnation to penal servitude for life, nor even locked up here, but in the far safer custody of Coldbath Fields or some neighbouring institution of a similar kind. The explosion injured sixteen people.

In the following notes it has been thought best to treat very briefly the imprisonment of such celebrated characters as the Duke of Somerset and the Duke of Northumberland and their families, and to give a little more attention to those prisoners who are not so familiarly known in history. We need not delay over Queen Anne or her brother, nor yet over Lady Salisbury and her son, or More or Essex, or Surrey, or successive Dukes of Norfolk, or Laud or Monmouth or Strafford. Abundant information is at hand as to the life, career and death of each of them. It belongs to the History of England, but there is a great deal, for the most part but little known, which is interesting about Hubert de Burgh, Burley,

Brembre, Frisby, Cottiam, Owen Tudor, Wentworth and many more, who are either neglected altogether, or else but briefly mentioned. In the Beauchamp Tower were probably the largest number of mural inscriptions, but when Salvin was allowed practically to rebuild it he removed them all into one room, where, being deprived of half their interest owing to the change, they serve to rob those already in the room of half theirs. Some frightful Vandalisms have been perpetrated in the name of restoration, but few so destructive of historical associations as this. A great deal has been written and still more invented as to Nithsdale, Winton and other Jacobites: but of the detention or imprisonment of the less illustrious little is narrated. It used to be a necessary incident in the career of every statesman that he should at some time or other pay a visit, however unwillingly, to the Tower. Sir Robert Walpole took his turn with the rest. At the present day such a personage "goes into opposition." In the Stuart and early Georgian reigns his endeavours were to find comfortable quarters with Mr Lieutenant. Under the Tudors lodgings were of little use to him. It was more than likely he would have had to exchange the custody of Mr Lieutenant for that of the sheriff of Middlesex before many days were over. Buckingham was tried on May 13 and beheaded on May 17, 1521. Northumberland was lodged in the Tower on July 25, 1553. On August 18 he was tried. On August 22 he was beheaded. Surrey

had a week's respite between his condemnation and its execution in January, 1547. Queen Katharine (Howard) had two days. Much longer imprisonment was in vogue under Elizabeth; and James kept Raleigh under sentence for high treason for twelve years, and it was fourteen before he was beheaded. Laud was four years waiting for death, Strafford about as many months. The last person beheaded in the Tower was Essex in 1601: the last on Tower Hill was Simon, Lord Fraser of Lovat, in 1747.

Imprisonment in the Tower was a very wide term, embracing various and different kinds of detention. In the days of Henry III a great many prisoners would have been found here and probably quite as many at Windsor. Political emergencies and panics brought in a large number. Certain prisoners lived much as they pleased, probably lodging with a warder, perhaps occupying one of the towers on the curtain, or part of one. Some have wondered that prisons should exist so near the palace. But if we look at a plan in which the old palace buildings are shown, we observe that the prisoners and the royal family were not brought into contact of any kind, could not, in fact, see each other. The King rowed in state to the steps under St Thomas's Tower, now known as the Traitor's Gate. Next he passed through the gate of the inner ward now called the Bloody Tower. Just within, on the right, was the door of the Wakefield Tower, which was actually part of the palace and was called the Hall Tower on account of its prox-

imity to the state apartments. Or, again, passing the Traitor's Gate, he could be rowed on to the Cradle Tower, where was a strongly fortified entrance or postern to the private garden at the south-east corner of the palace.

The prisoners, on the other hand, occupied lodgings in the western courts. The Bell, the Beauchamp, the Devereux and the Flint Towers were occasionally used, especially the first named as adjoining the Lieutenant's lodgings and those of the Yeoman Gaoler. There were probably houses in other places, as, for instance, on the site of the barrack, of the officers' quarters and of the hospital. At this point south of the Broad Arrow Tower, a strong wall, joining it with the Wardrobe Tower, defined the northern boundary of the royal precinct.

To all rules there are exceptions; but, as a rule, prisoners were never confined in the Keep, in the Hall Tower, or in the Lanthorn or Salt Towers. Obviously none were in the Bloody or Garden Tower. The exceptions are as follows: We know that Sir Walter Raleigh had an apartment on the top floor of the Garden Tower, where his rooms opened upon a little plot of ground, on the south side of the Green, where he could pursue his botanical studies. It is nearly all built over now. Another exception is the Salt Tower, for here are some prisoners' inscriptions, made, no doubt when Wyatt's unhappy followers were swept up like sheep and lodged wherever lodgings could be found, even in the crypt of St John's Chapel. As to the palace

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VIEW ACROSS THE RIVER—HUNGERFORD BRIDGE.

itself we know that Queen Anne (Boleyn) passed her last days there. "Mr Kyngeton," she asked the constable, "shall I go into a dungeon?" To which he replied, "No, madam, you shall go into your lodging that you lay in at your coronation." She was tried and condemned in the hall adjoining; and in the presence chamber, which was probably in the Lanthorn Tower, that strange scene took place, when she seated the wife of the Lieutenant, Lady Walsingham, on the throne and charged her kneeling and with many tears to go to the Lady (afterwards Queen) Mary, and ask her forgiveness for the wrongs she had done her. In all the long tragedy of that reign there is not a more pathetic scene. Kingston, as constable, had probably lodgings in the palace or in the White Tower, with which it communicated. It is possible that Burnet, who repeats the anecdote, mistook the Lieutenant's wife for that of the constable, who was in close attendance on the Queen.

Many prisoners, even of those who had most liberty, in the precinct died in durance. The low and damp situation must after a time have had its effect on even a tough constitution. True, the Tower in the fifteenth century and earlier had no great city to the eastward or the southward, and may have been well within sight of green fields and pleasant hills. But the great moat which surrounded it is often mentioned as stagnant and odorous, and that in itself must have been enough to make the place unwholesome, especially in summer. Still, if the Tower was a suitable place for the King's

palace, it may not have been deemed unsuitable for such of his subjects as had been conspiring against him. The number of deaths, though we do not read of any epidemics except such as afflicted other parts of London, may be accounted for by the influence of disappointment and despair, as much as by the climate.

One death only seems to have been caused by joy —that of Arthur Plantagenet, a son of Edward IV. He was made Viscount Lisle by Henry VIII, and appointed Governor of Calais in 1533. It must have been Lord Lisle who sent over his own skilful headsman from Calais to decapitate Queen Anne. In 1540 Henry recalled him and locked him up in the Tower merely as a precautionary measure. He was a very old man, probably seventy at the time, and when two years all but a month after his committal he received a gracious message from his tyrannical cousin, he died in convulsions before he could be discharged. Nothing can better illustrate the precarious existence of a great family under the Tudors than the fact that Lady Lisle's first husband was beheaded; that her second husband died, as we have seen, a prisoner; that his stepson was beheaded as well as his stepson's fourth son, Lord Guilford Dudley and his wife; that the eldest son was killed at the siege of Boulogne, and that the second, John, whose father-in-law was beheaded, died on his release from the Tower in 1554 after a year's imprisonment.

A few of the Jesuits who plotted so persistently

against Queen Elizabeth found themselves in the Tower, and their inscriptions are to be seen in several buildings. Of Thomas Bowdewin, 1585, of Thomas Roper, 1570, of John Ireile, 1562, of John Prine, 1568, and several more, we can but conjecture that they were members of the various "missions" sent, as people in those days believed, and not without reason, to put Queen Elizabeth to death, to set her cousin Mary of Scotland on the throne, above all to reinstate Romanism throughout England. These expeditions as we know all failed. Instead of raising Queen Mary Stuart to the throne, they only succeeded in rousing the whole nation against her, and in causing such a clamour that Queen Elizabeth had no choice but to send her to the block at Fotheringay in 1586. Before that time for many years the Romanist party with a cowardice unworthy of any good cause, flooded the country with sectarian fanatics, but themselves stood well aloof. The Queen's patience knew no bounds and was only equalled by the watchfulness of Walsingham and Burghley. One of the most formidable of the "missions" was that of 1571 and its leader would seem to have been Charles Bailly, who in the same year—the year William Cecil was made Lord Burghley—was seized at Dover bearing packets of treasonable letters. He was lodged in the Beauchamp Tower, where he repeatedly carved his name with great artistic skill. He appears to have been eventually released. As the years went on his place was taken by successive plotters. All, or almost all, seem to

have been mildly dealt with, and it is possible that Elizabeth did not greatly fear their power of bringing over the country to their side. The case of Babington changed her views, and there can be no doubt as to the opinion of her people. After the death of Mary and the defeat of the Spanish Armada, we hear less of the Romish propaganda, but the comparative peace allowed her to accord more liberty to the parliament with the result that too much freedom of speech landed several of the members in the Tower, generally by the order of the House of Commons. Though a considerable number of eminent people were interned with more or less severity under Elizabeth, death at the hands of the executioner was not very busy. She imprisoned Raleigh for some slight offence, and kept him in the Tower for a few months in 1592. No monarch ever expected such devoted service, and no monarch was so chary of reward. She seldom created a peer, and beheaded the last duke left in England. Raleigh's longer imprisonment was under her successor. Her treatment of Sir John Perrott is often cited. What her father did with Lisle she did with Perrott, who was always reputed her father's son. He was for some time Lord Deputy in Ireland, where he is said to have been remarkable for severity. In 1590 his ungovernable temper led him to make unguarded violent statements about the Queen. He was promptly sent to the Tower, and soon after tried in Westminster Hall and condemned. Queen Elizabeth declared that the evidence against him was

A PARTY OF TOURISTS BEFORE ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

false, and refused to sign the warrant for his death. He lived in the house of one of the servants of the Lieutenant, Thomas Vannor, and had as much liberty as the circumstances allowed. He fretted and fumed all the time and asked Hopton, the Lieutenant, with oaths, if the Queen was going to sacrifice her brother to the envy of his "strutting adversaries." After six months he died suddenly, September, 1592, and was buried in the Church of St Peter. Fourteen unfortunate or criminal prisoners were in Hopton's charge about the same time and two women, Mrs Jones and Mrs Lee. Bayley and also Britton and Brayley omit all mention of an interesting prisoner of this period.

In his volume on *Three Branches of the Wentworth Family*, Mr William Loftie Rutton has detailed with great care the life and death of his ancestor, Peter Wentworth. He was a well-known member of Parliament towards the end of the reign of Elizabeth, and moved Her Majesty to wrath because he called the attention of the House to the great danger of the kingdom owing to the want of any declared successor to the throne. Wentworth's outspoken warmth was very distasteful to the Queen. He was forty-seven when he first entered the House, as member for Barnstaple: and had spent much time in preparing himself for the task he had undertaken. Several of his speeches are reported by D'Ewes. They are eloquent and interesting, but do not err on the side of moderation. A committee of privy councillors was appointed

for his examination, and in the end he was sent to the Tower by the Speaker, acting in the name of the House. When a month had elapsed, the Queen herself interfered on his behalf, instigated possibly by Walsingham whose sister he had married. But in 1587 he was again sent to the Tower by the House of Commons. The question at issue this time was the right of the House to interfere in matters of ecclesiastical government. About three weeks later he and other members were released by virtue of a general pardon. Twice, therefore, he had been sent to the Tower by the House and enlarged by the Queen's clemency. When he was M.P. for Northampton in 1593, his third committal took place. He and several others supported a petition imploring the Queen, who was in her sixtieth year, to settle the succession. This third imprisonment lasted till death set him free. His friend at court, Walsingham, died before he could persuade the Queen to set him at liberty. She was more offended by questions as to the succession than by anything else. His case is a very typical one. Several other members were similarly imprisoned about the same time, some by the Government, some by the Parliament. All, probably, were allowed the utmost liberty possible consistent with their safe keeping. Wentworth was allowed to bring his wife to reside with him, but we nowhere read in what part of the great fortress he had his lodgings. He engaged in literary pursuits and those, too, of a somewhat dangerous character. His

Pithie Exhortation to Her Majesty for establishing her Successor to the Crowne, was published in 1598, after his death, but Mr Rutton is of opinion that it was in print long before (p. 239), probably about the time of his committal. Burghley said he saw no harm in it, but the Queen was inexorable. In January, 1596, we hear of him as one of the prisoners who had "the liberty of the Tower." In the course of the same year his wife died and was buried in the church of St Peter ad Vincula, on July 21, 1596. She was Elizabeth Walsingham, sister of the Queen's eminent minister, Sir Francis Walsingham, who died before her in 1590. Wentworth survived this heavy loss a year and four months. To the last he hoped for release, and among the papers at Hatfield are two of his letters to Robert Cecil, afterwards Earl of Salisbury. The first is written a year after his wife's death in accordance with a hint given him by Lady Warwick, apparently the widow of Ambrose Dudley, Earl of Warwick, he mentions the names of various noblemen and gentlemen whom he desired to take up his "abode withall." A fortnight later he writes very sadly: "He is seventy-three years of age. He is weak and sickly and longs for fresh air." On November 10 he is dead. No record is known of his place of burial, but it was doubtless in St Peter's beside his wife. His imprisonment had lasted four years and nine months. This is such a typical example of Queen Elizabeth's notions of personal government, that I have inserted the story in some

detail, the more so as it is not in any of the books, except that mentioned above, by Mr Rutton, who is Wentworth's direct descendant.

The history of another prisoner is well known, and has been repeated in every book about the Tower. This was Philip, Earl of Arundel. He passed ten years in the Beauchamp Tower, where he was attended by his own servants, one of whom, however, tried to poison him owing to having been discharged. He died in November 1595. It is curious to observe that while he suffered for his adherence to the Pope, his most intimate contemporary for nearly five years was an ardent Puritan. It is to be feared that Arundel and Wentworth did little to mitigate the rigours of each other's captivity.

The great rebellion in Scotland in the first half of the eighteenth century filled the prisons: but only people of note were brought to the Tower. The escape of Lord Nithsdale in 1716 has been often told. It has sometimes been thought that the authorities connived at it: and Lady Cowper in her *Diary* asserts that a respite was made out before the fact of the escape was known. Lord Carnwath was a fellow-prisoner but was ultimately released, being only deprived of his titles. Lord Winton's escape is barely mentioned. In his first attempt he sawed the bar of his prison with the spring of his watch, but was found out. It is curious how little notice was taken of him. Brayley and Britton do not even name him. Lady Cowper says: "His natural character is that of a stubborn, illiterate, ill-bred brute. He has eight wives."

LOOKING DOWN THE RIVER FROM WATERLOO BRIDGE.

There is nothing about him in Bayley. He escaped eventually and reached Rome in safety, about the same time that Lord and Lady Nithsdale arrived there. Viscount Kenmure and the Earl of Derwentwater were beheaded together. The Sheriff received them at the boundary, took them to a scaffold at the summit of the slope, and executed the sentence of the law, January 24, 1716. The two remaining prisoners, Widdrington and Nairne, were respited and a year later set at liberty, although, of course, under the Act of Attainder their titles were forfeited. Widdrington was the fourth baron, and a Romanist like his neighbour, Derwentwater. Neither of them, though they joined in the Scottish rebellion, was a Scotsman. Widdrington died at Bath in 1723, long before the second Scottish rising in 1745. He had two sons who both died issueless and the family became extinct in the main line. His aunt married Richard Forster, one of the family of Thomas Forster, the chief leader of the rebellion in England. Nairne was the son of John, first marquis of Athol, and son-in-law to the first Lord Nairne. He died in 1725, and the title was eventually restored to his descendants. It is now borne by Lord Lansdowne, whose mother was Baroness Keith and Nairne in her own right.

The Tower prisoners after the "'Forty-five" are all well known. Their history and the deaths of four of them have been often detailed. Kilmarnock and Balmerino were beheaded on Tower Hill. The first named was head of the great Scottish house of Boyd, and was

connected by the Stuarts by lineage as well as loyalty. It is curious to note how families were divided in those sad times. Kilmarnock married Lady Anne Livingstone, the heiress of the Earl of Linlithgow and Calendar and of her grandfather the Earl of Errol. By her Lord Kilmarnock had several sons, of whom the eldest, Lord Boyd, was an officer of the Scots Fusiliers at Culloden, where his father fought on the other side and was taken prisoner. Charles Boyd, the second son, fought beside his father and escaped to France. A third brother, William, was in King George's navy at the time of Lord Kilmarnock's death, and afterwards served in the army. Lord Boyd eventually succeeded his great aunt as Earl of Erroll, whose descendant, the present Lord Erroll, sits in the House of Lords as Baron Kilmarnock, a title conferred in 1821.

Lord Balmerino, who suffered with Kilmarnock, August 18, 1746, was Arthur Elphinstone, sixth Lord, and was also an elderly man, having been born in 1688. He seems to have been the last of his race, and the peerage would probably have died with him even if it had not been attainted.

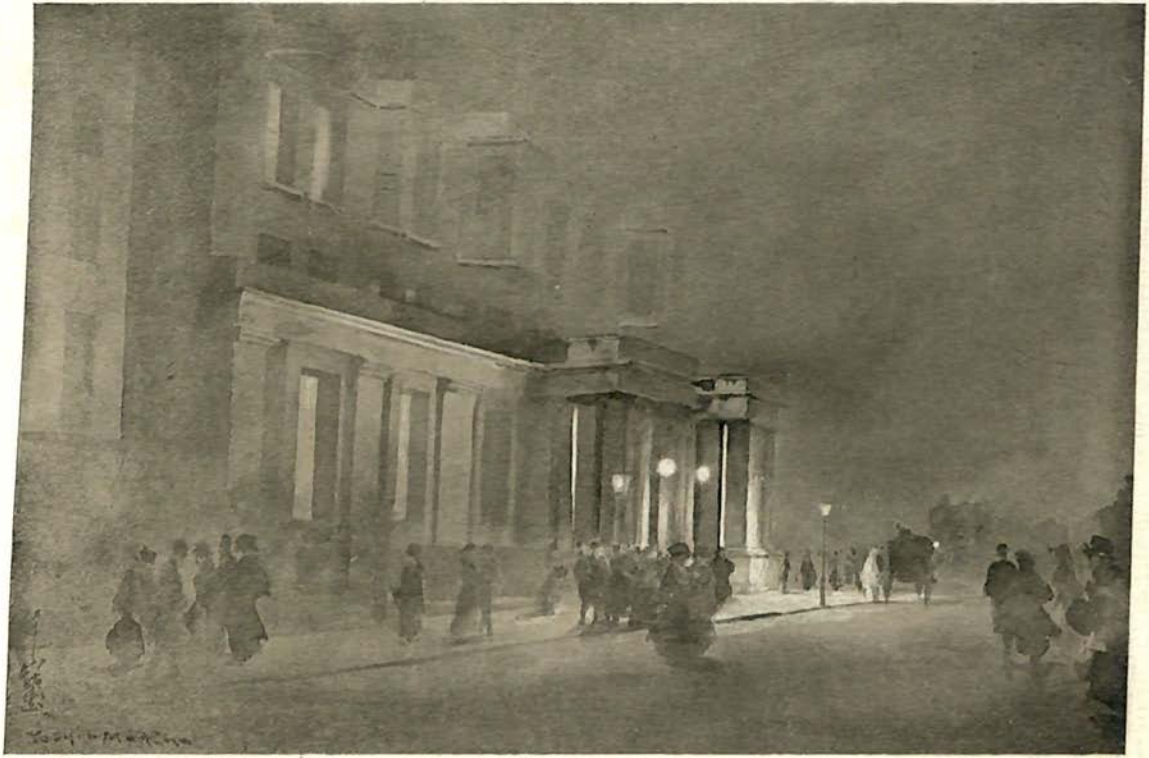
The third and oldest of the group was Simon, Lord Fraser of Lovat, probably to distinguish him from a cousin, Lord Fraser, who having been out in the "'Fifteen," lived for many years afterwards in concealment. Lovat was also a cousin of his predecessor on the scaffold on Tower Hill, Lord Balmerino. He was beheaded March 19, 1747.

Two more of the rebels of 1745 must be mentioned. Lord Cromarty and Charles Radcliffe. The first named received a reprieve and eventually a pardon. He was George Mackenzie of Tarbat, and succeeded his father in 1731. In 1724 he married Isabel Gordon, and they had three sons and seven daughters. The eldest son, Lord Macleod, was out with his father. Both were attainted, but Macleod after a period of exile was permitted to return, and having raised the 71st Highlanders was allowed to become their colonel. The third brother, the second having died young, was lieutenant-colonel of the same regiment, and both saw service in India. As they died without children, the estates which had been restored to the family went to the eldest sister, from whom the present Lady Cromartie, of a new creation, is descended. Much sympathy was expressed, it is hard to say why, for Charles Radcliffe. If any who were condemned were to be reckoned guilty, it was he. True, the sentence against him dated from the previous rebellion, when it was said that Lord Derwentwater, his brother, and he spent £300,000 on the lost cause. The English Government, in spite of the fact that in 1716 he broke prison at Newgate and escaped to Rome, and that he called himself Lord Derwentwater, allowed him to visit England on several occasions. Had he held aloof in 1745 there can be little doubt his life would have been spared. But he was taken on board a French privateer, with a large quantity of ammunition, on his way to Scotland in

November; and in consideration, no doubt, of his former nobility, he was not hanged and quartered at Tyburn, but beheaded upon Tower Hill, December 8, 1746.

The Marquess of Tullibardine, the Duke of Athol's eldest son, was among the party lodged in the Tower. He had been out in 1715 and was attainted, but escaped to the Continent. Being back in Scotland, under the Young Pretender, he, like Radcliffe, might have been sent to the block with little ceremony. But he was in very bad health, and died on July 9 of the same year, 1746.

On the whole, so far we have seen little justification for Gray's phrase, "London's lasting shame." Anne Boleyn was probably guilty; she was certainly thought to be guilty by her judges and contemporaries. If she was, her brother, Lord Rochford, was guilty of connivance, if of nothing more. Lady Salisbury and her sons had certainly plotted against the King at the instigation of the Papal party. It is difficult to get up much pity for Katharine Howard or for Lady Rochford. Lady Jane Grey was only guilty in a modified way: and had her adherents kept quiet, might have lived long. There can be no doubt of the guilt of Essex. In sparing him the Queen would have endangered not only her own life but the welfare of her people. The other prisoners here named all deserved punishment of some sort. More's case was hard but not that of Cromwell. Laud and Strafford had plotted against the common welfare. They knew they were



HOTEL ENTRANCE IN KNIGHTSBRIDGE.

risking their lives, and they lost the throw. Here and there we may pick out a case of uncommon hardship, but it would be difficult in the history of any prison not to find something of the kind. But when we come to the extraordinary proceedings known generally as the Popish Plot in the reign of Charles II, then, indeed, we reach a place in its history where the old Tower was concerned which reflect "lasting shame," if not on the fortress itself, yet on those who got up the fictitious agitation and on those, still more wicked, who made political profit out of it. On October 26, 1678, Lord Petre was committed for high treason. Five days later he was followed to the Tower by Lord Strafford, Lord Belasyse, Lord Arundel of Wardour, Lord Castlemaine and by others. The warrants of committal ran in the same form—"for high treason of the highest nature." The meaning of this wholesale imprisonment of Roman Catholic peers comes out in an entry printed by Bayley, under the date November 20: "John Carroll, Esquire, accused before the House of Commons by Titus Oates, for high treason." Sir Jonathan Trelawney and Sir Henry Tichborne were next added to the list, with Lord Acton, another Romanist, and the Earl of Danby, formerly Sir Thomas Osborne and subsequently Duke of Leeds. There were a great many more, chiefly of lower rank, and one lady, the Countess of Powis. A great many orders as to their custody and as to who was to be allowed to visit them are extant. One of them is curious:

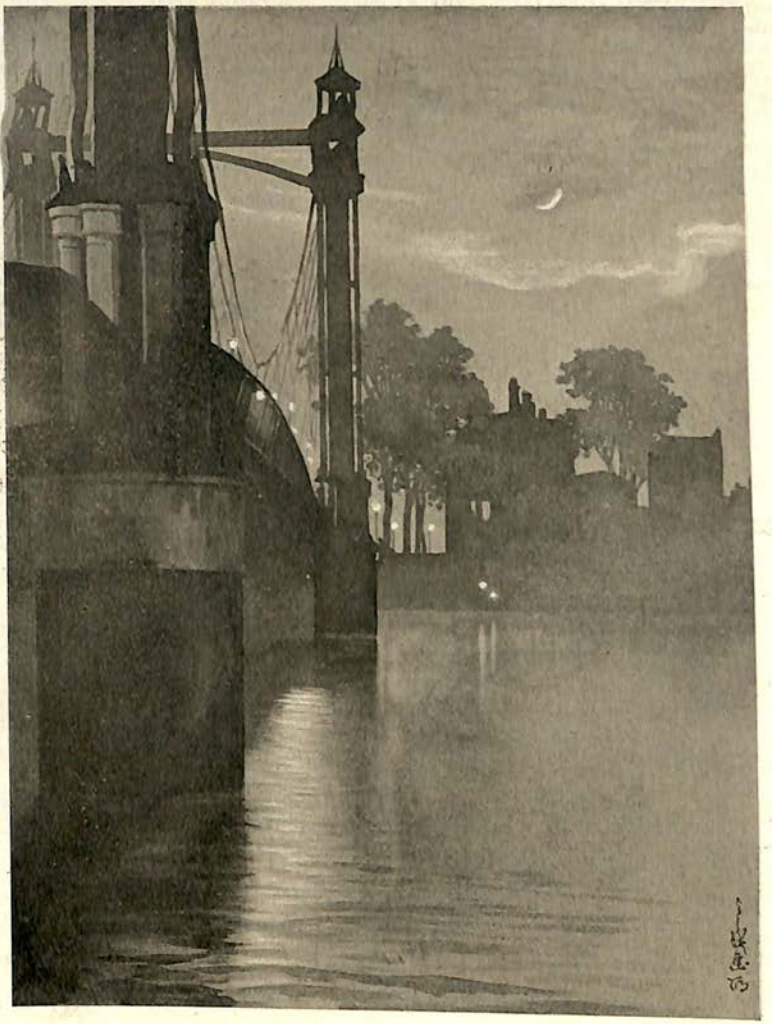
"1680. October 24th. For the prisoners to retrench their families to the number of six servants to each, and that those be all Protestants." There were in November five peers in custody, and on December 29 Lord Stafford was handed over to the Sheriff of Middlesex to be beheaded on Tower Hill. He was William Howard, a distinguished officer, a fellow of the Royal Society, a Knight of the Bath, and was created Lord Stafford after his marriage with Mary, granddaughter and heiress of the twentieth lord. His widow was made Countess of Stafford by James II. The monument of the last earl, John Paul, in St Edmund's Chapel at Westminster, is well known to heraldic students, with its eighteen ancient badges. Many other falsely accused Romanists perished before the perjuries of Oates and his fellows, but the remaining peers detained in the Tower were soon liberated.

The change in popular opinion was very marked. Its first victim was Arthur Capel, who had been created Earl of Essex as an acknowledgement of his father's loyalty to Charles I. He was an adherent of Shaftesbury, in whose ministry he was First Lord of the Treasury 1679. At Shaftesbury's fall he was sent to the Tower, July 10, 1683. About the same time, owing probably to the disturbed state of the kingdom, and especially of London, Charles and his brother, the Duke of York, took up their abode in the old royal lodgings, or what was left of them, to the eastward of the Wakefield Tower. Evelyn describes Essex as "a

sober, wise, judicious and pondering person, not illiterate beyond the rate of most noblemen in this age, very well versed in English history and affairs, industrious, frugal, methodical, and every way accomplished." Evelyn explains the situation clearly and briefly: "After the Popish Plot, there was now a new and (as they called it) a Protestant Plot discovered." Essex was among the first apprehended, with him being Lord Russell and Algernon Sidney. Russell was the first to be tried. Evelyn writes on July 13: "The astonishing news was brought to us of the Earl of Essex having cut his throat, having been but three days a prisoner in the Tower, and this happening on the very day and instant that Lord Russell was on his trial, and had sentence of death." The suicide, if suicide it was, made the more impression because he was so well known for his "sober and religious deportment." The King and the Duke passed his window about the time of the shocking event, and we may infer that he was in the Lieutenant's House, which they would have to pass to reach the gate. This was strange, but there was the further fact that his head was so nearly cut off "that an executioner could scarcely have done more with the axe." "There were," continues Evelyn, "odd reflections on it." It was probably a suicide, and Burnet, who investigated the case on behalf of the widowed Lady Essex, came to that conclusion; but the coroner, through injudicious zeal, contrived to impart various suspicions. "The Earl's body," say Britton and Bray-

ley, "had been stripped, and the closet in which he met his death had been washed prior to the inquest being held," and again, when the jury expressed a wish to see the clothes in which the Earl died, the coroner, after retiring into another room, told them "it was the body, and not the clothes they were to sit upon." Chauncy (I, 312) gives him a very good character. Writing towards the end of the seventeenth century he says:

"He was a person easy of access, somewhat tall in stature, but slender in Body, adorned with a comely Countenance, mixed with Gravity and Sweetness: his Discourses were generally free and pleasant: his Demeanour very complaisant: his promises real and sincere, his Reprimands smart and ingenious: his mind sedatic: his Apprehensions quick: his Fancy nimble, his Elocution good, his Judgment sound: his courage great, and his Resolution unalterable: He was always wary and circumspect in Council, where he endeavoured to obstruct all arbitrary Power, and the increase of the Popish interest, which was his Ruine: He was very temperate in Diet, strict in his Justice, tender of his Honour, and constant to his Friend: He delighted much in his Library where he converst often with his Books, enabled himself to speak on all occasions in public with great Applause and would often spend his vacant Hours in the viewing of Records, the study of Antiquity, and the learning of Mathematics: and for his Diversion would recreate himself in his pleasant



EARLY EVENING—CHELSEA BRIDGE.

Gardens, and Delicious Groves of his own Plantations."

Of Russell's imprisonment and death so much has been written that we need not delay over them now. We may say the same of Monmouth and of the Seven Bishops. Judge Jefferies ended his days in the Tower, his only safe refuge.

The Revolution filled the Tower with members of noble families inimical to the new dynasty, and Atterbury was lodged there in 1722. In 1723 an order was sent to the Constables to deliver the body of the Bishop of Rochester to the captain of His Majesty's ship *Aldborough*, who conveyed him to the Continent. The Jacobite rebels in the '15 and the '45, as already detailed, kept up a succession of prisoners, but there followed a long period of comparative quiet. In the reign of George III, the first of the municipality to be imprisoned was John Wilkes. Egremont and Halifax, two of the ministers, signed a warrant for his committal as the author and publisher of *The North Briton*, no. XLV, "a most infamous and seditious libel." But since the old times of which we have been speaking the famous Habeas Corpus Act had been made the law of the land. Wilkes was immediately set at liberty by the Court of King's Bench, and, moreover, recovered £1,000 damages against the Under Secretary of State for the seizure of his papers. This was in 1763. In 1769 he became Alderman of Farringdon Without, and in 1774 Lord Mayor. Meanwhile, in March 1771, the Lord Mayor,

Brass Crosby, and Richard Oliver, an alderman, were committed by the Speaker, at the instance of the Ministry. Reports of proceedings in the House of Commons were not permitted in those days. Two printers in the city, Wheble and Thompson, were summoned to the Bar of the House but did not attend; and the Sergeant-at-Arms proceeded to the city to seize them, but not being backed by the civic authorities failed in his mission. The Ministry issued a proclamation, and Wheble was brought up at the Guildhall by an informer. The sitting alderman was John Wilkes, and the hour of revenge had come. He not only pronounced the proclamation waste paper, but bound Wheble over to prosecute, and the informer was subsequently fined and imprisoned. Miller, the printer of one of the offending journals, was next arrested by a messenger of the House. Knowing what had happened in Wheble's case, Miller promptly sent for a constable and gave the messenger into custody. The Lord Mayor and Alderman Oliver reinforced Wilkes at the Guildhall, and the three sat on Miller's case. Him they immediately discharged and the unhappy messenger was brought up and obliged to give bail for his appearance "to answer for having violated the liberty of a citizen." As Dr Johnson remarked of the imbecility of the Ministry, "if they sent a messenger into the city to take up a printer, the messenger was taken up instead of the printer." The House summoned the three magistrates to the Bar. Wilkes refused to attend ex-

cept as member for Middlesex, for which he had never been allowed to take his seat. Passing him over, for they were really afraid of him, they obtained from the Speaker the imprisonment of Crosby and Oliver, who accordingly went to the Tower in full civic state and remained there till the end of the session set them free. They were committed at the end of March, and remained in custody till July 23. They were received on their release at the boundary by the state coach and fifty-three other carriages, by the artillery company, who gave them a royal salute of twenty-one guns, and by an immense concourse of citizens who swarmed over Tower Hill only to see them afar off.

CHAPTER VI

Of Changes of Custom

The Reign of Queen Victoria—Photography—The Novelists—Imprisonment—Playgrounds—Intramural Burial—Epidemics—Water—Pavements—Railway tickets—Nursing—Shops—Flowers—Colours

WE have seen in another chapter that the migrations of fashion in London places of residence are the result of certain causes. These causes unquestionably always exist and have existed, though it is not always easy to find them. But when we come to examine a very prominent feature in London, a local colour of the most powerful kind, namely, changes of fashion in dress, changes of custom, changes of manners, we are concerned with something much more difficult to define. Just as words and expressions which in, say, Smollett's time were in ordinary use, would now appear most boorish if not improper, so many things we think natural and reasonable would have been deemed almost impossible then. Nay, if we take as a limit what we call the 'fifties of the last century, the middle of Queen Victoria's reign, and contrast everyday life then and now, a feat which many of us who are still by no means to be described as old can easily perform, we find the change in the aspect of the Colour of London is almost incredible. For example, in 1850 and much later, portraits by photo-

graphy were only beginning to be common objects of the drawing-room table or wall. It was looked upon as most extraordinary that you should possess the carte-de-visite of a lady not very nearly related, say within the prohibited degrees at least. On the other hand, it would have been the height of conceit for a man to give or send his likeness to a lady. We can scarcely realize it now when we find a beautiful actress objecting to have her portrait turned into ridicule. There would have been no doubt of the verdict half a century ago, and it would not have been what was pronounced the other day. No lady's picture less than a hundred years old, certainly no photograph, would have been seen in a shop window. It was one reason a little later that such a place as the Burlington Arcade was tabooed, when an occasional photograph, very much touched up and the eyes widened as in contemporary paintings, was to be seen in the windows. Young ladies were not supposed to walk in such a place, even on a wet day, just as they were not supposed to read novels, except, of course, *The Heir of Redclyffe*. Dickens, but not *Pickwick*, was sometimes allowed, and the green paper covers of the new number of *Dombey* or *Bleak House* were to be found occasionally on the table, even where there were girls in the family; but Thackeray never, oh, never! The yellow covers, with Richard Doyle's picture on them, were under the sofa cushion, if indeed they were admitted to the house.

Bleak House came out in 1853, and *Little Dorrit* in

1857, and to them may in large part be attributed the changes in matters of law, and especially the laws affecting imprisonment for debt and those which governed the procedure of the Court of Chancery. Dickens had suffered from the severity of these laws, and his early recollections were embittered by what his improvident father, the "Mr Micawber" of one of his fictions, had to undergo. Imprisonment for debt alone unaccompanied by any criminality was so common that it occurs as something quite ordinary in most contemporary novels—over and over again in the books of both Dickens and Thackeray.

There is a curious little volume on the subject compiled by Mr Alfred Trumble and printed in America ten years ago, called *In Jail with Charles Dickens*, which brings the subject very forcibly before us. Mr Pickwick's memorable tour round his prison preceded by a tipstaff leads to the remark quoted by Mr Trumble, "We still have unblotted on leaves of our Statute Book for the reverence and admiration of the succeeding ages the just and wholesome law which declares that the sturdy felon shall be fed and clothed and the penniless debtor shall be left to die in starvation and nakedness." The Fleet Prison was by the riverside under the steep hill on which Ludgate and Newgate stood, and had a brick wall that extended along what is now Farringdon Street. A wide grated window bore the inscription, "Please remember poor debtors having no allowance." I have seen something of the kind

at Lisbon not very long ago, and in my childhood, under the reign of the saintly Bomba at Naples, I was conducted by my parents to the Vicaria to put a copper into one of the ragged hats let down by prisoners from windows in the towers. A wooden box was supplied for the purpose at the Fleet.

In 1842 this prison was abolished, and in 1846, the site having been purchased by the Corporation, it was razed to the ground. There were two such prisons grouped with Horsemonger Lane Gaol, in a suburb of Southwark, namely, the Marshalsea and the King's Bench. The Marshalsea figures in *Little Dorrit* and the King's Bench in *David Copperfield.* All three have now disappeared; so have the sponging houses in the neighbourhood of Chancery Lane. To them Thackeray, especially in his minor stories and sketches, called attention. It seems now hardly credible that all these sad, cruel, if often absurd, travesties of justice were in full working order in the early years of the beneficent rule of Queen Victoria. The contrast was strongly pointed out when at the time of the Diamond Jubilee her Majesty drove through the Borough and passed the region now marked by "Little Dorrit's Playground," where the happy faces of children obliterated all but the memory of those miserable old days.

Playgrounds and other open spaces for rest and recreation are being laid out in all directions, whilst Mrs Humphry Ward and other ladies interest themselves in Happy Evenings, Days in the Country, holidays at

the sea and other "school treats" where formerly, for a considerable part of every year, in holiday time for example, the school playgrounds were unoccupied. It was wretched to see a little group of children looking wistfully and sadly through the gates of an empty playground and turning away to play in the gutter. An empty playground, except in school time, is to be described, like *dirt*, as matter in the wrong place. The clearing of small open courts, sometimes merely former back yards or disused gardens in such districts as Drury Lane or what used to be the Rookery of St Giles, is an unmitigated benefit to the children who, as health is happiness, are in London rather to be envied.

Playgrounds like that on the site of the Marshalsea are now the rule in London. Mr Yoshio Markino has given us more than one cheerful scene of the kind. The churchyards were beginning to be transformed in 1850, but very little progress was made for a long time. As far back as 1839 Walker, a London surgeon, had published a powerful exposure of the dangers of burial in churches and in crowded churchyards in the thickly inhabited streets. The title of his volume is a treatise in itself: "*Gatherings from Graveyards;* particularly those of London: with a concise history of the modes of interment among different nations, from the earliest periods. And a detail of dangerous and fatal results produced by the unwise and revolting custom of interring the dead in the midst of the living."

What the state of the older parts of London at that

THE TRAM TERMINUS, WESTMINSTER BRIDGE ROAD.

time was may be gathered from Walker's account of Clement's Lane, a street which has now disappeared. It was "a narrow thoroughfare on the eastern side of Clare Market." Clare Market was very picturesque, but is now the site of some gaunt-looking model lodging-houses. "The houses on the east side look into a burial ground, called the Green Ground, in Portugal Street." On the west was a private burying-place called Enon Chapel. At the south end of the lane was a burial-place belonging to almshouses, within a few feet of the Strand, and in the centre of the Strand were the burial-ground and vaults of St Clement Danes. Within a distance, therefore, of about two hundred yards, in a direct line, were four burial-grounds. It is no wonder that Walker adds, as a commentary on this state of things, "Typhus fever in its aggravated form has attacked by far the majority of the residents, and death has made among them the most destructive ravages."

This is only a single example out of many mentioned; and it will be acknowledged by everybody, without further particulars, that in this respect things have improved within the lifetime of people not yet old. The noisome cemeteries have been turned into open spaces, green with grass, shady with trees, supplied with seats, and, in some instances, convenient for playgrounds. One of the largest of these spaces is the burial-ground of St George's, Hanover Square. This place lies on the Bayswater Road, concealed behind a red brick chapel, which occupies the place of a curious

building, garnished with a bell turret on which were displayed the names of the churchwardens by whom this ground was taken, under an Act of Parliament, from the parish of Paddington, and laid out for a cemetery. In the old chapel, now part of a vestry, is the famous epitaph on Mrs Malone, who died in 1839. Another such space is Bunhill Fields, behind the houses in Old Street, St Luke's, where the monument of John Bunyan is very conspicuous, and where the gravestones have been suffered to remain, though trees have been planted and seats supplied. Much smaller are a number of little graveyards in the City, most of which now add to the airiness and wholesomeness of the surrounding streets. One or two, such as that in Coleman Street, or the churchyard of St Olave's, Hart Street, have curious gates, and a third, off Mark Lane, has the tower of All Hallows, Staining, a little bit of Gothic, still standing in it. These crowded cemeteries include that of St Giles, Cripplegate, outside the line of the wall. During the Great Plague in 1665 the surface was raised several feet by the numerous interments, yet we are told that a well in the midst was considered particularly good for sore eyes. The New River, with clean fresh water, was but little used as long as these wells remained in churchyards and in private houses. All were destroyed by the Great Fire in the following year. Within the memory of many of us frequent visitations of cholera were undoubtedly caused by the use of wells, chiefly in the western districts, as for instance, that in

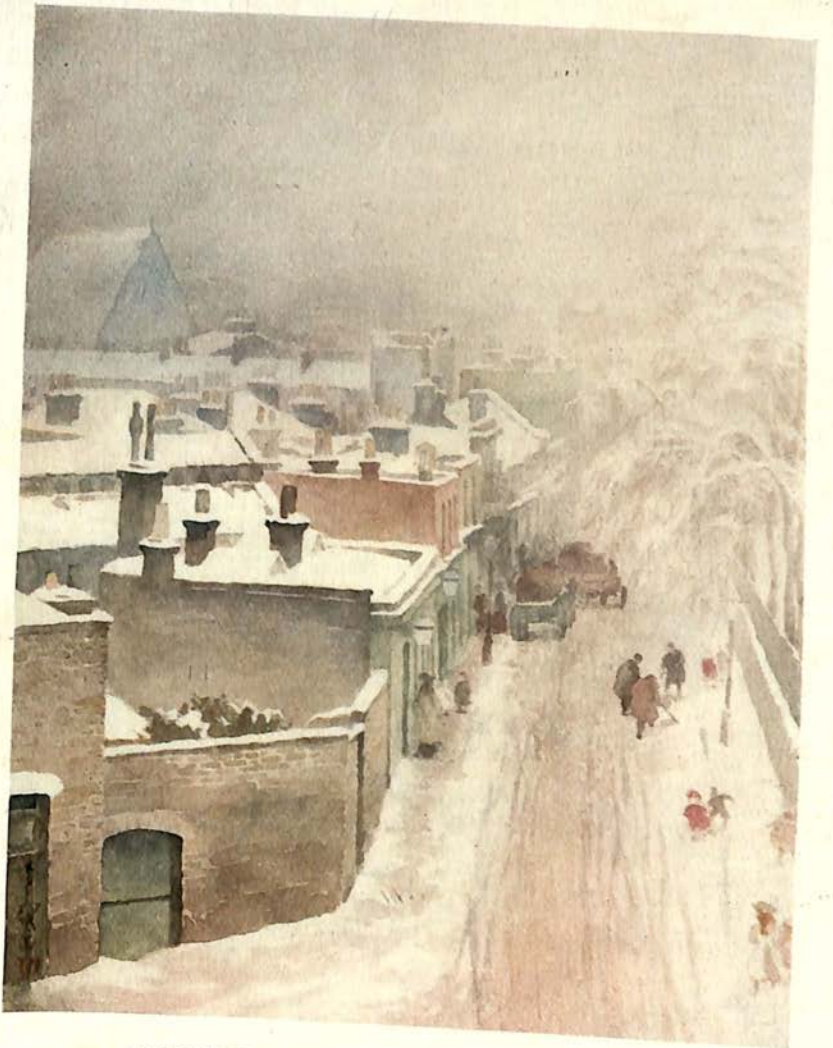
Broad Street, south of Soho Square. We wonder at the obtuseness of the seventeenth-century citizens who did not perceive what a boon they owed to Sir Hugh Myddelton, but we ourselves and our parents were just as stupid when cholera and enteric fever became epidemics on more than one occasion in the 'fifties.

With pure water has come good light. A few years ago, say twenty, it was thought to be one of the most astonishing things in the world to look along Piccadilly, just after sundown, and see the lines of gas lamps. But now a much more wonderful sight is that of the great globes of electric light, which turn night into day. We get so soon accustomed to such sights that it is already difficult to realize that at the time of the recovery of the then Prince of Wales from fever in 1872, a most remarkable part of the illuminations was the flickering exhibition of an electric light from a house in Ludgate Hill.

Among the greatest of these street improvements has been the virtual abolition of stone pavements. Can we, who complain of the noise made by motor omnibuses, imagine what it would be if wood pavement had not become universal. Nay, many of us can look still further back and remember when the larger streets were paved with cobble stones. We may remember Oxford Street in this condition and the low rumble, audible like thunder, at a long distance. Then there came a great improvement in the shape of neatly-cut Caithness granite, specimens of which may still be seen

in back alleys and lanes. They, too, were very noisy, and conversation, even in a carriage on smooth springs, was impossible. Now, we frequently find ladies chatting freely in omnibuses, and the use of rubber tyres encourages conversation on the roughest streets.

Certainly motors are destined to play a large part in social as well as strictly topographical improvements. Perhaps balloons may have a part to play in the reform of locomotion. The comparative ease of travelling is one of the greatest marvels of the age. The value and population, first, of suburban houses and, secondly, of country cottages have been enormously increased, and with their growth many social relations have been revised. Nine out of ten middle-class householders have some place not too far from town to which resort may be made by cycle or motor. Except by the Progressives of County Council rails are no longer necessary if the high road is well and truly laid. Moreover, the great booking office nuisance has on certain lines been mitigated, and on one railway at least abolished. If you wish to take a walk, you are not obliged to mention every house or street you will call at. If you go on your cycle or motor, you are your own master. Why is it that if you take a ticket to, say Reading, and only go to Slough, you cannot get back the difference in price? But the postage stamp or coupon system forms an easily-worked alternative, as does that in use on the well-named "Twopenny Tube." These are small matters, but they influence the Colour of London to those



CALE STREET, CHELSEA, IN SNOW, JANUARY, 1907.

who think of how much a number of these minor reforms would affect the whole harmony of the piece.

Some of the greatest reforms have been those affecting the position of women. In this London has undoubtedly taken the lead. A movement is now on foot for carrying what have been desirable and wholesome changes a little too far. The more sober-sided women, feeling thankful for the extension of their liberties, fear that it may become licence, and shrink from unnecessary experiments; but, undoubtedly, the number of employments open to them has increased largely with manifest advantage to all concerned. Women have found much occupation as hospital nurses. All ranks meet in these great institutions, and more than physical good is often conferred upon patients, many of whom, during an illness, are for the first time in their lives brought under the influence of ladies. We all remember, early in the 'sixties, if duty called us to visit a great London hospital, to what a rough class the ordinary hospital nurse belonged. There is no greater change, although for the most part a silent change, than this. The improvement tells in many directions, moral as well as medical and surgical. The debt we owe to Miss Nightingale and the brave band of ladies who formed the first sisterhood of hospital nurses can never be assessed. The people of this generation cannot conceive what was the old state of things or how great is the gain.

Another much needed, if even less conspicuous, re-

form has been in the hours of labour and in the generally improved treatment of those who have to work for our comfort and convenience. There are many societies, such as those that attend to the condition of shop-assistants or to the regulation of shop hours. Long hours' weary standing behind counters, bad food and haste at feeding time, want of ventilation, are all evils which admit of mitigation, and much is being done, though much still remains to be done and cases of hardship occur. The altered feeling of society in this one matter is remarkable, and the prevailing tone has greatly improved.

Among the employments of women, especially of women of a so-called "superior class," that afforded by the great extension of an interest in floriculture should be mentioned. We meet with exotic flowers from all parts of the world, and they have become as necessary on the dining table as the salt. The number of native flowers is almost as remarkable as the variety of those brought from abroad, and their cultivation employs profitably an enormous number of ladies who might otherwise stand idle. As gardeners they are often very successful. In old times flowers were seldom bought for entertainment, but gardeners exchanged from their employers' gardens. Gardening as an art can now be carried on without loss, and much improvement results from greater refinement. To judge by the illustrated newspapers, many ladies are not content with gardens but invade the farm, and we see the results in London,

to which the best of everything grown elsewhere is sure to come.

The aspect of the streets has altered considerably. Omnibuses were common half a century ago, but that gaily dressed ladies should sit on the top was thought impossible. It will be remembered that the "garden seats" instead of the "knife-boards" made all the difference. In some respects, therefore, a street view is brighter by far than it used to be. On the other hand, khaki is not a picturesque substitute of the gold and colour of an ordinary uniform. The old scarlet coats of the postmen are a sad loss, and it is many years now since we saw a hatchment. There were hatchments on St James's and the other royal palaces when the Prince Consort died, but there were none after Queen Victoria's funeral. One of the last commemorated a noble duke on his house in Grosvenor Place, and with that they were tacitly abolished. The custom of carrying the arms of the deceased in the funeral procession was one of the oldest of our more pompous usages. They were afterwards hung for a year over his house, being finally deposited in his church. The architects of the Gothic revival were, strange to say, particularly inimical to hatchments, many curious collections being destroyed, with fatal effect on the picturesqueness of old parish churches, by way of a thorough restoration.

CHAPTER VII

Of the London Parks

Two Kinds of Parks—Kensington Gardens—Manor of Neyt—Nottingham Park—A Strange Fiction— The Old Divisions—Hyde Park—Oliver's Mount—The Ladies' Mile—Park Preachers

THE parks are of two kinds, under two managers, and resorted to by two kinds of people. Time was when all the parks were those which belonged to royal palaces; they formed part of the surroundings of the Sovereign's residence. By this they were protected and kept open, the first of our monarchs who purposely surrounded himself with an open space being Henry VIII. Towards the close of his life he made certain parts of the Abbot's estates into hunting grounds and a large piece of territory into a "chase" where the King might take his pleasure, hunt, ride or shoot without any fear of interruption, "for his own disport and pastime," as the proclamation says. It was owing to this curious ordinance that we have now in our very midst one of the most brilliant of the pigments which go to make up the Colour of London, namely, the connected ring of green and open spaces which is formed by St James's, Upper St James's or the Green Park, Hyde Park with Kensington Gardens, and, slightly separated, Marylebone Common, now called Regent's Park. These form the Royal Parks. Close by are Worm-

EARLY AUTUMN AT GROSVENOR GATE, HYDE PARK.

wood Scrubbs; Primrose Hill and Hampstead Common, with several smaller woods adjoining Highgate; Alexandra Park; Finsbury Park, formerly a hunting ground of the bishops of London and known as Hornsey Wood; and, far away to the east, Victoria Park with Hackney Common and London Fields, Hackney Downs, Highbury Fields and several other small isolated spaces, of which Clissold Park, on the New River, is the most important. Almost in Epping Forest are Wanstead Flats. A complete list of all these additions to London's breathing spaces would take a whole chapter and must be reckoned to the credit of those last few years of progress which saw so much improvement at the end of the glorious reign of Queen Victoria.

On the south side of the Thames the new parks and "parklets" are as numerous in proportion to the space. Of these, apart from Battersea Park, a wonderful transformation from the mud flats and manure heaps which most of us remember facing Chelsea, the most remarkable are the great commons, Wandsworth, Clapham and Tooting, with Brockwell Park and Dulwich Park, and many gardens and small green areas, all of which improve what fifty years ago were melancholy wastes and wildernesses of small houses.

The modern parks belonging more or less directly to London include, of course, those two outlying woods, Burnham Beeches and Epping Forest, both due to the Corporation of London, but both at a considerable distance, in Buckinghamshire and Essex respectively.

There is much difference of administration between the parks which belong to the Crown—that is, the ministerial body which governs the royal estates and used to be known as "the Woods and Forests," and those which are controlled by the County Council. But a greater difference is made by fashion. Certain roads are given up to carriages and motors, others to riders on horseback and a third class again to pedestrians. Of this third class the most interesting historically is Kensington Gardens. Like Hyde Park, they formed part of the great estate which belonged to the Lord Abbot of Westminster, to whom it had been given by Geoffrey Mandeville shortly after the Conquest and before the date of the Domesday Book. The Abbot either obtained Neat with Hyde or had it already, and there are clear indications that Neat, or Neyt, which means in old English a dairy pasture or something of the sort, is commemorated in the name of the Knightsbridge, which carries the western road over the West Bourne from Kensington Gore to Kensington, that part of the road which runs from the bourne as far as the entrance of Palace Gardens being until lately reckoned in Westminster.

After the parishes of St James's, Piccadilly, and St George's, Hanover Square, had been taken out of the original parish of St Margaret, Kensington Gardens remained an outlying part of Westminster. The old Manor House of Neyt gradually lost its name, and for a time seems to have been called Nottingham House.

It was so near Kensington, in fact, that even in 1819 the Duchess of Kent was churched after the birth of the future Queen Victoria, not in her parish church of St Margaret, but in Kensington. The Manor House, when Lord Nottingham held it, is still apparently in great part standing, but the eastern wing was burnt in 1691, soon after William and Mary came into residence, and at the rebuilding Wren substituted the fine red-brick wing, which now forms a central feature of the palace. The old centre and western wing still exist, with their formerly cross-mullioned windows still to be seen in the courtyard and their dormers in the roof.

After the death of Queen Victoria the good Kensington folk seem to have awakened to the fact that though she had been born in Kensington Palace she had not been born in Kensington. What has been described as *ex post facto* legislation was invoked to rectify the boundary in defiance of history: and a new boundary runs down the Broad Walk, which, having formerly been all, like the adjoining Palace, in St Margaret's, Westminster, is now half in St Mary Abbot's.

The park, comprising the rest of Neyt and a field or two to square the northern outline from Bayswater, was cut up in farms and other holdings. The Earl of Nottingham obtained leave from Charles II to level the fences and give his park a view into Hyde Park, but it was not till Kensington Palace became a royal residence that all the land up to the Nottingham's sunk fence became part of the Park. Much of it was held as

a place for grazing horses by the Ranger of Hyde Park, which no doubt simplified matters; and by the time of Queen Caroline, the wife of George II, the additions commenced by Queen Anne were completed to the Haha, part of which remains beyond the Westbourne. The brook pursued a very winding course through the valley below and was locally known as the Serpentine, a name it still retains, though Queen Caroline straightened its course so effectually that it was officially described as The Canal. At Knightsbridge, where it crosses the western road, dividing the manor of Chelsea from what had been the Abbot's manor of Ebury, it resumes its old name of Westbourne and pursues its way to the Thames, winding as before, so that both above and below Sloane Square it was recently rectified by surveyors appointed by the neighbouring landowners, the Duke of Westminster and Lord Cadogan.

Kensington Gardens, then, are a resort for pedestrians only, unless the go-carts of innumerable children with their nurses count to the contrary. The Broad Walk and adjoining rows of elm trees form the greatest attraction. Unfortunately, old age is affecting them very much. Compared with an oak an elm is but short lived and falling branches occur, especially if the tree is not well nourished, soon after the second century has elapsed. The Broad Walk is some fifty years the junior of the Long Walk at Windsor, but appears quite as old not having been judiciously treated, or even let alone. Such trees require nourishment particularly in town, the best

THE SERPENTINE—AUTUMN.

being their own leaves, which should be swept up round their roots as they fall. Shallow pits seem to have been provided by one set of foresters but have not been filled by their successors and lopping is the only cure suggested for the decay of the topmost branches. Of course, leaves require treatment to make them lie still, but it would be very easy and most profitable, instead of burning to turn them into the most appropriate dressing for the roots. No one can write about Kensington Gardens and their ill-treatment without mentioning Wren's garden buildings, designed for Queen Anne. The Orangery has been cleaned out and repaired, but the Alcove, which was intended to finish an avenue from the south front of the Palace, has been removed to the other end of the gardens, turned the other way and set beside a sloping path, where it is meaningless and useless and jars disagreeably with the wretched decorations of the northern head of the Serpentine.

One other point should be noticed. Kensington Gardens were the subject of a most persistent and unfounded fiction in the last century. I imagine some people "convinced against their will," still hold to it. Briefly stated in Cunningham's words it is this: These gardens originally consisted of only 26 acres; Queen Anne added 30 acres, and Queen Caroline 300.

This is circumstantial enough. It means nothing if it does not mean that Kensington Gardens consist of 300 acres plus 30 acres plus 26 acres equal to 356 acres, stated as a sum. But they really contain only

240 acres, including certain additions made by Queen Victoria, the only sovereign who actually did add to the size of the space reserved for foot passengers. The error, which occurs even in the authorized guide, is due to a confusion in terms. The gardens of Nottingham House as sold to William III only held 26 acres, but the adjoining park held the rest. When the adjoining Nottingham Park with its gardens was all named "Kensington Gardens" up to the Hyde Park sunk fence, some writer probably read for "the park, namely Nottingham Park" the park, namely Hyde Park, the existence of any park round the Manor House of Neyt being forgotten or unknown. The boundary has not varied since it was settled by Charles II. It would be interesting to ask Mr Law and those who still think with him, can you find us the missing hundred and fifty acres? They should comprise some of the most valuable land in England.

The divisions of the Park are as follows in a map of 1762, which belonged to the late Dr Merriman of Kensington Square: The eastern bank beyond the Serpentine was "Buck Barn Hill." "Old Pond Walk" was beside the "Canal." "Temple Quarter" was near where the Albert Memorial stands now, the name referring to a classical Temple of the Winds on a mound formed by the earth dug out of Queen Caroline's Canal. "Grand Walk" was the Broad Walk of our time, "Horse Quarter" and "Colt Quarter" bordered the east side of "The Bason." The north-west corner

was "Grindstone Quarter," and "Old Pond Quarter" was on the south-west, the place of the Old Pond being probably marked by the supposed chalybeate Well. "The Wilderness" was to the north of the Orangery, and is further marked as "Old Gardens and Gravel Pits." It is still locally reported that among the cedar and yew trees here William III used to walk when he would be alone. His arms are still on the gate-posts near the hotel in High Street, Kensington, and the initials "W. and M." are interlaced to form the weathercock over the entrance of the Palace. There were some buildings of the time of Henry VIII on Palace Green, where the oldest things now are the former stables, with their cross-mullioned windows. The kitchen garden was where Thackeray's house and Lord Carlisle's stand now.

There are many places in England called Hyde or the Hyde, of which Hyde Hall in Essex will be the most familiar or, perhaps, Hyde in Hampshire. Hyde Park would seem to have been, not an open and perhaps waste common, but a place of habitation, and probably furnished with a manor house. So at least we gather from the name. As Sir Henry Ellis pointed out in his *Introduction* to Domesday, quoting Bishop Kennett, the word "hide" is not derived from the classical hide of a beast, as in the story of the founding of Carthage; but from a Saxon word which signifies to cover over as with a roof: a word we only use in "hut," a cottage. This piece of what was forest

land in the reign of Henry VIII had borne a residence on it in the days when it received its name, some time probably before the Conquest. The Hide, in later usage, was a word signifying as much as one plough could cultivate, so that the name in either signification forbids any idea that the site of the present Royal Park was uncultivated. The name as a name here has no meaning if we consider it as a measure of size, for the largest hide mentioned by Ellis was about 100 acres, whereas Hyde Park is almost 400.

From the time of Henry VIII, then, Hyde Park has been a place of recreation, at first of sport and later merely of exercise. The western boundary was rather indefinite, being, in fact, only marked by the windings of the Westbourne or Serpentine before the time of the Commonwealth. It contained several buildings which are named in the particulars of sale in 1652: a banqueting house, for example, several lodges and the two forts erected as part of the defences of London made just before the outbreak of the Civil War. Of these one was at Hyde Park Corner and the other is commemorated by Mount Street, in which the exact position of Oliver's Mount, as it was afterwards called, may be made out on an old map, very near where the circular portico of Grosvenor House stands now. The Hyde Park Corner fort was of considerable size, and boasted of four bastions. The work was carried out in 1642, the citizens, men, women and children working with their hands, even ladies of

AT THE ZOO.

rank, and relays taking each other's place, night and day.

We first hear of the Park being made a place of popular resort and amusement about ten years before this fortification, and refreshments were to be had at one of the lodges which bore the sign of Prince Maurice's Head. It is mentioned in one of Shirley's plays, entitled, *Hide Park*, and published in 1637, having been in existence some five years earlier, according to Smith whose little book is rather rare. There were horse races as well as foot races, and one of Shirley's songs names the well-bred race-horses—Jilian Thrust, Young Constable, Neddy Gray, Lurching Bess, Black Dragon, White Rose and many more. Other sports are mentioned, such as "the hurling of a great ball by fifty Cornish gentlemen a side," which was witnessed in 1654 by the Lord Protector. One of the Puritan newspapers was much shocked, as we gather from a notice of people "going a-Maying" in Hyde Park, when much sin was "committed by wicked meeting, with fiddlers, drunkenness and ribaldry," and there is a description of "many hundreds of rich coaches and gallants in attire, but most shameful powdered-haired men and painted and spotted women." We are further told that some men played with a silver ball and some took other recreations.

We further hear of the grim Oliver going with Thurloe, his secretary, to picnic in the Park, and afterwards trying to drive six horses which had been sent him by the

Duke of Oldenburg, and coming to grief owing to the horses running away. Thurloe was hurt too, and the whole scene is described in one of those curious papers which were so long hidden away in the old tower at Lincoln's Inn, which formed Thurloe's lodgings. On another occasion the Protector fared better. The hinges of the heavy gates of the Park were filed to facilitate the escape of two assassins who were to shoot Cromwell when he spoke to one of them, admiring the horse he rode. His courage failed him, and he subsequently confessed; but as this was in 1656, the Protector's life was nearly at its end without the interference of the plotters. Both Evelyn and Pepys mention the toll paid by vehicles and horses entering the Park about this time.

Charles II does not seem to have used Hyde Park as much as St James's and Birdcage Walk. In pursuance of his attempts to patronize men of science, he proposed to make an observatory in Hyde Park, but Wren recommended Greenwich instead. Under the early Georges waterworks were made in the Park, and one reservoir remains near Grosvenor Gate where it has been turned into a sunk garden and has a fountain in the centre.

At present Hyde Park is chiefly remarkable as a place of fashionable resort during the London Season. In this aspect Mr Markino has caught it perhaps at its best. It must be allowed that the days of the Row in its glory are waning. It culminated about the time the beautiful Danish princess was received by admiring crowds,

whether of a morning in June she rode in Rotten Row surrounded by her family and attendants all superbly mounted, or in the afternoon drove along the Lady's Mile, while a brilliant throng in magnificent carriages waited by the side of the road to see her pass.

More than a quarter of a century ago the scene was described in a weekly paper and we may safely borrow some sentences from the article.

"Such a show of wealth and fashion the world does not elsewhere contain. You count in five minutes more handsome and well-matched horses than can be seen among all the squires of your acquaintance. You see more pretty faces than you thought the human race could altogether boast. The men look like the centaurs and athletes in the Greek sculpture you have been shown in the Museum. What splendid moustaches, what small feet, what an air, what a manner, how gracefully they take off their hats and with what composure they speak to the lovely occupants of carriages decorated with coronets and supporters! At length, like a stranger in Paradise, you look at the doings of the world of which you have heard—the world of rank and riches, of nobles and beauties, politeness and urbanity, and whatever else is meant by those terms of civilization which define the boundaries between town and country.

"Above all other sights, however, you desire to see the Princess."

The article concludes: "A party of Four-in-hand

drags has assembled at the corner and is about to drive down to Twickenham for an evening at the Orleans. . . . As you reflect, a sleepy feeling seems to come over you. The endless roll of carriages, all going at the same pace, all going the same way, is as soporific as the manipulation of a mesmerizer. Suddenly a thrill seems to go through every one. Every carriage draws to the side. A policeman in very white gloves trots past. Then comes a little phaeton drawn by two grey horses. A lady, 'divinely tall and most divinely fair,' bows and smiles. You see a vision of angelic children's faces; the carriages close in again behind, and it is not till the round has begun again that you are fully aware that you have indeed seen the Princess. Unfortunately you do not even know what was the colour of her dress."

What we saw and described in the old *Saturday Review* so many years ago we cannot expect ever to see again. The gay throng has been broken up by the invasion of motors. A French writer is quoted by Smith as speaking of the decay of fashionable life as seen in Hyde Park just after Oliver's death. Such an assembly of wretched jades and hackney coaches! Next to a regiment of carmen there is nothing of the order, equipage and splendour that might be seen in France at that time. We have not come to that yet in London, but motors render impossible that slow and stately pacing, the long waits under the trees, the show of fine horses and of carriages, modelled, painted, furnished to a point which could only be described as perfection.

THE LAKE, EARL'S COURT, BY NIGHT.

Already we hear of the decline of all this, and must acquiesce with regret.

The open-air preaching is a feature of the Park, as we have it now, which cannot be left unnoticed. As a rule it is little short of barbarous, but now and again something better may be met with, though the political speeches usually excel the religious. For a time there was a somewhat absurd institution known as Church Parade. It was attended by ladies, each of whom, whether she had been to church or not, carried a prayer-book. The professional lady guides, who might be seen personally conducting a party of continental or American tourists to the parade, undertook to name the various personages supposed to be visible, and no doubt whether they knew their lesson or did not it gave equal satisfaction to their audience.

If we leave Hyde Park by Albert Gate, we pass the two figures in bronze of fallow deer on the gate-posts. They are not very remarkable as works of art, but have a certain interest nevertheless. They formerly stood on the gate-posts of the Deputy Ranger's Lodge in the Green Park. This was immediately opposite Down Street, and stood well within the Park railings where a marble fountain now marks the site. It is always said to have been personally designed by King George III as an exercise in the architecture of the day. It was of course carried out in stucco and bore the impress of Robert Adams's hand very plainly, being a pretty villa with a low cupola surrounded by gardens and trees.

Curious to relate, during the whole of its existence it was only inhabited by a single Deputy Ranger. This was Lord William Gordon, the brother of the notorious Lord George Gordon, of whom we had something to say in speaking of Newgate, and of the Duke of Gordon, of a title now extinct. Lord William was M.P. for Elgin and Kincardine, and obtained his office in 1778, when the Lodge must have been newly built. Here he and his wife and their only child, a daughter, lived for many years. The child, whose name was Frances Isabella, sat to Reynolds in 1786, and in 1787 her portrait, repeated five times on a single canvas, was exhibited at the Royal Academy, when she was five years old. The picture, which was described in the catalogue as "Heads of Angels," remained here at the Ranger's Lodge till Lord William died in 1823, and his widow had permission to remain in the Lodge for her life. In 1831 Miss Frances Gordon, still unmarried, died at a mature age, and the lonely mother, having bequeathed the picture to the National Gallery, died in 1841. The house was pulled down a few months later, and even the site has been covered over during some excavations in another part of the park. There have been many alterations all over its surface, the most unfortunate being the removal of the Wellington Arch to a place which is not only on a slope, but does not square with anything in the view. It is only just to observe that the designer of the change, if his object was to rob the arch of any beauty or dignity and

make the monument of the great duke look ridiculous, has perfectly succeeded. In an exhibition of architectural drawings held at the Burlington Club in 1884 there was a design for the entrance to the Green Park by a screen similar in many ways to the beautiful screen opposite, which forms such a graceful entrance to Hyde Park. The Wellington Arch was to have formed a refuge in the centre of the open space. This was Decimus Burton's intention, and might easily have been carried out. It was a pity also to have taken away the figure of the duke on his horse, Copenhagen, and put up the present tame group, without either merit or historical interest.

The Green Park consists of two or more enclosures between Buckingham Palace and its grounds on the west, and the fine houses of Arlington Street on the east. The Tyburn crosses Piccadilly at St James's Club, formerly Coventry House, where there was a statuary's yard, the stream turning the water wheel of a marble cutting machine, whence the street had the name of Engine Street. This has, nobody knows why, been changed into Brick Street, a meaningless alteration, worthy of the authorities who spoilt Hyde Park Corner. The Tyburn fell into the Green Park by a "gully hole" marked on some old maps. It was here that Harriett Westbrook, Shelley's unfortunate wife, drowned herself. Her father was a tailor in Clarges Street close by, so the place was familiar to her. In some books the suicide is said to have taken place in "Rosa-

mond's Pond," but that was a long way off, near Westminster, in St James's Park. The brook, which is now wholly covered, divided the Green Park into Brook Shot and Stone Bridge Close, the stone bridge being at what in a very early charter is called Cowford, on the road to Reading. The Green Park consists in all of fifty-six acres.

St James's Park of about the same size was so named from the Lazar House for poor women which, at the time of the marriage of Henry VIII and Anne of Cleves, was turned into a hunting lodge and fitted up for the honeymoon. The initials of Henry and Anne are in some of the older chambers and are always pointed out as those of the King and his second wife, Anne Boleyn—an obvious mistake. The Park received the name about the same time, according to Mr Wheatley, who tells us that it was sometimes called Westminster Park. Charles II brought in the waterfowl and threw several ponds together for them. The eastern end of this park by the parade ground and the Horse Guards Gate has been the scene of many historical events, while the different buildings are well worthy of study from an architectural point of view. The Treasury and Downing Street, the official residence of the Premier, mark the site of the Cock Pit of old Whitehall, the Privy Council Chamber having been preserved and built into Kent's somewhat anomalous but decidedly picturesque Treasury Building.

ON THE STEPS OF THE ALBERT MEMORIAL.

CHAPTER VIII
Of London Records

Remarkably Abundant—Saxon and Norman Documents—Thorpe on Monkish Charters—Citizens' Wills—Commercial Records at Guildhall—Documents at St Paul's—The Record Office—The Jews in England—The Star Chamber—The Rolls House—The Chapel and its Monuments—The Museum

RECORDS may be described as the bones of history. Great historians can clothe old skeletons with muscles and skin and can breathe life into them; but without records to begin upon their labour would be all in vain. That country or that city which has the best-kept records, and the oldest and most continuous, ought to have the best historical writers. There is no city in Europe where the records have been more carefully preserved, no city where they begin so far back, as London, and yet it is only within the last thirty years or so that they have been made of any use. London histories have harped on old strings, however out of time and deficient. They tell you about William the Conqueror and quote his charter; then they skip on to the Wars of the Roses, and finally refer to old John Stow, accept all his wildest guesses, and take him as a final authority on many matters with which he was very imperfectly or not at all acquainted.

There are abundant materials in existence in manuscript both for the history of the City and also for that part of

London which used to be called the County of Middlesex. They are quite different, not only in their history, but in the methods employed in keeping their records. It may be well to remind you that the City of London was not included in the return known as the Domesday Survey; on the other hand, the County of Middlesex was so included, and we have thus without the walls an immense body of information which fails us when we look within the walls. Nevertheless, our acquaintance with the citizens, their manners and customs, their daily life, their personal names, their quarrels, and above all, their religion, is marvellously complete, even as far back as the beginning of the twelfth century, that is about 1110. No other City that I know of can boast of records either so early or so continuous. These records are of two kinds—ecclesiastical and civil. Within a few years both have been made available for students, the manuscripts at St Paul's by Sir Henry Maxwell Lyte and those at Guildhall by Dr Reginald Sharpe. The St Paul's records were calendared with great care, little of any value being omitted. One omission, however, is of considerable interest as it relates to the position of the bishop among the aldermen. Sir Maxwell Lyte's Calendar appears in the Ninth Report of the Historical Manuscripts Commission. Dr Sharpe's researches among the Guildhall manuscripts have been printed at the expense of the Corporation, and copies are to be seen in most public libraries, although the books were not published for sale.

But there are a few documents which are older than either of these collections. The charter of William the Conqueror is, I believe, in Dr Sharpe's custody, but it is usually exhibited in the Museum or Library of the Guildhall. This little piece of parchment is, however, by no means the oldest document in which London is mentioned. The name occurs in many charters of the Anglo-Saxon Kings. For the most part only an incidental reference is made, and sometimes we are by no means sure that what we know as the City of London is intended. In one very interesting case, Londonton's Hithe probably means a place near Sandwich, at the entrance of the river or canal or arm of the sea which enabled ships to pass in safety from the channel to the Thames without going round the North Foreland. The Wantsum is no longer above ground, but as it formed and forms the boundary between the Isle of Thanet and the rest of Kent, its course is easily traced. We know that from the time of King Alfred London was a safely fortified city. We know also that in the reign of Ethelred the Unready the Danes, who ravaged all England, could not break through the walls of London; and Ethelred had sometimes nothing left to him of his kingdom except the city. We also know that a little later Canute conceived the idea of digging a canal round Southwark, so that he could drag his ships above the bridge. Even so he did not prevail. I have mentioned a charter of Edward the Confessor already and the curious grant by King Burhead of a garden in Cole-

man Street. They are good examples of these very early writings.

With regard to these and other early charters, it must be remembered that, in the Middle Ages when writing was the exclusive accomplishment of the priests, forgeries were common and are difficult to detect. When many witnesses are named, it is sometimes possible to recognize a forgery. A witness may have died before the execution of the deed. In this case a very careful examination would be required before we can accept the charter. Thorpe observes on this point:

"When we find a charter of Æthelberht, a° 605, subscribed by such names as Angemundus, Pinca, Geddi, Graphiocomes, etc., there seems no great risk of error in pronouncing it a forgery. On this subject it is well observed by Palgrave, 'that there are many instruments in the shape and form of original charters, but which are probably copies, made long after the Conquest, for use and perusal, and to prevent the injury which might result to the ancient 'Land-boc,' if touched by rude or careless hands. Occasionally the calligraphist attempted not merely to repeat the words, but to depicture the ancient characters; and as these imitations are easily detected by the skilful antiquary, he may be induced to condemn, as a forgery, a document which was merely intended to be an innocent facsimile.' And again: 'Interest may have tempted the monks to commit forgery; and they did not always resist this temptation so resolutely as might be wished

for the honour of their order. Yet, in extenuation, if not in apology of this offence, it must be remembered that their falsifications were chiefly defensive. Lands which unquestionably belonged to the Church were frequently held merely by prescriptive possession, unaccompanied by deeds and charters. The right was lawful, but there were no lawful means of proving the right. And when the monastery was troubled and impleaded by the Norman Justiciar, or the soke invaded by the Norman Baron, the abbot and his brethren would have recourse to the artifice of inventing a charter for the purpose of protecting property which, however lawfully acquired and honestly enjoyed, was like to be wrested from them by the captious niceties of Norman jurisprudence or the greedy tyranny of the Norman sword.'"

The charters cease to be of value soon after the Conquest—that is to say, as records. The Guildhall deeds in the custody of Dr Sharpe begin with the year 1258, and, looking back between that year and the Conquest, where can we find information as to the state of London and the Londoners?

There are a great many printed books relating to the keeping of the King's accounts with the City. The Hundred Rolls, relating to the reign of Edward I; the Tallage lists, beginning with the reign of Henry III, the Firma Burgi and many other books and documents are to be seen by the student. More than one volume has been printed about the charters which followed

that of William the Conqueror. There is, however, room for others in which both our modern information and the experience gained by long study of old writings might be brought to bear. The City is publishing volume after volume of its ancient records, but St Paul's is doing nothing.

The wills of citizens had to be proved before the Hustings, and almost all the more eminent of the Londoners are registered in the list. Two portly volumes of abstracts of these wills have been put into print at the cost of the Corporation, and copies may be seen in most public libraries. There is not, so far as I know, any other city in Europe whose archives go back, without interruption, to the thirteenth century; and it is curious to observe how completely the annals between the date of the Conqueror's Charter and 1258 are supplemented by the records we have been examining in the Ninth Report of the Historical Manuscripts Commission. In the wills of the Court of Husting we have a very clearly drawn picture of the prosperity of the citizens at different periods. As Dr Sharpe remarks:

"The growth of luxury and increase of comfort which our ancestors began first to enjoy towards the middle of the fifteenth century are further attested by the elaborate description of bed-furniture, with hangings and curtains often richly embroidered, which we find in the later wills. There were countrymen living in Holinshed's day whose fathers were fain to be con-

VIEW FROM BEYOND THE SERPENTINE BRIDGE, LOOKING WEST.

tent with a straw pallet to sleep on, with a good round log under their heads instead of a bolster or pillow; and if a man could within seven years of his marriage purchase a mattress or flock bed, and a sack of chaff to rest his head upon, 'he thought himselfe to be as well-lodged as the lord of the town, that peraduenture laie seldome in a bed of downe or whole fethers.'"*

I may make one more quotation:

"It is only necessary to mention the names of a few of the most eminent of those whose wills are found enrolled in the Court of Husting in order to justify this statement: John de Kyrkeby, Bishop of Ely, who endowed his see with houses, vines and gardens situate at Holborn, whose gift is remembered at the present day by the names of Ely Place, Vine Street and Kirby Street, and whose gardens, part and parcel of the gift, call to mind the well-known lines put into the mouth of the Duke of Gloucester by Shakespeare (*Richard* III, Act III, Scene iv): 'My Lord of Ely, when I was last in Holborn, I saw good strawberries in your garden there.'

"William de Farndon, Alderman of Farringdon Ward, to which he gave its name, and Nicholas (le Fevre?), who married his daughter, took his name, and became alderman of his ward, which he afterwards disposed of by will to John de Pulteneye, although the latter appears never to have been *de facto* Alderman of the ward.

*Husting, p. xxxiv.

"William de Elsing, the founder of Elsing Spital, on the site of which was afterwards built Sion College with its almshouses, one of the few picturesque relics of Old London which till lately remained to us, but has now vanished.

"William Walworth, whose prowess when Mayor against the rebel Wat Tyler at Smithfield is sufficiently well known. Sir John Philippot, who was appointed joint treasurer with Walworth for receiving the subsidy granted to Richard II on his accession, and who received the honour of knighthood with Walworth, Nicholas Brembre and others. John Northampton and Nicholas Exton, so long rivals of one another, the latter supporting Nicholas Brembre in his endeavour to sustain the monopoly enjoyed by the free fishmongers of the City, in opposition to the former.

"Richard Whityngton, four times Mayor of London, whose munificent gifts and charitable acts need not be recorded here, as they are already household words.

"John Colet, Dean of St Paul's, Sir Andrew Judde, Sir Andrew Laxton, and many others whose names are associated with the cause of education, not only within the City of London, but in all parts of the country.

"Sir Martin Bowes, the wealthy and charitable goldsmith, whose almshouses at Woolwich still bear witness to his generosity, and who bequeathed to the Mayor of the City of London for the time being and his successors a goodly cross of gold set with pearls and pre-

cious stones to hang at the collar of gold worn by the Mayor at high feasts, as mentioned in the repertory.

"And lastly, Sir Thomas Gresham (not to mention numerous others), the founder of the college within the City which bears his name, and to whose munificence the merchants of the City were indebted for their first bourse, or Royal Exchange."

Bidding good-bye to the hustings and the wills, we next turn to a volume, edited by the same indefatigable authority, which contains a series of "Letters from the Mayor and Corporation of the City of London," beginning as far back as the year 1350. These papers are by no means so interesting as those mentioned already. They are, on the other hand, of public and political value and throw much light on the position of London, not only amongst English cities, but amongst the cities of Europe. The very first we come to is addressed to the people and commonalty of Florence, about an Italian who had seized some property he had undertaken to convey safely to Florence.

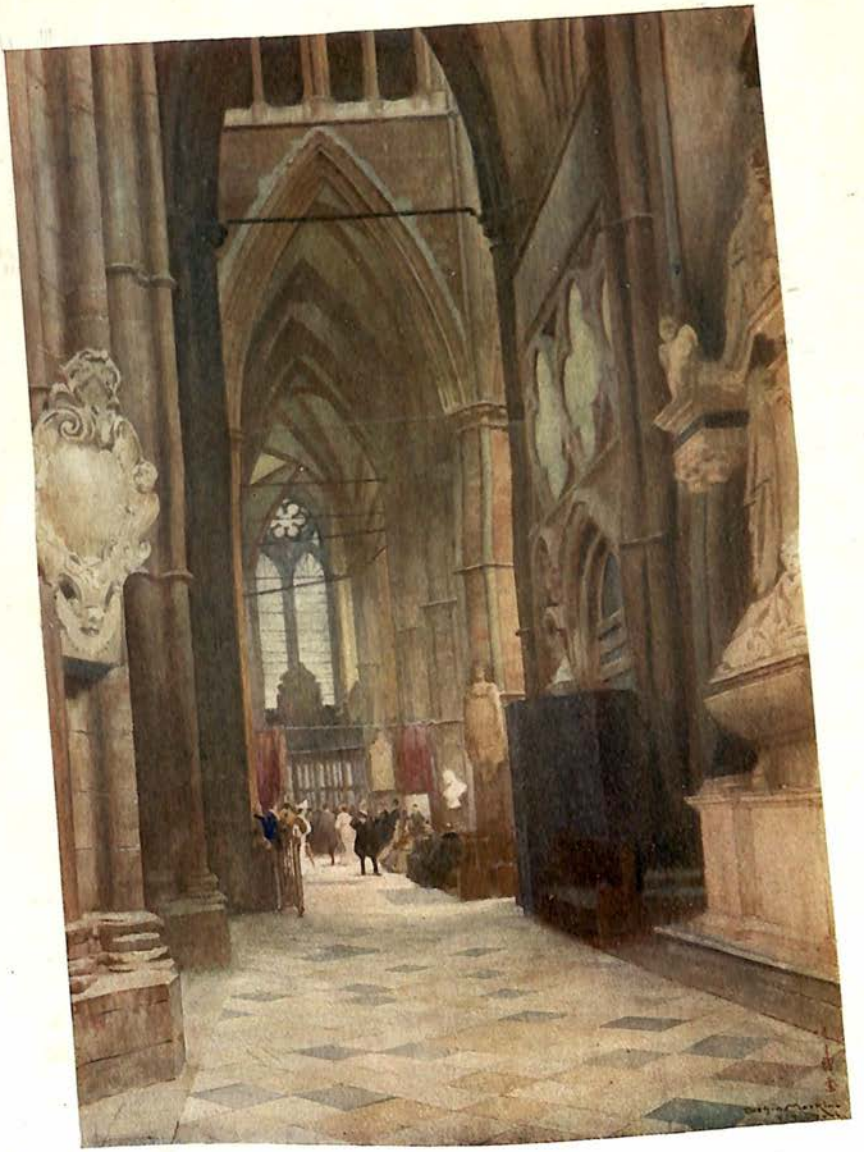
A large number are addressed to cities and boroughs in England.

"The municipal government of the City of London, with its liberties and franchises granted or confirmed by a series of royal charters, frequently served as a model to be followed in granting charters to other cities and boroughs throughout the kingdom; hence it is that Courts of Husting are also found to exist at

Winchester, Oxford, Lincoln, York, Norwich and Great Yarmouth."

Dr Sharpe adds:

"Notwithstanding the fact that King Edward III had in the twenty-seventh year of his reign removed the staple of wool from the Flemish town of Bruges to the English towns of Westminster, Canterbury, Chichester, Exeter, Winchester, Bristol, Lincoln, York, Norwich, Newcastle and Hull for England; to Dublin, Cork, Waterford and Drogheda for Ireland; and to Caermarthen for Wales; still we find among these letters a larger proportion addressed to the municipal authorities of Bruges than of any other town either at home or abroad; a significant proof of the difficulty that always besets an attempt to turn the tide of commerce into other channels by arbitrary means. As a matter of history we know that it was found necessary to repeal a part of this Act in 1360, and that Calais still remained a staple till finally suppressed in 1369. An Act of Parliament passed in that year confined the staple of wool for the future to the following English ports, viz., Newcastle, Hull, Boston, Yarmouth, Queenborough, Westminster, Chichester, Winchester, Exeter and Bristol (the staples for Ireland and Wales being left as before), and whilst prohibiting all denizens to export any staple goods on pain of forfeiture of vessel and cargo, besides imprisonment for a term of three years, permitted alien merchants to carry their merchandise to any port whatever."



WESTMINSTER ABBEY: THE SOUTH AMBULATORY, LOOKING EAST

The great commercial activity of London between the time of Edward I and that of Henry VII is strongly marked in these letters:

"The removal of the privileges of the Steelyard Company in 1520 marked an epoch when the merchants of England should no longer depend on foreign ships and mariners (Doyle's *The English in America*, p. 43). An attempt, however, had been made by Richard II to encourage merchant shipping in England by a statute passed in the fifth year of his reign enacting that the importation of wines should be effected in English ships only; and this was afterwards confirmed by Statute 23 Henry VIII, cap. 7.

"The commodities which these letters show to have been at this period chiefly imported and exported were wool, corn, wine and timber. Upon almost all of these a restriction either as to importation or exportation was imposed at various times besides regulations as to when, where, and at what price they should be sold after they had arrived within the City of London. It is scarcely credible at the present day that in 1359 a statute was passed prohibiting the exportation of corn to any foreign parts except to Calais and Gascony, and that it was not till ten years later that any native of England, Ireland or Wales, not being an artificer, was permitted to go to Gascony to buy wines, and then only under such restrictions that it is a marvel that anyone availed himself of the licence."

Finally we must quote the account Dr Sharpe

gives us as to these letters, their preservation and the means taken for making them useful to students:

"The letters which are here shortly set out are inscribed on two rolls preserved, among other records of the Corporation of the City of London, in the Town Clerk's office at the Guildhall. They are enrolled, as will be seen, under the names of the various mayors during whose term of office they were dispatched, and comprise a very brief period only, viz., A.D. 1350-1370, and this not without a considerable hiatus, viz., A.D. 1360-1363 circa. The rolls themselves contain twenty-nine and ten membranes respectively, which, however, are not stitched together in strict chronological order. Attention had been drawn to the earlier of the rolls at least so far back as the year 1869, but the existence of the later (and smaller) roll was not discovered until some years afterwards. Both of them were in a dilapidated state till very recently, when they were placed, by direction of the Guildhall Library Committee, in the custody of Alfred Kingston, Esq., of the Public Record Office, who kindly undertook to see them carefully repaired. No other roll of a similar character has since come to light, although it would, perhaps, be too much to say that there might not be others lying still unobserved somewhere among the numerous and yet uncalendared rolls in the possession of the City of London. Be that as it may, it was not thought desirable to delay any longer the printing an abstract of such letters as were con-

tained in the two rolls already discovered, and thus to render their contents more accessible to the literary public; and accordingly the Library Committee made a recommendation to that effect to the Court of Common Council in July 1883, and obtained permission to carry the same into execution."

We have thus had glances at two great collections of London Manuscripts, both within the City. If the third is not also within the City boundaries it is close to the edge, namely in Chancery Lane. This is the site of the Rolls House and Chapel. On this site, devoted in the reign of Henry III to converted Jews, stands now the Record Office.

A recent Master of the Rolls, addressing the prize-winners of a school, remarked upon the smallness of the number of visitors who went to see the Museum of the Record Office. His remarks were very just. A few Americans make a point of seeing the original Domesday Book and of admiring Torregiano's wonderful monument of Dean Yong. The history of the Jews in England and their expulsion, the establishment of a house for converts, and its eventual change into a legal institution are subjects on which information is generally lacking. In addition, I have already remarked as a very important part of the Colour of London, the existence of records more ancient and more intimate than those of any other city. These records are preserved here if they are not at St Paul's or in the Guildhall. Of those relating to London in the

British Museum no separate list is at hand; but those mentioned here are among the most important. Moreover, until very recently the Chapel of the Rolls was the scene of a series of singular legal ceremonies, and here a friend, Mr William Royle, a solicitor of the Supreme Court, has furnished me with full information. In the annual report in 1896, the Deputy Keeper remarked on the "union of the two keeperships so different in character as that of the House of Converts and that of the Rolls." He also spoke of the Masters, whose "secular services to the Crown were rewarded out of ecclesiastical revenues."

It is a serious thing to differ with so high an authority, and I venture upon the following opinions with the greatest diffidence. It is, however, forced upon my mind that the Deputy Keeper wholly misapprehended the meaning of both offices when he wrote the above sentences. It seems to me that the Master of the Rolls was, by the very nature of his office, master of the Jews and the Jewish converts, and that the one office implied the other so distinctly that those nine persons of whom Sir H. Maxwell Lyte speaks were actually masters of the House as soon as they were Masters of the Rolls, whether formally appointed to the second office or not. This is easily proved. What were the rolls? They were the *shetri*, the *shatari*, the writers and also the writings which had legal sanction. It is supposed that these writings, enrolled by the King's Officer, gave a name to the Star Cham-

EVENING SCENE ON VAUXHALL BRIDGE.

ber—an arbitrary court, first established for dealings with people like the Jews who were the King's chattels and not under the ordinary protection of the laws of the land. The doings of the Star Chamber led to the Great Rebellion in which Charles I lost his head.

The laws of the land forbid usury. The Jews practised usury, and they alone. The Rolls were bonds between Jews, or between Jews on the one part and Christians who borrowed money on the other. The Jews, being outside the protection of the law, could only enforce their bonds if they had been enrolled before the King's officer, the Master of the Rolls, who thus became their protector, their guardian. By one singular rule, if a Jew was converted, his property was forfeited to the King. Naturally very few Jews were converted, until the expulsion left them the choice, banishment or forfeiture. Some Jews preferred the one, some the other. The Jews who preferred conversion were assumed to have become paupers and were provided for under the care of the officer who alone was empowered to deal with the Jews and their property, namely the Master of the Rolls. Moreover, we must observe that there were no other Rolls. All the Rolls enrolled concerned Jews. The Master of the Rolls was the chief official in charge of those parts of the King's property which were held by the Jews. I do not think I need say any more upon the point. I cannot conceive a Master of the Rolls in the twelfth century who was not a Master of the Rolls House and

of the Jews, who alone were concerned with rolls, and subsequently of the converted Jews.

The Jewish colony was brought into England by the Conqueror. It was expelled in 1290, during the reign of Edward I. The Canon Law forbade usury. The Jews were usurers by the King's licence. To quote the words of a masterly essay prefixed to the *Catalogue of the Anglo-Jewish Exhibition in* 1887, "the Exchequer treated the money of the Jews as held at the pleasure of the King." Special Justices were appointed to preside in the Jewish Exchequer. All deeds, contracts, bonds and other documents relating to monetary transactions had to be registered or placed in charge at the Rolls Court or Record Office. The Rolls Court had its origin in the regulations relating to the Jewry.

When the Canon Law just mentioned was relaxed, the King had no further use for the Jews. Efforts were made to convert them with but little success. This was under Henry III. When sixty years had elapsed, the Lombards (whence Lombard Street) and the Florentines (whence the three golden balls) gradually took up their business, and the Jews were expelled. The change was not rapid, but went on for the lifetime of at least two generations. The Italians made use of the legal machinery established for the Jews. The Master of the Rolls, and of the Jews who made rolls, continued Master of the Rolls and of the Christians who made them. His duties were carried on in the same place. He administered the same laws. Very few

of the people from whom his Court was originally established remained to profit by King Henry's charitable endowment. It had been set up in New Street, now Chancery Lane; and here, long after no Jews remained and no converts entered the house, the Master of the Rolls continued to live. Under him there gradually grew up an elaborate institution which included a Deputy Keeper, who is in immediate charge of the Records, the Rolls and the Office on the site of the old house. With him are a staff of clerks skilled in the decipherment of ancient rolls, and a secretary. Until the chapel was removed, there was also a chaplain. At the first foundation all were clergy, and the Master was always in orders till the reign of Henry VIII.

Mr Hardy, in his *History of the Rolls House*, names Adam de Osgodeby as first Master in 1307; but it is certain that the two offices had been connected long before, as far back, in fact, as either office can be traced. Dugdale makes William Ayremyne first Master, but he was Osgodeby's successor. The offices were formally united by Act of Parliament in 1378, having been so held since 1372 by William Burstall. The Master was always described as Keeper of the House of Converts until 1873, when Sir George Jessel, himself a Jew, was appointed, on which occasion no reference was made in the patent to the House of Converts.

The House stood in Chancery Lane a little to the north of the Chapel. It was a plain but handsome Palla-

dian building, designed by Colen Campbell, and was built in 1717. The old house founded by Henry III had become ruinous. The chapel was not remarkable for its architecture. The monuments were few in number but very fine, and they now stand in the museum to which I have referred. But the ecclesiastical flavour of the original institution survived as long as the chapel itself. Mr Royle tells me that the form of notice of the foreclosure of a mortgage always contained a paragraph naming the chapel, and ran thus:

"The —— day of —— next, between the hours of twelve and one of the clock in the afternoon and the Chapel of the Rolls, in the Rolls Yard, Chancery Lane, London, are named as the time and place at which the defendant is to pay the said sum of £— to the plaintiff."

If the defendant did not attend then and there and pay the money, he was absolutely foreclosed and lost his property.

The Master, while he lived in the Rolls House, frequently sat in the evenings and resumed the work discontinued in the afternoons, with the solicitors and barristers round him, and these sittings sometimes lasted far into the night. Solicitors who intended to practise in chancery used to be admitted in the Rolls Court, and there took the high-sounding oath of allegiance and supremacy before the Master of the Rolls in person. This oath has now been abolished, but a

IMPERIAL INSTITUTE, SOUTH KENSINGTON.

friend who took it many years ago says that to the best of his recollection it ran as follows:

"I swear that I do abhor, detest and abjure as impious and heretical the damnable doctrine that princes excommunicated or deprived by the Pope may be deposed or murthered by their subjects or other persons whomsoever."

This was evidently a reference to the excommunication of Queen Elizabeth.

That the foreclosure of a mortgage was a ceremonial with a religious air about it is a curious survival of the medieval feelings about usury. We see much of it reflected in such a play as *The Merchant of Venice*, written, it must be remembered, when there were no Jews in England.

The Record Office was designed by Pennethorne in what was considered "Gothic" in 1856. It was not completed until quite recently, when the Rolls House with its curious old chapel was pulled down, the monuments being re-erected in the chapel-like museum together with the stained glass. The records from the Tower of London were removed to the new house and arranged with the great collections from various other places such as the Chapter House in Westminster Abbey, which was filled with presses and boxes in which many most important historical documents were packed away and useless. The assembly of all these papers and parchments where they are carefully catalogued and arranged for reference is a great boon

to investigators, while the exhibition in the museum of many of the more curious or beautiful manuscripts forms a complete series of the best examples of writing, not of our own country alone, but also of all the foreign nations who have had occasion to send letters or addresses, often finely illuminated, to the English sovereign.

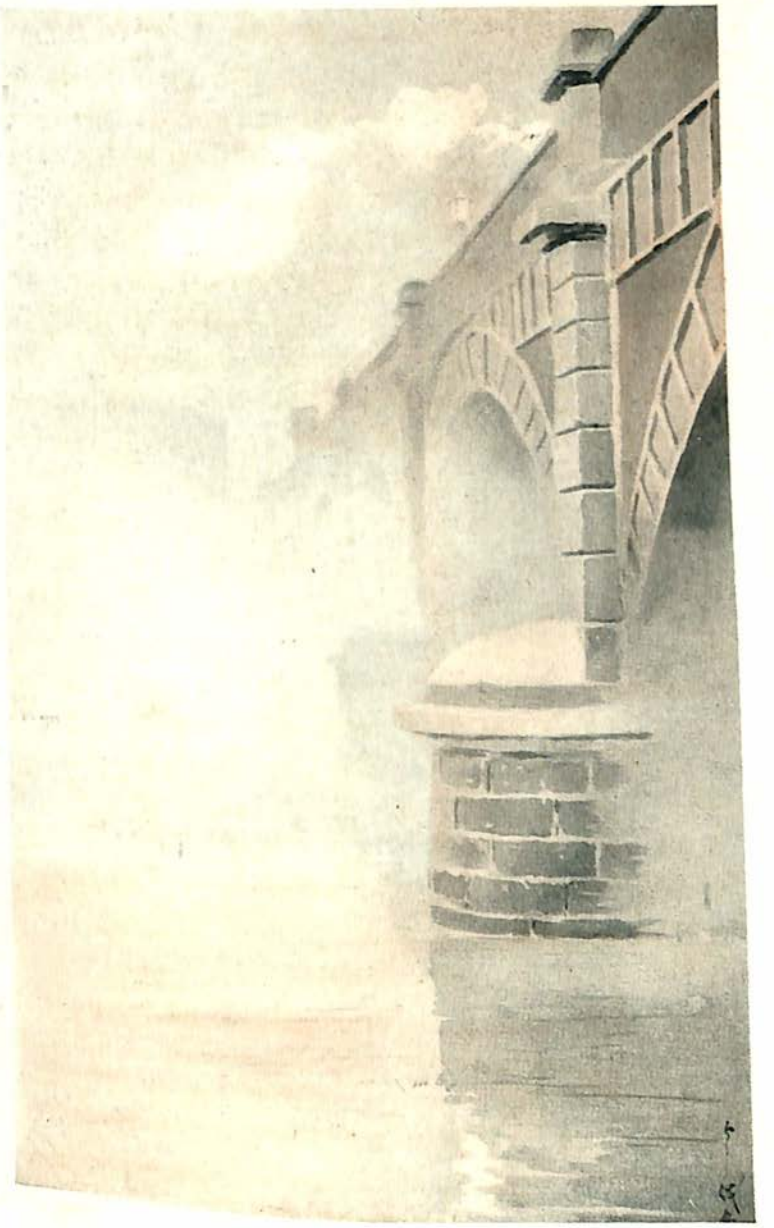
The building of the museum preserves the site and the size of the chapel. When the Rolls Chapel had been pulled down, it was discovered too late that it ought to have been preserved, as it contained relics of architectural value. The eastern arch was set up again and looks on the grass plot in the court of the Office. Three great monuments are to be seen on the north side, two of them commemorating Masters, and the third a certain Richard Allington who died of small-pox in 1501. The practice of intramural burial, of which something is said elsewhere, cannot be better illustrated. That the body of a victim of small-pox should have been buried thus in a narrow chapel, where people were constantly going and coming, seems to our ideas to be by no means compensated by the beauty of the sculpture of the tomb.

The most interesting of these monuments is the third, which stands at the north-eastern end. This shows us Torregiano's figure in coloured alabaster, of John Yong, Master of the Rolls early in the reign of Henry VIII. About the same time another John Yong was coadjutor or suffragan to the Bishop of London,

and bore the title of Bishop of Callipoli *in partibus*. These two and two other John Yóngs were all graduates of Oxford at the same time, and are distinguished with the greatest difficulty. This may be gathered from the fact that even the Deputy Keeper of the Rolls in his account of the Chapel adds to his notice of this monument, "It is somewhat remarkable that neither the tomb nor the verses give any indication of the fact that he was titular Bishop of Gallipoli." But the Bishop was quite another John Yong, and the difficulty and confusion were not finally cleared up till the appearance of the last volume of *The Dictionary of National Biography*. This one, the Master of the Rolls, had been made Dean of York in 1514 and died in 1516. The figure will remind the visitor of Torregiano's other statues in Henry VII's Chapel. It is of terra-cotta coloured and represents the Master in a long red gown such as Holbein's portraits have rendered familiar. The sarcophagus is of stone, but the heads in the arch above the figure are of terra-cotta.

The objects exhibited are of the most varied kind. Ancient royal charters, agreements, indentures, including one of King John with his barons, which from the "indentation" at the top must have been executed in duplicate; papal bulls, and a few "shetaroth" are in the first case. On the centre table are the two volumes of the Domesday Book, the survey made for fiscal purposes for William the Conqueror in 1086. In the case under the east window are letters from foreign poten-

tates such as Amurath III to Queen Elizabeth, and Sidi Mohammed, Sultan of Morocco, to George III. We may also see Geoffrey Chaucer's bill for works at Westminster and other royal residences in 1389. One letter was written to be sent to the King of Spain as soon as Queen Mary's child should be born—an event which never took place. There is a long letter from Mary Stuart, Queen of Scotland, and several of Guy Fawkes, one of which bears painful testimony of the torture he had undergone.



WINTER LIGHT-EFFECT, GROSVENOR ROAD STATION BRIDGE.

CHAPTER IX

Of London Manors

Middlesex—Granted to London—Population—Forest—Hunting and Hawking—"Where is Portpool?"—Cantelupes—Teoburne—Prebendal Manors—Mapesbury and Walter Map—Northern Middlesex—Kensington—Old Families—Rugmere—Kensington Gore—Kilburn

THE ancient records have much to say about the manors, both in London and in what was till lately part of Middlesex. In the Library of St Paul's and at the Guildhall every scrap of parchment was carefully preserved, and may now be consulted by inquiring students, but there was no place in the suburbs where records could be stored. After Lord Campden built what was known as Hicks's Hall, at Clerkenwell, in the reign of James I, a certain number of documents were there preserved, and some of them are now appearing in print. They are chiefly records of offences, and they are much too late in date to give us the kind of information we find in the City. There was a certain connexion between London and Middlesex, but it may be well, before we proceed, to remind ourselves that London was never in Middlesex; it was never the capital of Middlesex; and the assertion which we so often see in books, by authors who ought to know better, that London was ever the chief town of Middlesex is, to put it mildly, entirely un-

true. The charter of Henry I, to which we are usually referred, says nothing of the kind. The King, aware of the weakness of his grasp upon the kingdom, was anxious to strengthen his position by conciliating the London citizens. Having, no doubt, ascertained their wishes beforehand, he gave them or sold them a singular grant. "Know ye," he says, "that I have granted to my citizens of London, to hold Middlesex to farm for three hundred pounds, upon account to them and their heirs; so that the said citizens shall place as sheriff whom they will of themselves."

This charter was in force until 1888, when, for some reason which was never expressed in words, Parliament was persuaded to revoke the grant. One thing we may note. Though the Sheriff of Middlesex was one of the two sheriffs of London, who served for the county on alternate days, the real connexion of the City and the county was by no means close; and it is evident at a glance that, in the one matter of records, there was no attempt to introduce the London ideas of preservation and order into Middlesex. When we turn from examining, even in the most cursory manner, the records of the City, we are surprised to find how wholly those of Middlesex differ from them. In the City we have the names, the business, the hopes and fears, the family and official life of men and women who worked and died eight hundred years ago. In the county, until we come to the criminal records of the seventeenth century, we have no personal details of any

kind. It is common among historical students to lament that there is no Domesday Survey of London, like that of Middlesex; but in reality we know more about London in the beginning of the twelfth century, without any survey, than we do about Middlesex before the reign of Queen Elizabeth. In part and at first, this is owing to the smallness of the rural population. At the time of the survey there were not in all Middlesex more than 5,000 people, including farmers and cotters and villagers. We read of slaves, 112 in number, who, with their families, may have amounted to 300 souls. Many of the villagers were little better than slaves, being attached to the soil which they cultivated. They ranked as "natives" or "acremen," and the distinctive mark of their condition was that they had to pay head money (*havedsot*) for licence to go away either to trade or to serve on hire. The Lord of the Manor could recall his native or his acreman, and the great object of the receipt of the head money, no doubt, was that the bondsman could not take advantage of a merciful rule of the City. There a man, whoever he might be, bond or free, if he resided openly within the walls and liberties for a year and a day without paying the havedsot and without being reclaimed by the Lord of the Manor, became a freeman, who could, by application at the Hustings, become a citizen. Many of the poor toilers among the stubborn clay fields of Middlesex must have looked with longing eyes at those old red walls within which was freedom.

The county consisted mainly of forest, that is, fallow land. There were few or no great houses, no castles, no abbeys until Westminster was founded or restored by the Confessor. We know nothing of the early history. We cannot tell when Hertford was divided from it. Except for a few charters of early kings and bishops the oldest account we have of it is contained in the pages of the Domesday Book. The whole of Middlesex was parcelled out among the Lords of Manors; but it is strange to observe how few of these landowners were private individuals.

It is recorded of Leofric, who was Abbot of St Albans towards the end of the tenth century, that he cleared away the woods to a distance of thirty feet on either side of the highway from London, because robbers were harboured in them. Still more to the purpose is the testimony of FitzStephen, who writing in the reign of Henry II, says that on the north side of London "lies an immense forest in which are densely wooded thickets, the coverts of game, stags, fallow-deer, boars, and wild bulls." He also speaks in another place of the right of the citizens to hunt in Middlesex, and mentions their merlins, goshawks and hounds. This right is frequently confirmed in charters, and to it, no doubt, we owe the preservation of the open spaces, now laid out in the parks for which London is so remarkable. So lately as two centuries ago a hare was always hunted as part of the ceremonial when the Lord Mayor paid his state visit to the conduits in St Marylebone, and the

FEEDING THE WILDFOWL IN ST. JAMES'S PARK.

remains of the hunting ground now form the Regent's Park. The bishops had their hunting-seat at Harringay or Hornsey. Bishop's Wood and Ken Wood still mark the situation of this ecclesiastical playground, to which the Highgate was one entrance. At the close of the eighteenth century a pension was annually paid to a certain Sarah Gray, whose husband had been accidentally killed during a fox-hunt in Kensington Gardens.

As to the medieval period we know as little as possible. There are few monuments in the churches much before the sixteenth century. We know that a gradual, but very gradual, amelioration took place in the condition of the farm workmen. It was probably delayed by the edict against the marriage of the clergy. The canons did not care so much for residing constantly on their estates. They became villas, places to go in summer, or when game could be hunted. They were no longer homes, and the canon had no longer an interest in improving his manor or his dwelling, as there was no longer any possibility that his son might succeed him as incumbent of the prebendal manor. Many of the poems attributed to Walter Map are taken up with this subject of priestly marriage.

At first the canons of St Paul's fulfilled their duties as country squires. After the depopulation of Essex and Middlesex by the long Danish wars, the canon was expected to live on his manor as a kind of colonist, a missionary of civilization if not of religion. The canon does not seem to have taken any necessary part in the

church of his manor; but he was the wealthiest and most cultured person in the parish, the local magistrate, the adviser and helper of the people. To the canons was owed the gradual enfranchisement of the slaves in the diocese of London; and the same may be observed of the lords of the prebendal manors of Wells and Exeter and other places. But as the time went on many ceased permanent residence, and many stalls were given as the rewards of service or acknowledgements of favour; they became neither more nor less than honorary sources of income. One stage more was reached when the tenants of the canons retained all the profits, and it is often difficult to identify the site of manors which existed at least as long as the old foundation itself. We are told that the Greys had the manor on which Gray's Inn now stands; but it always belonged to the canon who occupied the prebendal stall of Portpool. I remember a clergyman, now dead, telling me he had been appointed to the prebendal stall of Portpool, and adding, "Where is Portpool?" So, too, the prebendary of Rugmere was Lord of Bloomsbury and St Giles, and the prebendary of Cantelows of Kentish Town. The Commissioners have sold the prebendal manors of Islington and Stoke Newington and others, I believe, but the names remain on the stalls in the Cathedral, and the sales are only worth noticing because they show that something worth selling was left. A few pounds a year is still said to be due to the prebendary of Cantler's or Cantelupe's, a

name derived from the incumbency of the great St Thomas of Hereford, who died in 1282 and was canonized in 1316. The name has been connected correctly in some books with that of Kentish Town, Cantler's, the name as spelt on the canon's stall, being an intermediate stage; but many writers, to whom historical impossibilities are things of no moment, would derive it either from the imagined immigration of a Kentish colony, or from the supposed prevalence on the manor of a Kentish law of inheritance. Too much London history is written on such tangles of guesswork as this. There were many manors near London on which this law or custom prevailed. Sixteen have been identified, but it so chances that Kentish Town is not among them.

Closely adjoining to the prebendal manor of Rugmere (now St Giles and Bloomsbury) lay the eastern half of the parish of St John, divided by the Tyburn from Lilleston, the western part, which again touched the abbey land of Paddington. The two manors by the brook have been known together as the parish of St Marylebone (St Mary "le Bourne), since the older Church of St John was removed in 1400 on account of the remoteness of its situation. One of them, called in the Domesday Book "Teoburne," "always lay and lies," we are told, "in the church of Barking"; that is, it had belonged from time immemorial to the abbey which good Bishop Erkenwald had founded. The western manor is commemorated in Lisson, pro-

perly Lilleston, Grove and other local names, and did not fall to the Church till after the Conquest; but as early as 1338 it belonged to the Knights of St John. In Domesday it is enumerated as among the lands "given in alms," *in elemosina data*, and was held by the Lady Eddeva (Eadgifu) having before the Conquest belonged to Edward, the son of Suain. Westbourne and Paddington were sometimes considered part of the great parish of St Margaret's, Westminster, and were also claimed by the Church of St Paul. Chelsea, too, at the southern side, which in the Domesday Book is assigned to Edward de Sarisberie, had been in dispute before the Abbey obtained a lease of it in 1368; while Kensington, which at the time of the Survey belonged to Aubrey de Vere, fell, in great part at least, into the hands of the Abbot of Abingdon early in the twelfth century. There is a charter of Edward the Confessor to Bishop Robert, Osgood Clapa, and Ulf the sheriff, which relates, as is believed, to Chelsea, under the name of "Cealchylle," with its wood situated near Kingsbury. This wood, no doubt, is the outlying district of Kensal Green and Kensal Town, which was brought into prominence at some recent parliamentary elections. The manor of Chelsea was, however, less in clerical hands than in lay before the suppression, and its history, complicated with that of Westminster, though very interesting, cannot be detailed here.

Some of the greater manors were divided in the

twelfth century, and separate holdings were assigned to certain canons. Thus, Willesden, which comprised the whole parish of that name, and was from time immemorial appointed for the provision of daily bread and beer in the Cathedral establishment, was broken up at a meeting of the Chapter in 1150, and small farms or estates were appropriated to the unendowed stalls. The names of these new manors are interesting as in most cases telling us who was the incumbent of the stall when the division was made; among them, "Mapesbury" commemorates to this day, on the gatepost of a suburban villa, the residence of the witty archdeacon on whom for centuries every priestly jest and every Latin rhyme was fastened. Seven centuries later another prebendal jester sat in the stall appropriated to Neasdon, a division of the same great manor, but it may be that Sydney Smith knew nothing of Walter Map. Similar divisions had been made on some of the Essex estates, and in St Pancras and the land due north of the City walls, Moorfields, "Eald Street," Holywell and Hoxton. This last-named stall was held successively by Osbern and Gaufridus his son, and by Hugh, called the Archdeacon, and his son Harry. Many similar examples of hereditary succession in prebendal estates might be quoted, and in other Cathedral churches of the old foundation, as at Wells, the prebendal estates were similarly divided; but the addition of the canon's name, as in Brownswood, Brondesbury, Reculverland and others, seems to be

almost if not quite peculiar to London. In Stepney, or what was Stepney, whole and undivided, we come on Kingsland, a small holding reserved by the Crown, just as at Aylesbury, St Albans and other places we find a Kingsbury. It was only in 1867 that the renewable lease, granted in 1315 by Robert Baldock to the Mayor and commonalty of London, of his prebendal manor of Finsbury, fell in to the ecclesiastical commissioners. The prebendary for the time being had received £1 a year from the Corporation.

Beyond the region which belonged to the Church, a very few private owners begin to appear in the thirteenth century; but Middlesex was still unsuited to be the residence of anyone who had not guards and protectors with him. The county has a peculiar boundary. It is first named as a place of itself, so to speak, in 704, when the King of the East Saxons gave a small piece of land at Twickenham to the Bishop, and it would seem as if, while three sides were well defined, by the Thames, the Coln and Lea, the northern frontier was open and is highly irregular. North Mimms, for example, is in Hertfordshire, while South Mimms is in Middlesex. The boundary leaves the Colne at Harefield and runs in an easterly direction to Colney Hatch, "the gate on the Colne." There it turns northward and bends back again, so as to almost surround Totteridge and two of the three Barnets. This is geography, but the reason for these zigzags is to be found in the records, which show us that, before the final settle-

COVENT GARDEN AT 4 A.M.

ment, the Abbot of Westminster, the Bishop of London, the Prior of Ely, the Abbot of Waltham and other ecclesiastical potentates had a voice in the delimitation.

I have purposely avoided mention of Westminster. Its documentary history has been thoroughly examined and the results are well known. It is curious to observe that before 1349, when the Cistercian Abbey of St Mary, on Tower Hill, was founded by King Edward III, there was no abbey in the county except that of Westminster. There are few ancient churches, no old manor houses and hardly any of the signs of ancient occupation common elsewhere in England. The archbishop had a moated manor house near Pinner. Part of the Tower of London may be described as in Middlesex, and the great Lord Abbot of Westminster had a villa close to Kensington. The abbots might have built their house anywhere between Hyde Park Corner and Paddington, but they chose a site close to the church at Kensington, where they could count on the advantage and protection of the local village authorities. The famous palace, the birthplace of our late Queen, was built on the site of the abbot's manor house, and there it stands now, a silent memorial of forgotten times. Hampton Court belonged to the Knights of St John, but there is nothing left of their age or style.

We have further observed that the county has no old families. There were no old families there in the

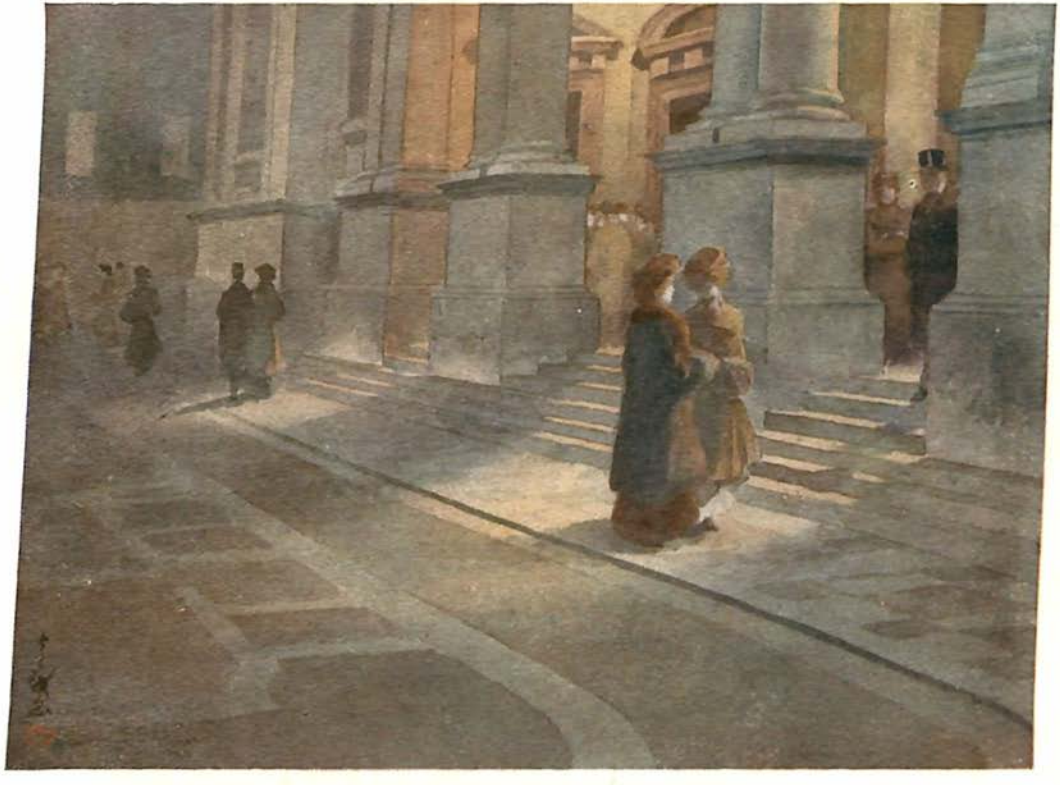
Middle Ages, except perhaps that of the Veres, who became extinct in 1702, but even they had long ceased to hold an acre in Middlesex. Lysons observed, writing in 1810, that the Clitheroes of Boston near Brentford are to be mentioned as one of the very few who have been resident upon the same estate in Middlesex for more than a century. The Newdegates of Harefield are another, and if anything an older family, but their possession is not continuous, having several times been interrupted for a few generations. The Church estates have for the most part passed through many hands. Now and then one of them finds its way into the law courts, and then we see a few documents; but the majority are never mentioned, and if we want records we have to rely on a chance peep into some repository of family papers. A few estates, like that of the Duke of Westminster, are settled by Act of Parliament, but a long and troublesome search is often necessary to find a private Act, though examples sometimes occur. There are interesting stories to be told of many of these estates, and gossiping books on Old London are full of them. It is, however, high time that their authors should seek to the records for the fresh facts which may be so easily gathered.

It is always interesting and instructive to trace the vicissitudes of such a manor as that of Rugmere. First, the wild moorland, with its lake at the highest point. Then the settlement of the Hospital of St Giles on its southern extremity. Then the draining of the mere by

the dyke of Bleomund, the canon's tenant of the northern half, the building of his house, Bleomund's Bury; and finally the transfer of the holding to the Russells. Or, if we take the neighbouring manor of Tyburn, with its brook and its lonely church, already mentioned. Here again the manor of the Abbess of Barking was divided. The eastern part is St Marylebone; the western is the Portman estate. The north-western, or Lilleston, went to the Hospitallers and is commemorated in St John's Wood and Lisson Grove; while the region round Portman Square with its fashionable inhabitants has forgotten that it stands on the Great and Little Gibbet Fields, and was for centuries that district to which our forefathers looked with such horror. And these are only two. It is very much the same with the other great estates, Camden Town, the Southampton estate, that of the Strutt family—apparently the long-lost prebendal manor of Wenlakesbarn—and others. But here records fail us and every piece of information must be used by itself and very gradually worked up with others. It is only a few weeks since a list of questions was asked in the House of Commons regarding an estate in Middlesex. It belonged, according to the newspaper reports, to Kilburn Priory, a nunnery on the upper stream of a brook better known in its lower course as the Westbourne. Its name Cold, or Chill, bourne denoted its situation on the north-east side of what is still Kilburn Hill. The estate apparently lay on the slope of Hamp-

stead Heath and stretched westward into several manors, such as Acton, Ealing, North Kensington, Willesden and possibly further along the Edgware Road. An outlying triangular field on the Knightsbridge Road is now known as Kensington Gore, not from any family of the name of Gore or Gower, but from its "gore" or corner shape. At the dissolution the Kilburn estates were granted to John, Earl of Warwick, who afterwards figured so largely as Duke of Northumberland in the tragedy of Lady Jane Grey. But before that the Kilburn estate had already been sold, and Lysons, writing in 1810, makes no mention of anyone called Page. The family is reported to have become extinct in 1829 when the land went into the hands of trustees. Meanwhile, the estate is claimed for the Crown, that is the Treasury, "under the law of escheat," it is said, and a legal investigation is being made.

It is curious to observe that Kilburn, at first merely a holding in the parish and manor of Hampstead and lying on the east side of the Watling Street, or the left bank of the Westbourne, became in the course of time itself a manor in Hampstead; and at the present day it is not even that, because it is represented by St Augustine, Kilburn, a parish church not in Kilburn at all but in Willesden, and not on the east side of Watling Street but on the west.



THE ORATORY, BROMPTON ROAD.

CHAPTER X
Of the Lord Mayor

The Portreeves—Ansgar at Hastings—Algar Manwine's stepson—Orgar the Proud—Henry, the first Mayor—His descendants—Early Mayors—The Guildhall—The Lord Mayor's Jewels—His Precedence—The Aldermen—Conclusion

TO anyone who has made a study of the history of the City of London few ceremonials are more impressive than a banquet in the Egyptian Hall of the Mansion House. The Toast Master stands by the high table and calls out, "Silence for the Right Honourable the Lord Mayor!"

In most things of the kind there is an element of unreality. One feels as one feels at a play,

> And all the men and women merely players.

But there is a reality in the history and associations of the Mayoralty unlike and far beyond even the reality or antiquity of the Houses of Parliament. The great offices of State are not so old. They have no such authority. Under the Crown there is no office so supported or clothed with such magnificence. The most experienced diner-out acknowledges that for taste, for good cookery, for costly wine, for gold and silver, for all the highest refinement in luxury, in art, in music, and above all in the eminence of the society assembled, no-

thing equals it. No doubt a little cheap wit is occasionally lavished on the incumbents of civic offices. The contrasts in the lives of some who have risen from humble beginnings to occupy the golden chair behind which the Toast Master stands should create a feeling not of ridicule so much as of wonder, of marvel and admiration rather than surprise. But these men have risen, and the elevation to which they have attained is very real. I said something in a former chapter as to the precedence of the Lord Mayor, and need not repeat it. But when I hear it remarked that the French make too much of a Lord Mayor's visit to Paris and seem to consider him the greatest of the subjects of King Edward, I am inclined to think that the French, with their "inexorable logic," have a way of going very straight to the point, and that the Lord Mayor is unquestionably the greatest English subject, whether we regard his rank, the antiquity of his title, his power, his wealth, his fame and the estimation in which he is held by many besides the French.

It may be worth while to set down a few facts bearing on the origin of the Mayoralty and its influence on the composition of what we may summarily describe as the Colour of London.

Under the English Kings, from Alfred down to Edward the Confessor, we know very little about the government of London. We do know a few things, however, being so much more than we know about any other city.

OF THE LORD MAYOR

London was the capital of England—it was not then or at any other time the metropolis. It was the residence of the King and his court. For a time, during part of the reigns of Ethelred and Edmund his son, the kingdom consisted of very little but what could be defended by Alfred's repaired wall. It is not surprising then to find that down to the fatal day of Hastings the "Lord Mayor," who then bore the title of Portreeve, was the prime minister. Whether he was prime minister because he was Portreeve, or Portreeve because he was Staller, or commander-in-chief, or held all these offices because he was the greatest of the King's subjects, or because they were always held together, it would not be easy to say. Undoubtedly, they were held together in the very few instances where we can form an opinion.

It is certain, too, that in most cases, but not in all, the Portreeve was an alderman. Some authorities have made a distinction between town and country aldermen, but no such distinction seems to be necessary here. The government of an English county, or of an English town large enough like London to be governed as a county by itself, consisted of the elder men or aldermen and the shire reeve, or town reeve, or sheriff, or portreeve — the names signify the same thing — appointed, or approved by the King. That he was appointed, in the case of London, by the King seems to follow from the fact of his position as minister, and to the same circumstance we attribute it that he was not

always an alderman, that is to say, if he was not, of which we cannot be certain. The Latin word in use in records occurs as *majores natu*, and the Latin for reeve is *vice comes*, deputy earl; but earl, the Norse jarl, was not common in England till just before the Conquest. It should be noted that in London, the Bishop was an alderman and had a ward, "Warda Episcopi." The King contemplated the portreeve or shire reeve everywhere as a fiscal officer. Sometimes in London one man was not considered perhaps solvent enough or trustworthy enough to answer for the dues of the city, and in times of civil war or disturbance under the early Norman kings we accordingly find several of the aldermen were jointly held responsible, though we may conclude that only one of them officiated as a magistrate or represented the crown.

The occasional existence of two or more "viscounts" has sometimes been thought to foreshadow the later appointment of two Sheriffs of London who alternately officiated as Sheriff of Middlesex, but the dual "subsheriffship," for such it is, must be attributed to a different chain of circumstances. There were two portreeves in the year of Hastings. One of them, an alderman named Ulf, lived at St Michael's, Queenhithe, where he was a tenant of the Dean and Chapter of St Paul's, for whom he witnesses documents. His name, often written as Wlf may be taken as Norse, perhaps a form of Olaf. His partner in office, Ansgar, is more celebrated. He was a minister, probably what we

THE MANSION HOUSE CROSSING.

should describe as prime minister of Edward and Harold, and was "staller" or marshal at Hastings, where he was wounded. He signed the foundation deed of Westminster Abbey as "*Esgar, mins*," that is, Ansgar the Minister. The charter was written out, we are told in a kind of attestation clause, by Swithgar the notary at the dictation of Reinbald, the King's Chancellor. The name of Ansgar as "minister" among many bishops and abbots and other dignitaries, ecclesiastical as well as civil, including the King and Queen, with "Haroldus Dux," whose name stands next, is full of significance. Ansgar seems to have survived his wounds at Hastings long enough to make terms with the Conqueror for his city, but disappears immediately afterwards. His name only occurs in Domesday, in 1087, that is twenty-one years later, as a former owner of extensive estates. We know nothing more except the line quoted by Freeman from a contemporary poem, which tells us that he was carried home,

> For that he many wounds for his loved land received.

The English seem to have set little store by pedigrees. Unlike their British serfs, they have left few records of their ancestors, and rarely tell us anything about a great man's forefathers, unless he came of the royal house; these were the Athelings, or descendants of the fabled Woden. We can imagine their ridiculing the long genealogies of the Welsh, and so it comes to pass that we have great difficulty in identifying the families of

such men as Ansgar or Ailwin, or Orgar "the Proud," of whom Stow has much to say. Sometimes they are mistaken for others of the same or a similar name, as in the case of Ailwin who is confounded with a totally different personage who lived not quite at the same time. The identity of Henry, the son Ailwin, the son of Leofstan, is a matter of some importance, for this Henry is mentioned in 1193, if not earlier, as "Mayor of the City of London," and it is impossible to ignore the persistent tradition that he was elected to the office, with its new Norman name, at least three years earlier.

In 1846 there appeared among the publications of the Camden Society a volume entitled *Liber de Antiquis Legibus*, a chronicle of old London, beginning with the year 1188 and written in 1274. The preface to this book was supplied by Thomas Stapleton, a well-known and competent antiquary, and forms one of the most singular documents of the kind in any historical work. The writer, after a brief notice of the character of the manuscript, goes on, without a word to state his intention, to trace genealogically with legal proofs and quotations from contemporary documents the successive representatives of Henry, the first Mayor, showing in two hundred and thirty pages and more of close print how "we acquire the certain knowledge that Miles Thomas now Lord Beaumont and Montague now Earl of Abingdon are, at the time of this publication, the lineal descendants and heirs of the body of Henry Fitz-Aylwin, first Mayor of London."

This Lord Beaumont was, in fact, Thomas Stapleton's eldest brother; so that the whole of this long and learned essay goes only to prove that the writer himself was a lineal descendant of Henry Fitz Aylwin and member of a family which represents the senior line. There is, of course, incidentally a great deal more in the essay, as, for example, mention of many of the proudest families in the peerage which are nevertheless in some cases heraldic heirs, in others merely descendants of this wealthy citizen of the time of King Henry II.

It seems odd that Stapleton makes no attempt to find out who his celebrated forefather was by birth. He calls him Fitz Aylwin—*Ailwin* is a preferable form—but only makes one guess as to who Ailwin was, and that is wrong; for he says (on p. vi), "Aylwin Child . . . was probably the lineal ancestor of Henry Fitz Aylwin." Ailwin Child, however, was a contemporary with Henry, and probably no relation whatever, as we shall see. There he leaves the question. He tells us nothing as to who Henry's father was, and he barely mentions Henry's younger sons. In both these directions a little information would have been welcome. When none is forthcoming as to an eminent personage fable is sure to take its place. Accordingly every year about the time of Lord Mayor's Day we have an account in the newspapers of Henry Fitz "Eylwyn" and how he was a draper and a member of the Drapers' Company, and so on at full length. This year he was, I think, dubbed

a knight and had other honours attached to his name besides that of "Lord" Mayor.

If one asks how he can have been "Sir Henry" in 1187, or how he can have been a "Lord" before that word was used in English, or how he can have belonged to a Livery Company a hundred and fifty years before that company came into existence, no answers are given except, "It is always said so." Before the publication of Sir H. Maxwell Lyte's list of the wonderful collection of documents preserved at St Paul's, not only could no other answer be given, but there did not seem much hope of any other. A remarkable chance gave me the clue.

For some years I tried, whenever I had leisure, to form short pedigrees of three or even two generations of Anglo-Saxon families, such as those we can trace of the canonries of St Paul's, which became hereditary in certain families like that of the bishops Belmeis, the descendants of Geoffrey at Hoxton or of Nicholas at Oxgate. They yielded little in the way of tangible information except what we had already learned from Newcourt, as to how completely the English parochial clergy ignored the Roman ordinance of celibacy. In the lists and summaries of Sir H. Maxwell Lyte* already mentioned we had hope of something further. Among the abstracts was one containing a list of the tenants of the Dean and Chapter, and incidentally, most if not all the City wards and the names of their

* Report IX Hist. MSS. Commission.

ON THE UNDERGROUND, BAKER STREET.

aldermen in or about the year 1110. That there were wards and aldermen less than half a century after the Conquest was in itself a new fact. The document running to six pages of very clear writing was copied at the civic expense for John Edward Price's book on *Guildhall*. Price's commentary attracted my attention from its singularity, and I obtained leave to examine the manuscripts for myself. The list occurs in "Liber L," a bound volume of very ancient City records, and one name was written in English. A ward of the City, probably that of Candlewick, is described as being held by "Algar Manningestepsune," Algar Manning's stepson. Why Algar was called, not after his father, but after his stepfather; why the dignity of an alderman was enhanced, not diminished, by the mention of his mother's second husband, who, by the way, does not seem to have been an alderman, was a problem worthy of attention. A man is not described usually as the stepson of his mother's first husband; so that Manning was probably the alderman's mother's second husband. It seemed worth while, first, to try if it would be possible to discover what was the name of Algar's father; and, secondly, what was the eminent position of Manning which should make Algar proud to be reckoned his stepson, the more so as Manning is not mentioned as an alderman himself.

The answers to both the questions were forthcoming with as great a degree of certainty as we can expect in anything belonging to so remote a period. In an-

other document Alderman Algar was named as the son of Sweting, and, further, we read that Manning, otherwise Manwine was the King's moneyer. So that when Mrs Sweting, the widow, married Manwine she probably did well for her orphaned son, and more than probably it was owing to Manwine's wealth that Algar became possessed of the ward, for all the wards, except two, at that time were held as estates like country manors.

A comparison of all the names and circumstances I could find in these wonderful old manuscripts at St Paul's led to a discovery I never anticipated. In hunting further information, out of pure curiosity—or, shall I say, historical zeal?—about Mrs Manning, her son Algar by her first husband, Sweting, and his elevation to the rank of Alderman of Candlewick, I found that Manning, or Manwine or sometimes Manwinc, was the King's moneyer and that his name occurs on many coins in all the Anglo-Saxon and Norman collections; and that Sweting had also been a moneyer, a goldsmith, and had resided very nearly where the Bank of England stands now. There were curious stories of the rapacity of the Canons of St Paul's, of the promises made to them by citizens who went forth with Ansgar to fight the Normans at Hastings; of sons and even grandsons (and in one case a granddaughter) of men who died in the fatal field of Senlac and who were forced by the Chapter to fulfil the ancestor's vow; many such stories could be pieced together from these old documents, but one name caught my eye, one I had observed in Stow, who has much

to say about Orgar the Proud. Orgar was the son of Manwine, the King's moneyer, and was himself obviously very wealthy though he was not an alderman. Stow's account of him is somewhat apocryphal, especially as to his joining the canons of Aldgate. In his old age he is supposed to have taken deacon's orders, but the principal account of him in "Liber L." is apparently written long after his time, and adds to his name the odd surname of "le Prude," which attracted Stow's notice. The chief thing to interest me was that in addition to building and endowing two churches, St Martin "Orgar's" and St Botolph, Billingsgate, he and his son, Leofstan, went to Hastings, that he made his peace with the Conqueror for whom he minted money * and held a manor in Oxfordshire at the date of the Domesday Survey.

His son Leofstan, and Leofstan's son Ægelwine, also occur as moneyers. It is sufficient to establish a pedigree to find all these names in succession; and a comparison of many lists of coins with the manuscript records at St Paul's, and especially with the very curious account of a lawsuit between this family and the Chapter which was compromised about 1187, and is frequently referred to, establishes the fact that Manwine's son was Orgar; that "The Proud Orgar's" eldest son was Leofstan, or Levestan, who was probably killed at Hastings or died of his wounds in Orgar's lifetime; and that Ægelwine or Ailwin was the son of Levestan. The son of Ailwin was

* Freeman, *Norman Conquest*, v, 742.

Henry, who is often referred to as Fitz Leofstan, and who eventually became the first Mayor.

We may safely conclude that this Henry, called from his residence—that of his great grandfather, Orgar the Proud—Henry of Londonstone, was a goldsmith, if he worked at any trade; that he inherited the accumulated wealth of a long line of moneyers; that, though he does not seem to have been alderman of a ward, he was considered by King Henry's government a trustworthy person to hold office as "reeve" or "vicecomes," and when the grant of Middlesex to the citizens was made, with leave to choose a sheriff, no doubt Henry Fitz Ailwin was among the most prominent of those who came forward to find the money payment, without which no business could be transacted in those days.

Dr Sharpe, in his very judicious estimate of the meaning of this grant,* says, first, that the grant of Middlesex "to the citizens to farm, and of the appointment of a sheriff over it of their own choice, was not so much to render the city independent of the shire as to make the shire subject to the city." And again, "The right of electing their own justiciar, granted to the citizens by Henry, resolves itself into little more than a confirmation of the right to elect their own sheriffs."

With regard to the appointment of the first Mayor, we may agree with Bishop Stubbs that it points "to a civic revolution, the history of which is lost." We have seen why Henry Fitz Ailwin was chosen, but we do

* *London and the Kingdom*, i, 42.

SUNDAY MORNING IN PETTICOAT LANE.

not know why the French or Norman title of "Mayor" was conferred on him. The exact date of this event is placed by the Chronicle in 1188, but in Stapleton's edition the first date in the margin is MCLXXIX, a manifest misprint for MCLXXXIX. The sentence relating to the new head of the Corporation is briefly: "This year was made Henry, the son of Eylwine of Londene-stane, Maior of the Londoners—*Eodem Anno factus est Henricus filius Eylwini de Londene-stane, Maior Londoniarum.*"

Such is the brief announcement by which the writer of the Chronicle ushers in the remarkable series of the names of the mayors. Of all the events which in eight hundred years have contributed to the Colour of London none is more remarkable than this, namely, that the record by which the history of Mayor Henry of Londonstone and his ancestors, his wealth and its origin can be traced, should have lain unexamined and undeciphered and, still more remarkable, undestroyed, for all these centuries. The particular record which called attention to Algar Manning's stepson contains many other curious statements. One of them in which the writer refers to "Warda Episcopi," the ward of the Bishop, seemed so strange apparently to Sir H. Maxwell Lyte that he omitted it, as if he must have misread it, or doubted the evidence of his senses. It is remarkable, too, that Bishop Stubbs, of Oxford, who, when he was a canon of St Paul's, first called attention to these manuscripts, and had them cared for,

and some of them bound, never remarked it. I know he could read medieval manuscript, because I remember one day at Oxford his asking me if I could do so, and his jocularly taking me to task because when I had successfully read a very crabbed document I could not translate it. The reading of old writing is, as Dogberry says of reading and writing in general, something that comes by nature. Green, the author of the *Short History*, could read fluently. Freeman, on the other hand, could never acquire the art. The manuscripts at St Paul's would have furnished interesting occupation to the members of the Camden Society for years to come, and it is very evident that they have not yet been half explored, yet they enable a London citizen to boast, if he will, that the longest and most complete series of records possessed by any capital city in the world is comprised in those at the Cathedral Church, supplemented by those in the library of the Guildhall. The City is making great efforts to publish, one by one, all its original documents, under the care of Dr Reginald Sharpe. Nothing whatever is being done with the more ancient part of this remarkable inheritance, and year by year, as the Mayor and Aldermen bring out their volumes, the canons of St Paul's do nothing.

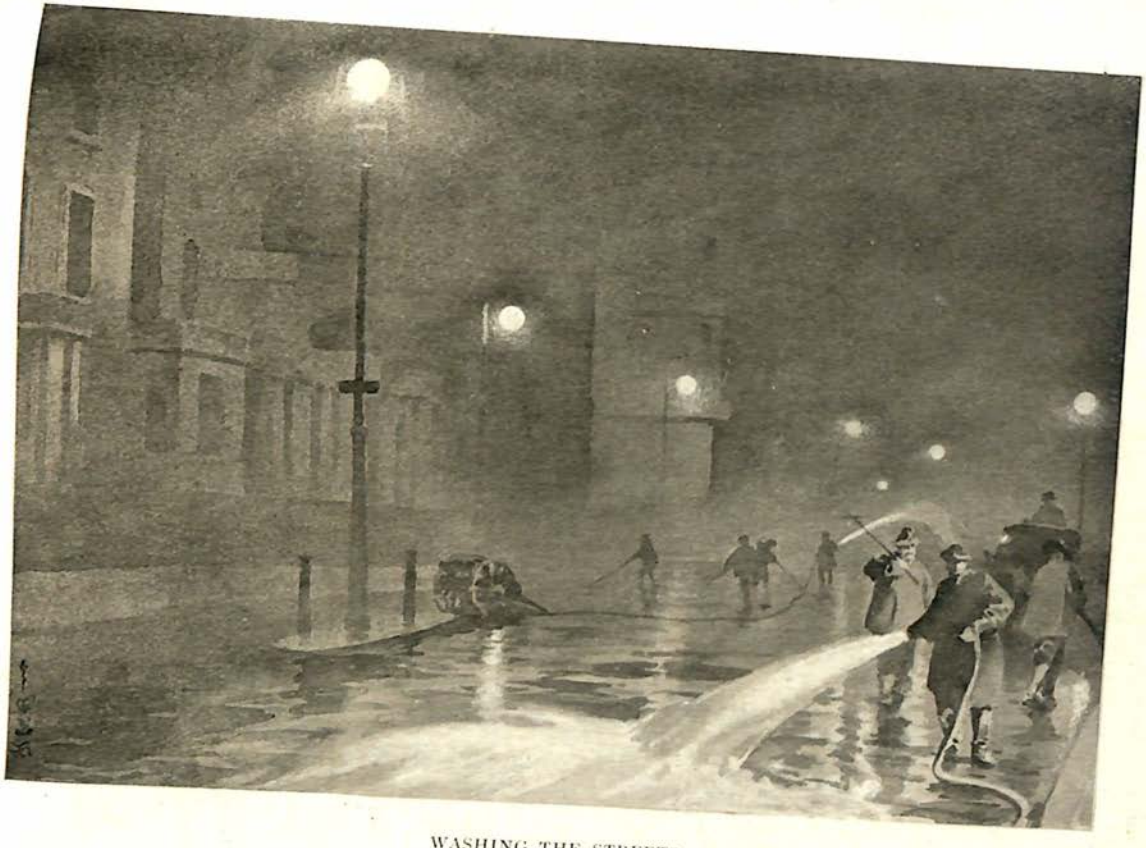
The Mayoralty has subsisted, practically without any "solution of continuity," since the time of Henry Fitz Ailwin. He is traditionally said to have held office for a quarter of a century, but, as we have seen, there is much doubt about the precise date of his election or

appointment. Serlo le Mercer was Mayor for six and Andrew Buckerel, or Bokerel, of the family from whom Bucklersbury is named, for seven years early in the thirteenth century. One other Mayor, Gregory Rokesley, also held office for seven years, namely, from 1275 to 1281, and he was again elected a couple of years later. These long mayoralties have not occurred since, but under Edward I and again under James II, the city offices have been interfered with by the crown, justly, perhaps, in the former case, when Edward at his home-coming after the long, weak rule of Henry III, found the city in confusion. In the days of James II, on the other hand, the royal interference was purely tyrannical and brought swift punishment, for though Macaulay virtually ignores the part taken by London in the King's expulsion, the assembly of December 11, 1688, having been summoned to meet at Guildhall, and the citizens finding the money for the expenses of the movements which resulted in the election of William of Orange as King William III, show how large was the share of the citizens in what many of us still call the Glorious Revolution.

The antiquity of Guildhall as a place of meeting can hardly be exaggerated. The name of Aldermanbury is Anglo-Saxon, and is probably older than that which mentions the city Guild. The old frontage was abandoned in the reign of Edward I, at the time just mentioned, when things were put in order. The transfer was before 1290, when the civic records begin to be

regularly kept. Whittington, the great financier of the time of Henry V, repaired the new hall, perhaps rebuilt it, but the beautiful First Pointed crypt remains below. Modern London topographers neglect the ward boundaries as historical evidences, but they must have been made after the Guildhall was built and before it was rebuilt, as anyone can see by looking at a map. The front we now see in Guildhall Yard was put on by Jarman, the City Surveyor, after the Great Fire, and was very obnoxious to the "Gothic" architects of the last century, as being in the curious and now exceedingly rare style intended for Gothic in the reign of Charles II.

With regard to the official possessions of the incumbent of the mayoralty, it is interesting to observe that the Lord Mayor's sceptre is more ancient than any object now remaining among the crown jewels in the Wakefield Tower. The entry of the new Lord Mayor upon his office is thus described in an old volume: "Then M. Towne clearke giveth him his oath, and when he hath taken his oath, the old Lord ariseth and giveth the new Lord his place, the old Lord taking the new Lord's place; and then M. Chamberlaine delivereth first to him the scepter, next the keys of the common Seale, lastly the seale of the office of the Maioraltie." This sceptre has been handed down since the time of one of the thirteenth-century mayors, if not one of the twelfth. Parts of what we see now is of the fifteenth century. The Lord Mayor never takes it out of the



WASHING THE STREETS.

City except to such a ceremony as a coronation, where he always stands very near the sovereign.

It is not worth while here to go through the many offices and employments which centre in the mayoralty. From the time when his name was associated with that of the judges in commissions of Oyer and Terminer by Edward III he seems to have had the full title of "Lord" Mayor, but it has not been traced in official documents before the time of Henry VII. As to his precedence and rank within and without the City, they are both clearly defined. When the unpopular poll tax was levied, early in the reign of Richard II, the Mayor was ranked and had to pay as an Earl, namely £4, a Duke paying £6 1s. 4d. Within the City he represents the King. At a meeting of the notables of the kingdom, at the time of the famous Agincourt expedition of Henry V, the royal princes, the King's brothers, attended at the Guildhall, with bishops, abbots, peers, and other magnates, but it was the Mayor, who, as the representative of the absent King, took the chief place and the chair. Owing to the strange ignorance, as was remarked at the time of the Garter King of Arms and the Herald's College, "who did not know even their own foolish business," the Lord Mayor was offered an inferior position at the funeral of Lord Nelson. Sir James Shaw knew that if he attended the ceremony it must be as chief mourner in the absence of King George. A difficulty being made by Sir Isaac Heard, the then Lord Mayor took the only course open to him and refused to attend. In the end this arrangement

was amended by the strange expedient of giving Sir James a special warrant of precedence. This warrant was subsequently figured by the learned heralds among the ornaments of Shaw's coat of arms, an impertinence to which he submitted; perhaps he had no choice except to forfeit his supporters. The college had learned no better when in 1844 the Queen went to open the New Royal Exchange. Prince Albert, who was not renowned for tact, wished to take the next place to Her Majesty. He was defeated then and had to yield precedence to the Lord Mayor; but subsequently at the funeral of the Duke of Wellington he raised a similar question, and under the circumstances, the Queen being unable, owing to the state of her health, to attend, the Prince's unfounded claim was conceded under protest, but certainly the Lord Mayor was the only person who could represent the sovereign. Much feeling was openly expressed by the citizens. During the rest of the Queen's reign the Lord Mayor had his due place, and at the Jubilee Service in 1887, he stood with the other great officers of state on the platform in the choir at Westminster, just as eight hundred and twenty-one years before Ansgar the Portreeve had stood beside Edward the Confessor at the foundation of the same great church.

The history of London Aldermen is closely connected with that of the Lord Mayor. Until the documents at St Paul's were examined, but little was known. Now, however, I found it possible to write very fully

about a great many of them as far back as 1884. The aldermen are constantly mentioned, some of them apparently before the Conquest. We read often of such long-forgotten City heroes as Thomas Fitz Thomas and Walter Hervey. Among the very earliest documents are some witnessed by aldermen, and some witnessed by the alderman of the ward in which the property to be settled was situated. Thus a grant by Herbert of St Albans of a piece of ground near Aldersgate is witnessed by "Henry de Lundenston Mayor of London," by William de Haverell and by Thomas his son. We know from the lists that William de Haverell was sheriff in the third year of Fitz Aylwin's incumbency of the mayoralty. We also know that Thomas de Haverell was sheriff in 1204, and he is described in one of these early deeds as alderman. But the first-named document shows us that the second Haverell was son of the first, a fact of genealogical and even historical importance; and by a comparison of the two we find that either the father and son were aldermen of different wards, or that, which is much more likely, the ward in which Aldersgate and the ward in which Cripplegate stood were not yet separated, and belonged successively, like a country manor, to the Haverells. This is in accordance with all the antecedent probabilities. To take a more familiar case: Stow mentions the purchase of the aldermanry of Farringdon Within, then described as the ward of Ludgate and Newgate, from John le Fevre, by William Farringdon in 1279. John le Fevre had inherited it

from Ralph his father who had bought it from Anketin de Auvergne, who again had obtained it from Thomas de Arderne. Here then we have a succession of at least five individuals, and may add two more: William de Bosco before Arderne, as we learn from Sir Henry Lyte, and Nicholas son of William Farringdon, who all either inherited or bought the aldermancy in succession. Sir H. M. Lyte's calendar gives further information on the subject. It is not yet known for certain to what distance beyond the City walls this ward extended, but we now know that as early as 1260 Richard de Ewell was alderman of what is now Farringdon Without, and that he was preceded by Joyce Fitz Peter, who had previously been steward of the Soke of St Martin. So that we have the names of two owners of this ward before Farringdon, and in all probability further examination of the papers will enable a complete list to be made for some of the wards reaching back to the first years of the mayoralty if not far beyond them. Among the entries are such tantalizing lists as this: Henry Mayor of London; Thomas de Haverell and Hamo Brant, sheriffs (marking the date as 1204) Roger Fitz Alan, Roger Duce, Alan Fitz Peter (was he related to Joyce Fitz Peter?) Ernulf Fitz Alulf, Richard Duket, William de Haverell, Constantine Fitz Alulf, Matthew the Alderman, Thomas the Alderman and others. Probably all the above as well as the two sheriffs and Matthew and Thomas were aldermen, and a closer examination of the documents may reveal that and other

important facts. Thus we have a grant of the Church of St John near Aldersgate to one Zacary "in alms for the term of his life," by the Dean and Chapter; and the deed, which is of high antiquity, is signed by fifteen witnesses, only two of whom seem to have borne surnames. A little later, in the reign of Henry II, Michael de Sancta Helena witnesses the grant of some land in the parish of St John Zachary, and probably by that time "St John Zachary" was taken to be a reference to the parentage of the Baptist. Happy guessing is certainly dangerous. The most judicious writer of the day on such subjects, the late Bishop Stubbs of Oxford, has conjectured that Michael of St Helen's may, from his name, have been alderman of Bishopsgate; but in the documents now catalogued he is alderman of the ward in which St John's is situated, probably the same or nearly the same as the modern ward of Aldersgate, but certainly not that of Bishopsgate. This same Alderman St Helen's is connected with the history of the trade guilds. When the guilds which were called adulterive, as not having the King's licence, were by a mere device to extort money fined in the reign of Henry II, this Michael is described as alderman of a licensed guild; but of those which were fined several who are known to have been City aldermen occur. Thus we have William de Haverill and Peter Fitz Alan, both of whom are mentioned above. One of the oldest documents relates to the estates in different parts of London which belonged to the Dean and Chapter. It gives the names

of fifteen aldermen, including Godwin Fitz Esgar, who may well have been a son of Esgar or Ansgar the Staller, who figures so largely in the history of the Conquest, for this list cannot be dated much later than 1115.

In bringing these papers to a conclusion I desire to point out that they only pretend to be commentaries on various subjects connected with the "Colour of London." For complete histories, or for narratives of civic events I must refer to the numerous books which appear every year. They may be divided into those which merely follow older authorities and those which contain the results of original research. As an example, I may point to the fact that no original research has been spent on the history of the Tower for more than twenty years, though there is annually at least one book published on this subject. I have gone a little more fully into it on this account, and the early history of the mayoralty is also, I venture to think, new. For the rest, it is enough to say that in so extensive a field it is only possible to glean something here and there—something, I hope, which will add a fresh tint or two to the prevailing impression. An American correspondent tells me of the interest of London names—"so full of significance and always picturesque"; and I shall be very glad if I have been able to excite even a little inclination towards the systematic study of an anonymous science. Many sources of information are practically untouched, both at the Record Office and

at St Paul's. The Guildhall manuscripts are in good hands and are rapidly being made accessible to the student: but the vast stores of London records in the British Museum have only been examined by fits and starts. The lamented death of Miss Bateson is an irreparable loss to this branch of historical research, and should be noticed with regret by all who desire to seek the truth.

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